

The Poets
and the Poetry
of the Century

Alfred H. Miles

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*Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto,
Ut superum, saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram:
Multæ quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem,
Inferretque deos Latio: . . .*

Having no home, what should I do with these,
Tossed as I am about the sounding seas,
Sport of exiling winds of change and chance—
Feet in America, and heart in France.
Homeless, 't is meet I find my books a home :
Coffined in crates and eases long they lay,
Distant from me three thousand miles of foam,
Dungeoned in cellars cold and nailed away,
As in a sepulchre, till Judgment Day.
Lost to their gentle uses in the tomb,
Cobwebbed companions of the spidered gloom,
At last they rise again to live once more,—
Dread resurrection of the auction room.

Books I have loved so well, my love so true
Tells me 't is time that I should part from you,
No longer, selfish, hoard and use you not,
Nor leave you in the unlettered dark to rot,
But into alien keeping you resign—
Hands that love books, fear not, no less than mine.

Thus shall you live upon warm shelves again,
And 'neath an evening lamp your pages glow,
Others shall press 'twixt leaf and leaf soft flowers;
As I was wont to press them long ago ;
And blessings be upon the eyes that rain
A tear upon my flowers—I mean on "ours"—
If haply here and there kind eyes shall find
Some sad old flower that I have left behind.

May, 1905

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

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The
POETS
and the
POETRY
of the
CENTURY

The
POETS
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CENTURY

Sacred, Moral,
and
Religious Verse

Edited by
ALFRED H. MILES

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PREFATORY.

THIS, the tenth and final volume of THE POETS AND THE POETRY OF THE CENTURY, is devoted to the Sacred, Moral, and Religious poetry of the period.

In several cases it has been found desirable to give further selections from the works of general poets already represented in earlier volumes. These are poets whose religious verse bears a sufficient proportion to their general poetry, or is sufficiently characteristic to call for separate representation.

The Editor's thanks are due to many authors and publishers, some of the former of whom have passed away during the years occupied in the production of this work: the late John Henry Newman, who approved the selection of his verse, Horatius Bonar, John Stuart Blackie, Edward Hayes Plumptre, Cecil Frances Alexander, John Ellerton, Christina Rossetti, Coventry Patmore, and others whose interest was appreciated, and whose correspondence is treasured. The Editor desires also to record his obligations to Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Derry; Dr. Walsham How, Bishop of Wakefield; Dr. Bickersteth, Bishop of Exeter; Canon Bell, Canon Wilton, Dr. James Martineau, Dr. George MacDonald, Dr. Grosart, Dr. Walter C. Smith, Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, Rev. S. J. Stone, Rev. Joseph John Murphy, Rev. John Owen, Mr.

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The Editor regrets that he has found it impossible to trace the proprietorship of the copyrights of some of the hymns included in the following pages, and hopes that he may be forgiven if he has inadvertently trespassed upon rights of which he is unaware. In this connection he would cordially acknowledge his indebtedness to Dr. Julian's invaluable "Dictionary of Hymnology."

The Editor regrets that space prevents him from including a larger number of illustrations in the Appendix, and hopes that rearrangement may enable him to include a more adequate appendix in the second edition of the volume devoted to contemporary poets, now in preparation.

A. H. M.

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James Montgomery.

1771—1854.

JAMES MONTGOMERY was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, on the 4th of November, 1771. His father, John Montgomery, went to the West Indies as a Moravian missionary, and died there in 1791. James was educated at the Moravian settlements of Grace Hill, Ireland, and Fulneck, in Yorkshire, and in 1792 entered the office of *The Sheffield Register*, a newspaper of which two years later he became proprietor, continuing its publication under the title of *The Sheffield Iris*. In 1795 he was tried on a charge of sedition for selling copies of a ballad on the demolition of the Bastille, printed by his predecessor, and was condemned to pay a fine of twenty pounds, and to suffer imprisonment in York Castle for a term of three months. In the following year he was again prosecuted, this time for his criticisms of the conduct of a magistrate in quelling a Sheffield riot. A fine of thirty pounds and a term of six months imprisonment was the result of his second trial, in addition to which he was bound over to keep the peace for two years. His first volume of verse was "The Wanderer of Switzerland," and other poems, which appeared in 1806. This was followed in 1809 by "The West Indies," a poem celebrating the abolition of the African slave trade by the British legislature; in

1812 by "The World before the Flood," a poem in ten cantos dealing with the age of the patriarchs; in 1819 by "Greenland," a poem in five cantos, treating of the history of the Moravian Church; and in 1826 by "The Pelican Island," a poem in nine cantos, and in blank verse, describing the haunts of the pelican on the coast islands of New Holland. Besides these works he published "Prison Amusements," poems written in prison in 1797; "Thoughts on Wheels," an attack on State Lotteries, "The Climbing Boy's Soliloquy," an attempt to influence public feeling in favour of the chimney sweep; and "Original Hymns for public, private, and social devotion" (1853). In 1825 he retired from the editorship of *The Sheffield Iris*, and in 1830-1 delivered a series of Lectures before the Royal Institution on poetry and general literature, lectures which he published in 1833. He lived to a good old age in the enjoyment of a literary pension, and died suddenly at his residence, "The Mount," Sheffield, April 30th, 1854.

James Montgomery was held in great esteem by the best of his contemporaries, and for a long time enjoyed a much higher position, both in their regard and in public opinion, than his poetic work would seem to justify. Leigh Hunt, in his "Feast of the Poets," introduces Montgomery side by side with Campbell as a poet whom Apollo was glad to welcome, and yet of all those named as honoured of the song God at this "Feast of Reason," Shelley, Keats, Scott, Rogers, Landor, Byron, Moore, Crabbe, Southey, Campbell, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, Montgomery had surely the least right to be present. The secret of this exalted

estimate is doubtless to be found in the character of the man, his unswerving integrity, genial benevolence, and enthusiastic zeal for the cause of freedom for which he suffered, and which made the poem that he lived greater than any that he wrote. *The Edinburgh Review* attacked "The Wanderer of Switzerland" on its publication with characteristic violence, and predicted that "in less than three years no one would know the name of its author." Of course the *Edinburgh* was wrong in naming a three years' limit, for in that period the work passed through a number of editions, and greatly extended its author's fame; but equally, of course, the *Edinburgh* was right in denying "The Wanderer" a permanent place in literature. It is a feeble performance, and doubtless owed its popularity to the strong feeling of public sympathy felt for the Swiss patriots then suffering under French conquest. "The West Indies," "The World before the Flood," "Greenland," and the "Pelican Islands," show a great advance upon "The Wanderer," and contain many passages of admirable descriptive writing. But even these are often but second-hand work,—the versification of the experiences of others—for his inspiration and information were drawn not from the book of nature direct, but from gazetteers and books of travel. "The World Before the Flood" is perhaps the most original of his longer works. It is not however by these longer poems that the name of James Montgomery will be perpetuated. It is as a religious poet, and as a writer of sacred lyrics which give expression to the aspirations and reflections of devout hearts, that he will be longest remembered; and

it is not too much to say that in this department of poetic work his permanence seems fairly secure. Over a hundred of his hymns are said to be still in use. Among the more successful and popular of these are "Songs of praise the Angels sang," "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," "At home in Heaven," and "Go to dark Gethsemane." "James Montgomery is essentially a religious poet," wrote William Howitt, "and it is what of all things upon earth we can well believe he would most desire to be." His Christian songs are vigorous in thought and feeling, simple and direct in diction, broad in Christian charity, lofty in spiritual aspiration, and entirely free from cant. As such they form a not unworthy opening section for a volume devoted to the sacred poetry of the century.

ALFRED H. MILES.

ORIGINAL HYMNS
FOR PUBLIC, PRIVATE, AND SOCIAL
DEVOTION.

1853.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I.—SONGS OF PRAISE.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

II.—ANGELS, FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY.

A NGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth ;
Come and worship ;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light ;
Come and worship ;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar ;
Seek the great Desire of Nations ;
Ye have seen His natal-star ;
Come and worship ;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly, the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear ;
Come and worship ;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed, for guilt, to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains ;
Come and worship ;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

III.—HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED!

HAIL to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
 To let the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

He comes, with succour speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
 Were precious in His sight.

By such shall He be fearèd,
 While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obey'd, reverèd ;
 For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
 With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
 Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth :
Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall Peace the herald go ;
And Righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the Isles shall meet
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest ;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His Name shall stand for ever ;
That Name to us is—Love.

IV.—GO TO DARK GETHSEMANE.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with Him one bitter hour :
 Turn not from His griefs away,
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
 Follow to the judgment-hall,
 View the Lord of Life arraigned
 O the wormwood and the gall !
 O the pangs His soul sustained !
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.
 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
 There, adoring at His feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,—
 God's own sacrifice complete :
 It is finished!—hear the cry ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
 Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid His breathless clay :
 All is solitude and gloom :—
 Who hath taken Him away ?
 Christ is risen!—He meets our eyes.
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

V.—AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

PART I.

“ **F**OR ever with the Lord ! ”
 —Amen ; so let it be ;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !
Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds dispart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that He,
(Remember'd or forgot,)
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

PART II.

In darkness as in light
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake within *His* sight
Who looks all nature through.

From the dim hour of birth,
Through every changing state
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,
Till its appointed date;

All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as He hath seen
And shall for ever see.

How can I meet His eyes ?
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
Mercy from first to last.

"For ever with the Lord!"
—Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here to me fulfil.

Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
“For ever with the Lord !”

Then, though the soul enjoy
Communion high and sweet,
While worms this body must destroy,
Both shall in glory meet.

The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And Heaven’s voice thunder through the tomb,
“For ever with the Lord !”

The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound ;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep
And answer from the ground.

Then, upward as they fly,
That resurrection-word
Shall be their shout of victory,
“For ever with the Lord !”

The resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more,—“For ever with the Lord !
Amen ; so let it be.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I.—FRIENDS.

1824.

FRIEND after friend departs :
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
Which finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath ;
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away ;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day :
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
They hide themselves in heaven's own light

II.—THE COMMON LOT.

A BIRTHDAY MEDITATION.

(November 4th, 1805.)

O NCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man :—and Who was He ?—
Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled Thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown :
His name has perish'd from the earth ;
This truth survives alone ;—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear !—
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall ;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled ;
Had friends—his friends are now no more ;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb ;
O, she was fair !—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee :
He was—whatever thou hast been ;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
 Erewhile his portion, life and light,
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
 That once their shades and glory threw,
 Have left in yonder silent sky
 No vestige where they flew.
 The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins, since the world began,
 Of Him afford no other trace
 Than this,—There lived a Man !

III.—THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Occasioned by the sudden death of the REV. THOMAS TAYLOR; after having declared, in his last Sermon, on a preceding evening, that he hoped to die as an old soldier of Jesus Christ, with his sword in his hand.

“SERVANT of God ! well done ;
 Rest from thy loved employ ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master’s joy.”
 —The voice at midnight came :
 He started up to hear,
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame :
 He fell,—but felt no fear.
 Tranquil amidst alarms,
 It found him in the field,
 A veteran slumbering on his arms,
 Beneath his red-cross shield :
 His sword was in his hand,
 Still warm with recent fight ;
 Ready that moment at command,
 Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper, keen ;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between :
'Twas death to sin ;—'twas life
To all who mourn'd for sin ;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force,
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss ;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the Cross.

At midnight came the cry,
“ To meet thy God prepare ! ”
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye ;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay ;
His tent, at sun-rise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ ! well done ;
Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

IV.—PRAYER.

1819.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh ;
 The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry,—“Behold ! he prays !”

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death :
 He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one
 In word and deed and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
 Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone ;
 The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
 For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
 The path of prayer Thyself hast trod
 Lord, teach us how to pray.

V.—A POOR WAYFARING MAN.

1826.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
 Hath often cross'd me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief,
 That I could never answer, Nay :
 I had not power to ask his name,
 Whither he went, or whence he came,
 Yet there was something in his eye
 That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He entered ; not a word he spake ;
 Just perishing for want of bread ;
 I gave him all ; he bless'd it, brake,
 And ate ; but gave me part again :
 Mine was an angel's portion then ;
 For, while I fed with eager haste,
 That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
 Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;
 The heedless water mocked his thirst,
 He heard it, saw it hurrying on :
 I ran to raise the sufferer up ;
 Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
 Dipt, and returned it running o'er ;
 I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night ; the floods were out ; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof ;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof ;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest ;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side :
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was healed ;
I had myself a wound concealed ;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's death at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honoured him midst shame and scorn ;
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd, if I for him would die ?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill ;
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The stranger darted from disguise ;
The tokens in His hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes !
He spake ; and my poor name He named :
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed ;
These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
Fear not ; thou didst them unto Me."

VI.—THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

1832.

SOw in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow ;
The highway furrows stock ;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow :
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found :
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown :
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain :
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry—"Harvest home."

THE GRAVE.

1804.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil ;
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild :
I perish—O my mother earth !
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined
Shall gently moulder into thee ;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark !—a strange sound affrights mine ear ;
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave ;
—Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?
“ I am THE GRAVE ! ”

“The GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide ;
O listen !—I will speak no more :—
Be silent, Pride !

“Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care ?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair ?

“Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest ?

“Lash’d by the furies of the mind,
From Wrath and Vengeance wouldest thou flee ?
Ah ! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me.

“By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell ;
By the dread secrets of my womb ;
By Death and Hell ;

“I charge thee, LIVE !—repent and pray ;
In dust thine infamy deplore ;
There yet is mercy ;—go thy way,
And sin no more.

“Art thou a Mourner ?—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights ?

“O LIVE !—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past :
Rely on Heaven’s unchanging will
For peace at last.

' Art thou a Wanderer ?—Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
A ship-wreck'd sufferer, hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark ?

" Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
LIVE !—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

" To Friendship didst thou trust thy fame
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow ?

" LIVE !—and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told :
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

" Seek the true treasure seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

" Did Woman's charms thy youth beguile,
And did the fair one faithless prove ?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love ?

" LIVE !—'twas a false bewildering fire :
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

" Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening Beauty's eye ;
To ask—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest,
In woman's love.

"—Whate'er thy lot—whoc'er thou be,—
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

"A bruised reed He will not break ;
Afflictions all His children feel :
He wounds them for His mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath His mighty hand,
Prostrate His Providence adore :
'Tis done !—Arise ! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

"Now, Traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

"The Soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day !

"The Sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky ;
The Soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

THE WEST INDIES.

1809

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I.—HOME.

(FROM PART III.)

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth ;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air :
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend :
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic dnties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
—Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around :
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's plains
In pale Siberia's desolate domains ;
When the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey
The reindeer's spoil, the ermine's treasure shares,
And feasts his famine on the fat of bears
Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
Plunging down headlong through the whirling main
—His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky ;
And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern-shelter, and his cottage-home.

O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods ;
In California's pathless world of woods ;
Round Andes' heights, where winter from his throne
Looks down in scorn upon the summer zone ;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where spring with everlasting verdure smiles ;
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health ;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth ;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink
'Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink ;
On Carmel's crest ; by Jordan's reverend stream,

Where Canaan's glories vanished like a dream ;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves ;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains and dishonoured vales ;
Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
Around the beauteous isle of liberty ;
—Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

II.—THE SLAVER.

(FROM PART III.)

LIVES there a savage ruder than the slave ?
—Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wasting flood,
A Christian broker in the trade of blood ;
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
He buys, he sells,—he steals, he kills, for gold.
At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
Bend round his bark one blue unbroken sphere ;
When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,
And sunbeam circles o'er the water shine ;
He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
No soul-enchanting sweetness in the scene,
But, darkly scowling at the glorious day,
Curses the winds that loiter on their way.

When swoll'n with hurricanes the billows rise,
To meet the lightning midway from the skies ;
When from the unburthen'd hold his shrieking slaves
Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves ;
Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,
But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

* * * * *

When the loud trumpet of eternal doom
Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb ;
When with a mother's pangs the expiring earth
Shall bring her children forth to second birth :
Then shall the sea's mysterious caverns, spread
With human relics, render up their dead :
Though warm with life the heaving surges glow,
Where'er the winds of heaven were wont to blow,
In sevenfold phalanx shall the rallying hosts
Of ocean slumberers join their wandering ghosts,
Along the melancholy gulph, that roars
From Guinea to the Charibean shores.
Myriads of slaves, that perish'd on the way,
From age to age the shark's appointed prey,
By livid plagues, by lingering tortures slain,
Or headlong plunged alive into the main,
Shall rise in judgment from their gloomy beds,
And call down vengeance on their murderers' heads.

Richard Mant.

1776—1848.

RICHARD MANT, a devout Churchman and refined Christian poet, was born at Southampton, on the 12th of February, 1776. His father, the Rev. Richard Mant, D.D., Rector of All Saints' Church, Southampton, sent him to Winchester school, from whence he proceeded to Oxford, where he distinguished himself by gaining the Chancellor's prize for an essay on "Commerce" in 1799. After graduating as M.A., in 1801, he was ordained deacon, and took a travelling tutorship, in which capacity he visited the Continent of Europe. Upon his return, having taken Priest's Orders, he became successively curate at Buriton and Crawley in Hampshire. In the year 1800 he issued his first poetic publication, "Verses to the memory of Joseph Warton, D.D." This was followed in 1802 by the "Poetical Works of Thomas Warton, Poet Laureate," with a memoir of his life in two volumes. A small volume of miscellaneous poems appeared in 1806, followed by "The Slave, and other Poetical Pieces, being an Appendix to Poems," 1807. In 1810 he was presented to the living of Great Coggeshall in Essex, and from this time forward continued to contribute largely to Church literature. In 1811 he was elected Bart'nton lecturer, in which office he greatly distin-

guished himself, attracting considerable attention and laying the foundation of preferment which followed rapidly. 1815 saw him Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, 1818, Vicar of East Horsley, Surrey. In 1820 he was consecrated Bishop of Killaloe, and in 1823 was translated to the See of Down and Connor, the charge of the diocese of Dromore falling upon him in 1842. He died on November 2nd, 1848.

Among his larger prose works may be named his edition of the Bible with notes and commentaries, prepared in conjunction with Dr. D'Oyly, a work which was popular in its day. Of his later poetic works the following are the titles in order of publication : "The Book of Psalms," an English metrical version, with notes and illustrations (1824) ; "The Gospel Miracles," in a series of poetical sketches, with illustrative conversations (1832) ; "The British Months," a poem in twelve parts, "full of feeling, and accurate observation of nature" (1835) ; "Ancient Hymns, from the Roman Breviary for Domestic Use, with some Original Hymns" (1837) ; "The Sundial of Armoy," written in Latin and English, the two versions being printed on opposite pages (1847), and "The Matin Bell," a poem written at Oxford, near the spot where Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were burnt (1848).

Dr. Mant's poetry is characterised by refined thought and earnest Christian feeling. Some of his hymns are still sung, and hold their own in anthologies of sacred song.

ALFRED H. MILES.

THE SUNDIAL OF ARMOY.

1847.

RICHARD MANT,

SELECTED LYRICS.

I.—THE PARADISE OF HEAVEN.

“**N**IIGHT flies before the orient morning,”
So speak the dial’s accents clear :
So better speaks the prophet’s warning
To ears that hear.

“Night flies before the sun ascending” ;
The sun goes down, the shadow spreads ;
O come the day which, never ending,
No night succeeds !

And, see ! a purer day-spring beaming,
Unwonted light ; nor moon nor sun ;
But Light itself, with glory streaming,
God on His throne.

And thence the river flows of gladness,
And there the tree of comfort grows,
Which whoso tastes, all sense of sadness,
All care, forgoes.

O tree profuse of life and healing ;
O stream of pleasure, ever new ;
O day of light, God’s light revealing,
Essential, true :—

For ye, for righteous men and lowly,
 God's saints, that promised seat prepare ;
 Nor impious aught, nor aught unholy
 Finds entrance there :

Prompt ye my spirit, lest the slumber
 Of reckless sloth its pow'r's enchain ;
 Or worldly lusts its course encumber,
 Or thoughts profane.

II.—HEAVENLY CHANGES IN THE DEPARTED.

O COME the day-spring never ending,
 When, freed from sin and sinful stain,
 With the free soul the body blending
 Shall rise again !

Till, sown in weakness, rais'd in power,
 All glorious rais'd, all worthless sown,
 Purged from earth's dross, the golden ore
 Heaven's impress own.

And life mortality shall banish.
 And health efface corruption's spot,
 And death by death self-stricken vanish,
 And sin be not.

Then, angel-like, their God adoring,
 Just men the angels' course shall run,
 In God's own realm a brightness pouring
 Forth as the sun.

God's city theirs, a holier dwelling
 Than Sion's mount and Salem's gates,
 God's temple, where devotion telling
 His glory waits.

All sin, all grief, all death, for ever
 Shall cease ; and kind affection's tie,
 Which death erewhile for once could sever
 New life supply.

III.—COMMEMORATION OF ONE DEPARTED.

MEANWHILE before the Judge approving,
 Cheers me the thought of thee approved,
 Thee many a year thy consort loving,
 Thee, wife beloved !

Whom God Himself of late hath taken,
 Cheers me the thought that blest art thou,
 Long-tried on earth, and, earth forsaken,
 How peaceful now !

Yes, holy peace hath thee received,
 Thy goal attain'd, thy warfare done ;
 Me wait new tasks, of thee bereaved,
 Beloved one !

My loss—be thy kind heart its measure !
 But hope survives for us to meet
 Before God's face, in endless pleasure,
 In joy complete :

Thee (for amid my heart's fond yearning,
 I see thee to my fancy brought,
 As once thou wast, ev'n now returning,
 In silent thought) :

Thee daily in God's volume reading
 To mark, in better times of old,
 What lesson to all time succeeding
 God's matrons told :

God's handmaid thee, His servants treating,
Like PHŒBE, with a sister's due ;
Thee on Christ's lips, like MARY, waiting ;
Like ANNA true.

Thee in church-rites and prayers partaking ;
Thee "of good works and alms-deeds" filled,
Like DORCAS, coats and garments making,
The poor to shield ;

Thee, as EUNICE, early rearing
Thy race on holy lore to feed ;
Thy husband, like PRISCILLA, cheering
To holy deed ;

Thee in primeval worship joining,
Like faithful LYDIA, thee and thine,
One faith with simple mode combining
Of rite divine ;

Thee, like "the ELECTED LADY," guiding
Thy sons by Truth's behests to move,
In the right faith of Christ abiding
With Christian love ;

Like CHLOE, thee with thine eschewing
Discordant voice, dissentient mind,
And unity by peace ensuing
With will resigned ;

Thee, like the lowly Virgin, saying,
Blest mother of the Incarnate Word,
"Thy will be done ! bent on obeying,
Behold me, Lord !"

Thee pious, meek, kind, unaspiring,
Submiss to bear God's chastening will ;
Me, weak alas ! but aye desiring
To follow still ;

To follow still, as He shall call me,
 Obedient through life's varied scene,
 Such harder tasks as may befall me,
 Or paths serene :

Where on my steps His lamp is gleaming,
 (Too slightly mark'd) His Word divine,
 Till on His saints in glory beaming
 Himself shall shine.

Such home be mine, in deathless union
 With parents, children, friends approved ;
 Nor ever fail thy bland communion,
 Wife ever-loved !

IV.—FAITH CONFIRMED BY SENSE.

O COME the day, the dark to brighten,
 When, breaking on the distant view,
 What faith believes shall sense enlighten,
 And prove it true.

O come the day, in thought expected,
 By tongue proclaim'd, when saints shall meet,
 (Be mine such bliss) by God perfected,
 In God's own seat.

Such bliss for Him, O God most holy,
 Whose gift and attribute it is,
 To cheer the meek, exalt the lowly,
 And mark for His :

Such bliss be mine, all-righteous Father,
 All worthless I, save for His name,
 Who comes His purchased flock to gather,
 His own to claim.

Then be it mine, in glory seated,
Till time, and time, and times be old,
At length to feel in truth completed
The bliss foretold !

Suffice it now, by His high pleasure,
To hold the course He bids, and strain
The race to run, the mark to measure,
The prize to gain ;

Still on his banner'd sign attending,
Still led and shielded by His might,
Till, like yon sun, at eve descending,
I sink in night :

Yet not of time to come unheeding,
When night shall fly the dawn divine,
And the true Light, no night succeeding,
Self-radiant shine.

THE BRITISH MONTHS.

1835.

RICHARD MANT.

(November.)

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION ON THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

IT has been said, and I believe,
Though tears of natural sorrow start,
'Tis mixt with pleasure when we grieve
For those the dearest to the heart,
From whom long-loved at length we part ;
As by a Christian's feelings led
We lay them in their peaceful bed.

Yet speak I not of those who go
The allotted pilgrimage on earth,
With earth-born passions grovelling low,
Enslaved to honour, avarice, mirth,
Unconscious of a nobler birth :
But such as tread with loftier scope
The Christian's path with Christian hope.

We grieve to think, that they again,
Shall ne'er in this world's pleasure share :
But sweet the thought that this world's pain
No more is theirs ; that this world's care
It is no more their lot to bear.
And surely in this scene below
The joy is balanced by the woe.

We grieve to see the lifeless form,
The livid cheek, the sunken eye :
But sweet to think, corruption's worm
The living spirit can defy,
And claim its kindred with the sky.
Lo ! where the earthen vessel lies !
Aloft the unbodied tenant flies.

We grieve to think, our eyes no more
That form, those features loved, shall trace,
But sweet it is from memory's store
To call each fondly-cherished grace,
And fold them in the heart's embrace.
No bliss 'mid worldly crowds is bred,
Like musing on the sainted dead !

We grieve to see expired the race
They ran, intent on works of love :
But sweet to think, no mixture base,
Which with their better nature strove,
Shall mar their virtuous deeds above.
Sin o'er their soul has lost his hold,
And left them with their earthly mould !

We grieve to know, that we must roam
Apart from them each wonted spot :
But sweet to think, that they a home
Have gained ; a fair and goodly lot,
Enduring, and that changeth not.
And who that home of freedom there
Will with his prison-house compare ?

'Tis grief to feel, that we behind,
Severed from those we love remain :
'Tis joy to hope, that we shall find,
Exempt from sorrow, fear, and pain,
With them our dwelling-place again.
'Tis but like them to sink to rest,
With them to waken and be blest.

O Thou, who form'st Thy creature's mind
With thoughts that chaste and that cheer,
Grant me to fill my space assigned
For sojourning a stranger here
With holy hope and filial fear :
Fear to be banished far from Thee,
And hope Thy face unveiled to see !

There before Thee, the Great, the Good,
By angel myriads compassed round,
"Made perfect" by the Saviour's blood,
With virtue clothed, with honour crowned,
"The spirits of the just" are found :
There tears no more of sorrow start,
Pain flies the unmolested heart,
And life in bliss unites whom death no more
shall part.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

RICHARD MANT.

ROUND the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn.

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !"

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy,"—singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."

With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :—

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored,
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !"

Sir Robert Grant.

1779—1838.

SIR ROBERT GRANT was the second son of Mr. Charles Grant, for some time Member of Parliament for Inverness, and one of the Directors of the East India Company. Robert Grant was born in Bombay in 1779, and came to England in 1790. In 1795 he became, with his brother Charles, afterwards Lord Glenelg, a pensioner of Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he obtained the Craven Scholarship in 1799, and graduated in 1801. He was elected a fellow of his college in 1802, and took the degree of M.A. in 1804. He was called to the bar in 1807, and became a Commissioner of Bankrupts. He was elected Member of Parliament for the Elgin Burghs in 1818, for Inverness Burghs in 1826, for Norwich in 1830, and for Finsbury in 1832. His parliamentary career was distinguished by his persistent efforts to obtain the removal of the civil disabilities of the Jews. In 1833, with the aid of Macaulay, Hume, and O'Connell, he succeeded in passing a resolution in favour of Jewish emancipation, and in the same session carried a bill through the House of Commons with the same object. It was, however, rejected by the House of Lords, as was a similar bill passed by the House of Commons in the following year. It was not until 1858, twenty years after his death, that the object to which he

devoted so much time and thought was accomplished. He became Judge-Advocate-General in 1832, and Governor of Bombay in 1834, in which year he was knighted. He entered upon his duties as Governor of Bombay in March 1835, and died suddenly at Dalporree on the 9th of July, 1838.

It is as a writer of hymns of great excellence and wide acceptability that Sir Robert Grant takes his place in this volume. The best of his hymns were contributed to the pages of the *Christian Observer* between the years 1806 and 1815, and to Elliott's "Psalms and Hymns" in 1835. In 1839 his brother, Lord Glenelg, published a small volume containing twelve of the best of these under the title "Sacred Poems," by the late Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant. It is from this volume that the following selections are taken. His version of Psalm civ. is one of the best hymns of praise in the language, his "Litany" one of the most tender lyrical prayers.

ALFRED H. MILES.

SACRED POEMS.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

I.—PSALM CIV.

O WORSHIP the King
 All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
 His power and His Love;—
Our Shield and Defender,
 The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
 And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,
 O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
 Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
 Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
 On the wings of the storm

The earth with its store
 Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
 Hath founded of old;
Hath stablish'd it fast
 By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
 Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care
 What tongue can recite ?
 It breathes in the air,
 It shines in the light ;
 It streams from the hills,
 It descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils
 In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,
 And feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust,
 Nor find Thee to fail.
 Thy mercies how tender !
 How firm to the end !
 Our Maker, Defender,
 Redeemer, and Friend !

O measureless might,
 Ineffable Love,
 While Angels delight
 To hymn Thee above,
 Thy humbler creation,
 Though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration
 Shall lisp to Thy praise.

III.—LITANY.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow th' adoring knee ;
 When repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;

O by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress,
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power ;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boding tears that flow'd
Over Salem's loved abode ;
By the anguish'd sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of pray'r ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veil'd the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry !
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy deep expiring groan,
 By the sad sepulchral stone,
 By the vault whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God !
 O ! from earth to heaven restor'd,
 Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn Litany !

III.—“WHEN GATHERING CLOUDS AROUND I VIEW.”

“For we have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities ; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.”—HEB. iv. 15.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,
 Experienc'd every human pain ;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the sin I would not do,—
 Still He, Who felt temptation's power,
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
 Deceiv'd by those I prized too well,—
 He shall His pitying aid bestow,
 Who felt on earth severer woe,
 At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
 By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And, sore dismay'd my spirit dies,
 Still He Who once vouchsafed to bear
 The sickening anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers what was once a friend,
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
 Divides me—for a little while ;
 Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
 For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O, when I have safely past
 Through every conflict—but the last,
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My painful bed—for Thou hast died ;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

IV.—“WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?”

“Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee.”—PSALM Lxxiii. 25.

L ORD of earth! Thy forming hand
 Well this beauteous frame hath plann'd,
 Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
 Ocean rolling, in his power,

All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought,
Friendship,—gem transcending price,
Love,—a flower of paradise,
Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me ;
Whom have I on earth but Thce ?

Lord of Heaven ! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light ;
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again ;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze a glorious company ;
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings ;
O ! that world is passing fair ;
Yet if Thou were absent there,
What were all its joys to me ?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?

Lord of earth and heaven ! my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest ;
I was lost ; Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child.
I was blind ! Thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away ;
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,
O if once Thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine
What were earth and heaven to me ?
Whom have I in each but Thee ?

Reginald Heber.

1783—1826.

REGINALD HEBER was born at Malpas, in Cheshire, on the 21st of April, 1783. He was educated privately, and at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he pursued a brilliant university career. He won the prize for the *Carmen Sacrale*, a Latin poem on the beginning of the new century (1800); the prize for English verse on the subject of Palestine (1803); and the prize for the best English prose essay on “The Sense of Honour” (1805). In 1805 he was elected fellow of All Souls’ College, after which he spent two years in travelling in Germany and Russia. In 1807 he returned to England, and took Holy Orders, married Amelia, daughter of Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, and entered the living of Hodnet, devoting himself assiduously to the discharge of his parochial duties. In 1812 he became prebendary of St. Asaph; in 1815 Bampton Lecturer at Oxford; in 1822 Preacher at Lincoln’s Inn; and later in the same year Bishop of Calcutta. He died suddenly at Trichinopoly, on the 3rd of April, 1826, after conducting Confirmation and visiting a native school. He published editions of his Bampton lectures, sermons on various occasions, an account of his Indian travels, and a biography of Jeremy Taylor, with an edition of his works. A collection of his lyrics was made and published, with others, in 1827, and a complete edition of his poems in 1841.

The Rev. J. H. Overton, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," from which these particulars are taken, describes Heber as a pious, amiable, and accomplished man, whose character is well displayed in his writings—his style always elegant and perspicuous, and his matter sensible and in good taste; but his verse wanting in the "divine afflatus," and his prose in strength and massiveness. From this criticism it is impossible to dissent. His prize poem, "Palestine," was received with enthusiasm on its recital, and was declared to be the best prize poem that Oxford had ever produced; but merely good rhetorical and descriptive writing in heroic couplets is not an uncommon accomplishment, and this poem can hardly claim higher characterisation. Heber lacked originality, and the power of imagination necessary to produce permanent work upon exalted lines. On the other hand, he had a facility in the manipulation of musical measures which made versification easy to him. An instance of his facility is afforded by the well-known story of Sir Walter Scott's criticism, and Heber's immediate incorporation of his critic's idea. Previous to the public recital of the poem, the young poet read it to Sir Walter, who was then on a visit to Oxford, and who observed that in the lines describing the Temple of Solomon he had failed to note the interesting and characteristic fact that no tools were used in its construction. Heber took the hint, retired for a few moments, and wrote the lines afterwards incorporated in the poem:—

No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!

Much of Heber's poetical work was "occasional," and for the production of "occasional" verse his qualities eminently fitted him. "Palestine" was an occasional poem, and for the purpose of its occasion was a success, though it lacks the qualities necessary to secure permanent interest. He was equal to the occasion, but the subject was too big for him. In his occasional hymns he was much more successful. Those which he began to publish in the pages of the *Christian Observer* in the year 1811 constituted one of the earliest attempts to provide a set of sacred lyrics suited to the Christian seasons; and some have so admirably caught the spirit of the festival they celebrated that they have become identified with the occasion which inspired them. Many have become widely popular, and some must be counted among the best hymns in the language. His hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," written for a service at Wrexham Church, at which his father-in-law, the Dean of St. Asaph, preached on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and some half dozen others, are at the full tide of their popularity, nearly a century after they were first sung, and seem as unlikely to go out of favour as they were when they first caught the ears, and gave expression to the feelings of Christian worshippers nearly a hundred years ago. In other occasional and isolated efforts Heber showed a versatility which would doubtless have served him had he cared to follow the leadings of the lighter muse. "The Knight and the Lady" shows a sense of humour; the ballad, "O Captain of the Moorish Hold," some dramatic power; and the "Bow-meeting Song," which we

may quote here, the facility with which he could celebrate occasions other than religious and devotional.

YE spirits of our Fathers,
 The hardy, bold, and free,
 Who chased o'er Cressy's gory field
 A fourfold enemy !
 From us who love your sylvan game,
 To you the song shall flow,
 To the fame of your name
 Who so bravely bent the bow.
 'Twas merry then in England,
 (Our ancient records tell,)
 With Robin Hood and Little John
 Who dwelt by down and dell ;
 And yet we love the bold outlaw
 Who braved a tyrant foe,
 Whose cheer was the deer,
 And his only friend the bow !
 'Twas merry then in England
 In autumn's dewy morn,
 When echo started from her hill
 To hear the bugle-horn.
 And beauty, mirth, and warrior worth
 In garb of green did go
 The shade to invade
 With the arrow and the bow.
 Ye spirits of our Fathers !
 Extend to us your care,
 Among your children yet are found
 The valiant and the fair !
 'Tis merry yet in Old England,
 Full well her archers know ;
 And shame on their name
 Who despise the British bow !

But it is Heber's hymns which will keep him longest in memory, and the best of these seem sure of long-continued popularity.

ALFRED H. MILES.

HYMNS.

REGINALD HEBER.

I.—THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

(ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.)

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar !
Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train !

Thy martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save :

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong !
Who follows in His train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came ;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane :
They bow'd their necks, the death to feel !
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army—men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light array'd.

They climb'd the steep ascent of Heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain !
 O God ! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train !

*II.—BRIGHTEST AND BEST OF THE SONS
 OF THE MORNING.*

(*EPIPHANY.*)

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning !
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid ;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom and offerings Divine ?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
 Vainly with gifts would His favour secure ;
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid ;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid !

III.—BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

(FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.)

BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God !

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage !

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine !
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike Divine,

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own !

*IV.—THE LORD OF MIGHT FROM SINAI'S
BROW.*

(SIXTH SUNDAY IN LENT.)

THE Lord of Might, from Sinai's brow,
 Gave forth His voice of thunder ;
 And Israel lay on earth below,
 Outstretch'd in fear and wonder :
 Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
 And, at His left hand and His right,
 The rocks were rent asunder !

The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
 A meek and suffering stranger,
 Upraised to Heaven His languid eye,
 In Nature's hour of danger :
 For us He bore the weight of woe,
 For us He gave His blood to flow,
 And met His Father's anger.

The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
 The King of all created,
 Shall back return to claim His right,
 On clouds of glory seated ;
 With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
 And hallelujahs loud and long,
 O'er Death and Hell defeated !

V.—HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

(TRINITY SUNDAY.)

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee ;
 Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
 God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity !
 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
 Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be !

Holy, holy, holy ! Though the darkness hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
 Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity !

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !

All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea
 Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !

God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity !

VI.—WHO YONDER ON THE DESERT HEATH.

(THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.)

“**W**HOO yonder on the desert heath,
 Complains in feeble tone ?”

—“A pilgrim in the vale of Death,
 Faint, bleeding, and alone !”

“How cam’st thou to this dismal strand
 Of danger, grief, and shame ?”

—“From blessed Sion’s holy land.
 By Folly led, I came !”

“What ruffian hand hath stript thee bare ?
 Whose fury laid thee low ?”

—“Sin for my footsteps twined her snare,
 And Death has dealt the blow !”

“Can art no medicine for thy wound,
 Nor nature strength supply ?”

—“They saw me bleeding on the ground,
 And pass’d in silence by !”

“But, sufferer ! is no comfort near,
 Thy terrors to remove ?”

—“There is to whom my soul was dear,
 But I have scorn’d His love.”

" What if His hand were nigh to save
 From endless Death thy days ? "
 --" The soul He ransom'd from the grave
 Should live but to His praise ! "

" Rise then, oh rise ! His health embrace,
 With heavenly strength renew'd ;
 And, such as is thy Saviour's grace,
 Such be thy gratitude ! "

*VII.—THE SOUND OF WAR! IN EARTH
 AND AIR.*

(TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.)

THE sound of war ! In earth and air
 The volleying thunders roll :
 Their fiery darts the Fiends prepare,
 And dig the pit, and spread the snare,
 Against the Christian's soul.
 The Tyrant's sword, the rack, the flame,
 The scorner's serpent tone,
 Of bitter doubt the barbèd aim,
 All, all conspire his heart to tainte :
 Force, fraud, and hellish fires assail
 The rivets of his heavenly mail,
 Amidst his foes alone.

Gods of the world ! ye warrior host
 Of darkness and of air,
 In vain is all your impious boast,
 In vain each missile lightning tost,
 In vain the Tempter's snare !
 Though fast and far your arrows fly
 Though mortal nerve and bone
 Shrink in convulsive agony,
 The Christian can your rage defy :

Towers o'er his head Salvation's crest,
Faith like a buckler guards his breast,
Undaunted, though alone.

'Tis past ! 'tis o'er ! in foul defeat
The Demon host are fled !
Before the Saviour's mercy-seat,
(His live-long work of faith complete),
Their conqueror bends his head.

"The spoils Thyself hast gainèd, Lord !
I lay before Thy throne :
Thou wert my rock, my shield, my sword ;
My trust was in Thy name and word :
'Twas in Thy strength my heart was strong ;
Thy spirit went with mine along ;
How was I then alone ? "

VIII.—THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

THOU art gone to the Grave ! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;
The Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide thro' the gloom !
Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died !

Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long ;
But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the Seraphim's song !
Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide.
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And Death has no sting, for the Saviour has died !

IX.—FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain !
What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Java's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown :
The Heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone !
Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With Wisdom from on high,—
Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! Oh salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.
Waft, waft, ye winds, His story ;
 And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

POEMS.

REGINALD HEBER.

I.—AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

OUR task is done! on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now,
With furlèd sail and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride :
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams;
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come walk with me the jungle through :
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds its solitude ;
Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun)
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to seare the village green.
Come boldly on ! no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake.
Child of the Sun ! he loves to lie
'Midst Nature's embers, parched and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade ;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreath
Fit warder in the gate of Death.
Come on !—yet pause ! Behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's archèd bough,

Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
 Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom,¹
 And winds our path through many a bower
 Of fragrant tree and giant flower ;
 The ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
 O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade
 And dusk anana's prickly glade ;
 While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
 The betel waves his crest in air.
 With pendent train and rushing wings
 Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs ;
 And he, the bird of hundred dyes,²
 Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.

So rich a shade, so green a sod
 Our English fairies never trod !
 Yet who in Indian bowers has stood
 But thought on England's "good green wood !"
 And blessed, beneath the palmy shade,
 Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
 And breathed a prayer (how oft in vain !)
 To gaze upon her oaks again ?
 A truce to thought,—the jackal's cry
 Resounds like Sylvan revelry ;
 And through the trees yon failing ray
 Will scantily serve to guide our way.
 Yet mark ! as fade the upper skies,
 Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
 Before, beside us, and above,
 The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,

¹ A shrub whose deep scarlet flowers very much resemble the geranium, and thence called the Indian geranium.

² The Mucharunga.

Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
 The darkness of the copse exploring,
 While to this cooler air confess,
 The broad Dhatura bares her breast,
 Of fragrant scent, and virgin white,
 A pearl around the locks of night !
 Still, as we pass, in softened hum
 Along the breezy alleys come
 The village song, the horn, the drum.
 Still, as we pass, from bush and briar,
 The shrill Cigala strikes his lyre ;
 And, what is she whose liquid strain
 Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane ?
 I know that soul-entrancing swell,
 It is—it must be—Philomel !
 Enough, enough ! the rustling trees
 Announce a shower upon the breeze ;
 The flashes of the summer sky
 Assume a deeper, ruddier dye ;
 Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
 From forth our cabin sheds its beam ;
 And we must early sleep, to find
 Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
 But, oh ! with thankful hearts confess
 E'en here there may be happiness ;
 And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
 His peace on earth,—His hope of heaven !

II.—THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

WITH heat o'erlaboured and the length of way,
 On Ethan's beach the bands of Israel lay.
 'Twas silence all, the sparkling sands along,
 Save where the locust trilled her feeble song,

Or blended soft in drowsy cadence fell
The wave's low whisper or the camel's bell.—
'Twas silence all!—the flocks for shelter fly
Where, waving light, the acacia shadows lie;
Or where, from far, the flattering vapours make
The noon-tide semblance of a misty lake;
While the mute swain, in careless safety spread,
With arms enfolded, and dejected head,
Dreams o'er his wondrous call, his lineage high,
And, late revealed, his children's destiny.—
For not in vain, in thraldom's darkest hour,
Had sped from Amram's sons the word of power;
Nor failed the dreadful wand, whose godlike sway
Could lure the locust from her airy way;
With reptile war assail their proud abodes,
And mar the giant pomp of Egypt's Gods.
O helpless Gods! who nought availed to shield
From fiery rain your Zoan's favoured field!—
O helpless Gods! who saw the curdled blood
Taint the pure lotus of your ancient flood,
And fourfold-night the wondering earth enchain,
While Memnon's orient harp was heard in vain!—
Such musings held the tribes, till now the west
With milder influence on their temples prest;
And that portentous cloud which, all the day,
Hung its dark curtain o'er their weary way,
(A cloud by day, a friendly flame by night),
Rolled back its misty veil, and kindled into light!
Soft fell the eve;—but, ere the day was done
Tall waving banners streaked the level sun;
And wide and dark along the horizon red,
In sandy surge the rising desert spread.
“Mark, Israel, mark!”—On that strange sight intent,
In breathless terror, every eye was bent;

And busy faction's fast-increasing hum
 And female voices shriek, "They come, they come!"
 They come, they come! in scintillating show
 O'er the dark mass the brazen lances glow;
 And sandy clouds in countless shapes combine,
 As deepens or extends the long tumultuous line;—
 And fancy's keener glance ev'n now may trace
 The threatening aspects of each mingled race:
 For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
 The hireling guards of Misraim's throne, were there.
 From distant Cush they trooped, a warrior train,
 Siwah's¹ green isle and Sennaar's marly plain:
 On either wing their fiery coursers check
 The parched and sinewy sons of Amalek:
 While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
 Decked in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla²
 strode.
 'Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with gold
 Saw ye how swift the scythèd chariots rolled?
 Lo! these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
 Old Thebes hath poured through all her hundred
 gates
 Mother of armies!—How the emeralds glowed,
 Where, flushed with power and vengeance, Pharaoh
 rode!
 And stoled in white, those brazen wheels before,
 Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore;
 And still responsive to the trumpet's cry
 The priestly sistrum murmured—Victory!

¹ Oasis.—Sennaar; Meroe.

² The black tribes, who were of gigantic stature, and
 who had a custom of ornamenting themselves with the
 spoils of the elephant.

Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom ?
Whom come ye forth to combat?—warriors, whom?—
These flocks and herds—this faint and weary train—
Red from the scourge, and recent from the chain?—
God of the poor, the poor and friendless save !
Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave!—
North, south, and west the sandy whirlwinds fly,
The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.
On earth's last margin throng the weeping train :
Their cloudy guide moves on:—"And must we swim
the main?"

'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood :
He comes—their leader comes!—the man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads—The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse deep murmurs, from his holy feet ;
And the chased surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand, and coral hills below.

With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell—
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurled,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world ;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea calves' low-roofed haunt are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread ;
The beetling waters storm above their head,
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.

Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night.
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
Blazed broad and fierce the brandished torch of God.

Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
 On the long mirror of the rosy wave ;
 While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
 Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—
 To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train
 Invoke for light their monster gods in vain :
 Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling sight
 confine,
 And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
 Yet on they fare, by reckless vengeance led,
 And range unconscious through the ocean's bed
 Till midway now—that strange and fiery form
 Showed his dread visage lightening through the
 storm ;
 With withering splendour blasted all their might,
 And brake their chariot-wheels, and marred their
 coursers' flight.
 " Fly, Misraim, fly ! "—The ravenous floods they see,
 And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity.
 " Fly, Misraim, fly ! "—From Edom's coral strand
 Again the prophet stretched his dreadful wand :—
 With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
 And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep—
 Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
 As mortal wailing swelled the nightly blast :
 And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
 The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

Oh ! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
 In trustless wonder by the avenging flood !
 Oh ! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
 The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below :
 The mangled limbs of men—the broken car—
 A few sad relics of a nation's war :

Alas, how few!—Then, soft as Elim's well,
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.
And he, whose hardened heart alike had borne
The house of bondage and the oppressor's scorn,
The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
In faltering accents sobbed his gratitude ;
Till kindling into warmer zeal, around
The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound ;
And in fierce joy, no more by doubt supprest,
The struggling spirit throbbed in Miriam's breast.
She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye,
Poured on the winds of heaven her wild sweet
harmony.

“Where now,” she sang, “the tall Egyptian spear ?
On’s sunlike shield, and Zoan’s chariot, where ?
Above their ranks the whelming waters spread.
Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphèd !”—
And every pause between, as Miriam sang,
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang,
And loud and far their stormy chorus spread,—
“Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphèd !”

Bernard Barton.

1784--1849.

BERNARD BARTON, the Quaker poet, was born at Carlisle on the 31st of January, 1784. He was educated at the Quaker school at Ipswich, and afterwards apprenticed to a shopkeeper at Halstead, in Essex. He first settled at Woodbridge, Suffolk, where he married the daughter of his employer, who died nineteen months later in giving birth to a daughter. Seeking new associations he removed to Liverpool, and became a tutor in a private family, but returned after a year's absence to Woodbridge, and became a clerk in the bank of Messrs. Alexander and Co., continuing in the same service until his death forty years afterwards. Like many others who have felt the promptings of authorship while engaged in commercial pursuits, Bernard Barton longed for emancipation from the "dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood," and at one time contemplated the pursuit of literature as a profession. A declaration of this intention drew from Charles Lamb, with whom he kept up long and pleasant correspondence, the following strong and characteristic remonstrance : "Throw yourself upon the world, without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you!!! Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock slap dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you

have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. . . . Oh, you know not—may you never know—the miseries of subsisting for authorship ! 'Tis a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine ; but a slavery worse than all slavery to be a bookseller's dependant. . . . Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you. Trust not to the public : you may hang, starve, drown yourself for anything that worthy personage cares. I bless every star that providence, not seeing good to make me independent, has seen it next good to settle me upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall. Sit down, good B.B., in the banking office. What ! is there not from 6 to 11 P.M., six days in the week, and is there not all Sunday ? Fie, what a superfluity of man's time, if you could think so ! Enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet thoughts. O, the crunching, torturing, tormenting thoughts that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight who must draw upon it for his daily sustenance ! Henceforth I retract all my first complaints of mercantile employment—look upon them as lovers' quarrels. I was but half in earnest. Welcome dead timber of a desk that gives me life. A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen, but in my inner heart do I approve and embrace this our clever, but unharassing, way of life. I am quite serious. Yours Truly, C. LAMB."

Well had it been for many a poet since Bernard Barton's time if he had been counselled as wisely, and had as wisely taken counsel. In 1824 he was offered a presentation of £1,200 by his admirers

of the Society of Friends, and felt some hesitation in accepting it. Again he consulted Lamb, who counselled him to take it, but not to allow it to wean him from his business appointment. Late in life he received a civil list pension of £100, granted him by Sir Robert Peel. He died on the 19th of February, 1849, after but two days' absence from his post.

Bernard Barton's was a quiet muse. The *Edinburgh Review* said: "The staple of the whole poems is description and meditation—description of quiet home scenery, sweetly and feelingly wrought out; and meditation, overshadowed with tenderness, and exalted by devotion—but all terminating in soothing and even cheerful views of the conditions and prospects of mortality." The Quaker poet wrote, in fact, what may be described without disparagement as Quaker poetry, sober, sensible, and modest, if withal formal homely and drab. His principal books were "Metrical Effusions" (1812); "Poems" (1820); "Napoleon and Other Poems" (1822); "Poetic Vigils" (1824); "A Widow's Tale and Other Poems" (1827); "A New Year's Eve and Other Poems" (1828); "The Reliquary" (1836); and "Household Verses" (1845). His Memoirs and Letters, with a selection of his verse, were published in 1849, and occasion was taken to revise some of his poems, reducing their length, and removing the too obvious and long-drawn-out moral with which he was apt to weight his poems with weariness. This was precisely what his poems needed. He wrote easily and without revision, and aimed at morality rather than poetry, with the result that he produced a large quantity of prosy verse. The following stanzas are

all that survive in the final volume of the original ten stanza poem :—

THE STREAM.

It flows through flow'ry meads,
Gladdening the herds that on its margin browse ;
Its quiet bounty feeds
The alders that o'er shade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village churchyard, with a plaintive tone
Of dirge-like melody,
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house, in the sunshine bright,
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

The following sonnet was commended by Charles Lamb in a letter acknowledging the receipt of the volume in which it first appeared.

TO A GRANDMOTHER.

(“Old age is dark and unlovely.”—OSSIAN.)

O say not so ! A bright old age is thine ;
Calm as the gentle light of summer eves,
Ere twilight dim her dusky mantle weaves ;
Because to thee is given, in thy decline,
A heart that does not thanklessly repine
At aught of which the hand of God bereaves,
Yet all He sends with gratitude receives ;—
May such a quiet, thankful close be mine !
And hence thy fireside chair appears to me
A peaceful throne—which thou wert form'd to fill ;
Thy children, ministers who do thy will ;
And those grandchildren, sporting round thy knee,
Thy little subjects, looking up to thee,
As one who claims their fond allegiance still.

The poems in the following selection are given in their abbreviated form in cases where abbreviations have been made.

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS.

BERNARD BARTON.

I.—“WHICH THINGS ARE A SHADOW.”

I SAW a stream whose waves were bright
With morning's dazzling sheen ;
But gathering clouds, ere fall of night,
Had darken'd o'er the scene :
“ How like that tide,”
My spirit sighed,
“ This life to me hath been.”

The clouds dispersed ; the glowing west
Was bright with closing day ;
And o'er the river's peaceful breast
Shone forth the sunset ray :—
My spirit caught
The soothing thought,
“ This life might pass away.”

I saw a tree with ripening fruit
And shady foliage crown'd ;
But, ah ! the axe was at its root,
And fell'd it to the ground :
Well might that tree
Reeall to me
The doom my hopes had found.

The fire consum'd it ; but I saw
Its smoke ascend on high—
A shadowy type, beheld with awe,
Of that which will not die,
But from the grave
Will rise and have
A refuge in the sky.

II.—A DREAM.

A DREAM came lately in the hours
To nightly slumber due;
It pictur'd forth no fairy bowers
To Faney's raptur'd view;
It had not much of marvels strange,
Nor aught of wild and frequent change :—

But all seem'd real—ay! as much,
As now the page I trace
Is palpable to sight and touch;
Then how could doubt have place?
Yet was I not from doubt exempt,
But ask'd myself if still I dreamt.

I felt I did; but, spite of this,
Ev'n thus *in dreams* to meet,
Had much, too much of dearest bliss,
Though not enough to cheat:
I knew the vision soon would fade,
And yet I bless'd it while it stay'd.

But oh, *thy* look!—It was not one
That earthly features wear;
Nor was it aught to fear or shun,
As fancied spectres are:
'Twas gentle, pure, and passionless,
Yet full of heavenly tenderness.

One thing was strange.—It seem'd to me
We were not long alone;
But many more were circling thee,
Whom thou on earth hadst known;
Who seem'd as greeting thy return
From some unknown, remote sojourn.

To them thou wast, as others be
 Whom on this earth we love ;
 I marvell'd much they could not see
 Thou camest from above ;
 And often to myself I said,
 " How can they thus approach the dead ? "

But though all these, with fondness warm,
 Said, " Welcome ! " o'er and o'er,
 Still that expressive shade, or form,
 Was silent, as before !
 And yet its stillness never brought
 To *them* one hesitating thought.

I only knew thee as thou *wert* ;
 A being not of earth !
 Yet had I not the power to exert
 My voice to check their mirth ;
 For blameless mirth was theirs, to see,
 Once more, a friend belov'd like thee.

And so apart from all I stood,
 Till tears, though not of grief,
 Afforded, to that speechless mood,
 A soothing, calm relief :
 And, happier than if speech were free,
 I stood, and watch'd thee silently !

I watch'd thee silently, and while
 I mus'd on days gone by,
 Thou gav'st me one celestial smile—
 One look that cannot die.
 It was a moment worthy years !
 I woke, and found myself in tears.

III.—TO THE OWL.

BIRD of the solemn midnight hour !
Thy Poet's emblem be ;
If arms might be the Muses' dower,
His crest were found in thee :
Though flippant wits thy dulness blame,
And Superstition fondly frame
 Fresh omens from thy song ;—
With me thou art a favourite bird,
Of habits, hours, and haunts, preferr'd
 To day's more noisy throng.

Are not thy habits grave and sage,
 Thyself beseeming well,
Like hermit's in his hermitage,
 Or nun's in convent cell ?
Secluded as an anchorite,
Thou spend'st the hours of garish light
 In silence, and alone :
'Twere well if nuns and hermits spent
Their days in dreams as innocent,
 As thine, my bird ! have flown.

Are not the hours to thee most dear,
 Those which my bosom thrill ?
Evening—whose charms my spirit cheer,
 And Night, more glorious still ?
I love to see thee slowly glide
Along the dark wood's leafy side,
 On undulating wing,
So noiseless in thy dream-like flight,
Thou seem'st more like a phantom-sprite
 Than like a living thing.

I love to hear thy hooting cry,
At midnight's solemn hour,
On gusty breezes sweeping by,
And feel its utmost power :
From Nature's depths it seems to come,
When other oracles are dumb ;
And eloquent its sound,
Asserting Night's majestic sway,
And bearing Fancy far away
To solitudes profound ;—

To wild, secluded haunts of thine,
Which hoary eld reveres ;
To ivied turret, mould'ring shrine,
Gray with the lapse of years ;
To hollow trees by lightning scath'd ;
To cavern'd rocks, whose roots are bath'd
By some sequester'd stream ;
To tangled wood, and briery brake,
Where only Echo seems awake
To answer to thy scream.

While habits, hours, and haunts, so lone
And lofty, blend with thee,
Well mayst thou, bird of night ! be prone
To touch thought's nobler key ;
To waken feelings undefin'd,
And bring home to the Poet's mind,
Who frames his vigil-lay,
Visions of higher musings born,
And fancies brighter than adorn
His own ephem'ral day.

IV.—A COLLOQUY WITH MYSELF.

"As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
 And myself replied to me ;
 And the questions myself then put to myself
 With their answers, I give to thee.
 Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
 Their responses the same should be,
 Oh ! look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
 Or so much the worse for thee."

WHAT are riches ? Hoarded treasures
 May, indeed, thy coffers fill ;
 Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,
 Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What is Pleasure ? When afforded
 But by gauds that pass away,
 Read its fate in lines recorded
 On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion ? Ask of Folly,
 She her worth can best express.
 What is moping Melancholy ?
 Go and learn of Idleness.

What is Truth ? Too stern a preacher
 For the prosperous and the gay ;
 But a safe and wholesome teacher
 In Adversity's dark day.

What is Friendship ? If well founded,
 Like some beacon's heavenward glow :
 If on false pretensions grounded
 Like the treacherous sand below.

What is Love ? If earthly only,
Like a meteor of the night ;
Shining but to leave more lonely
Hearts that hailed its transient light :

But when calm, refined, and tender,
Purified from passion's stain,
Like the moon, in gentle splendour,
Ruling o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes ? But gleams of brightness,
Glancing darkest clouds between ;
Or foam-crested waves, whose whiteness
Gladdens ocean's darksome green.

What are Fears ? Grim phantoms, throwing
Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way,
Every moment darker growing,
If we yield unto their sway.

What is Mirth ? A flash of lightning,
Followed but by deeper gloom.
Patience ?—More than sunshine, bright'ning
Sorrow's path, and labour's doom.

What is Time ? A river flowing
To Eternity's vast sea ;
Forward, whither all are going,
On its bosom bearing thce.

What is Life ? A bubble floating,
On that silent, rapid stream ;
Few, too few, its progress noting,
Till it bursts, and ends the dream.

What is Death, asunder rending
Every tie we love so well?
But the gate to life unending,
Joy, in heaven ! or, woe in hell !

Can these truths, by repetition,
Lose their magnitude or weight ?
Estimate thine own condition,
Ere thou pass that fearful gate.

Hast thou heard them oft repeated ?
Much may still be left to do :
Be not by profession cheated
Live—as if thou knew'st them true.

Henry Kirk White.

1785—1806.

HENRY KIRK WHITE was born at Nottingham, on the 21st of March, 1785. He was privately educated, and at fifteen years of age entered the office of Messrs. Coldham & Enfield, Town Clerks and Attorneys of Nottingham, with a view to following the profession of the law. While here, he became the subject of deep religious impressions, and determined, if means could be found to support him at a university, to abandon the law for the Church. He worked very hard and bore many disappointments in the pursuit of his object, but in October 1805 he was enabled to take up his residence at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he devoted himself exhaustively to his studies. At the end of the term he was pronounced, upon examination, the first man of his year; but his constitution proved unequal to the strain put upon it, and on the 19th of October, 1806, he died.

Few men have owed more in the way of reputation to their misfortunes than Kirk White. His continual struggles against adverse circumstances in the pursuit of knowledge, together with the amiability of his disposition and the piety of his life, secured for him many friends, who, in their admiration for his character, discovered evidence of Genius in his verse which those uninfluenced by his personality are unable to

detect. It would of course be absurd to look for maturity in the work of a youth of twenty years, but Genius could scarcely have written as much as this youth wrote without betraying itself, however crudely, in some thought or phrase of obvious originality or latent power. Kirk White's poems display no such evidence as we expect to find in the work of Genius, however young. He lacked originality and imagination; and while unable to invent new forms of beauty, showed no freshness in his views of old forms of truth. He had ambition, but he had nothing to say, nor was there anything felicitous in his manner of saying nothing. Among the "Fragments," gathered from the backs of old mathematical papers, there are one or two which are calculated to excite expectation, but it may be doubted whether he would ever have justified the claims made on his behalf even if Time had dealt more gently with him. The following are instances:—

(II.)

Lo ! on the eastern summit, clad in gray,
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes,
And from his tower of mist,
Night's watchman hurries down.

or,

(III.)

The pious man,
In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms
Hide Heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith
Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
Of ether, where the day is never veiled
With intervening vapours, and looks down
Serene upon the troublous sea, that hides
The earth's fair breast, that sea whose nether face
To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all;
But on whose billowy back, from man concealed,
The glaring sunbeam plays.

According to Southey, who edited his "Remains," "The Christiad" was the poem which Kirk White had most at heart, and upon which he bestowed the most pains. It was never completed, but enough was written to show that the poet lacked the power necessary to the treatment of such a theme. A melancholy interest attaches to the final stanzas, which were found by Southey written in a different book.

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme
 With self-rewarding toil thus far have sung
 Of God-like deeds, far loftier than beseem
 The Lyre which I in early days have strung :
 And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
 The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
 On the dark cypress ! and the strings which rung
 With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
 Or, when the breeze comes by, moan and are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again ?
 Shall I no more re-animate the lay ?
 Oh ! Thou who visitest the sons of men,
 Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
 One little space prolong my mournful day !
 One little lapse suspend Thy last decree !
 I am a youthful traveller in the way,
 And this slight boon would consecrate to Thee,
 Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

Of Kirk White's shorter poems his lines "To Love" have been perhaps most frequently quoted, though they can scarcely be said to rise above the level of valentine verse.

TO LOVE.

Why should I blush to own I love ?
 'Tis Love that rules the realms above.
 Why should I blush to say to all,
 That Virtue holds my heart in thrall ?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
Lest Love's dear secret be betrayed ?
Why the stern brow deceitful move,
When I am languishing with love ?

Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell ?
Such weakness I would ever prove ;
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet to love.

Kirk White wrote several sonnets, of which the following is perhaps the best :—

WHAT ART THOU ?

What art Thou, Mighty One ! and where Thy seat ?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands.
And Thou dost bear within Thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet.
Stern on Thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
Thou guidest the northern storm at night's dead noon,
Or, on the red wing of the fierce monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost Thou repose ? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood ?
Vain thought ! the confines of His throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

Kirk White's was a life of disappointment. It began with high hopes and bright anticipations, which it exhausted itself in its efforts to realise without success. Trained in such a school, it is perhaps natural that one of his best poems should be his ode "On Disappointment," given in the following pages.

ALFRED H. MILES.

ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

HENRY KIRK WHITE.

COME, Disappointment, come !

Not in thy terrors clad ;

Come, in thy meekest, saddest guise ;

Thy chastening rod but terrifies

The restless and the bad.

But I recline

Beneath thy shrine,

And round my brow resigned thy peaceful cypress twine.

Though Fancy flies away

Before thy hollow tread,

Yet Meditation, in her cell,

Hears with faint eye the lingering knell

That tells her hopes are dead ;

And though the tear

By chance appear,

Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid here.

Come, Disappointment, come !

Though from Hope's summit hurled,

Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,

For thou severe wert sent from heaven

To wean me from the world ;

To turn my eye

From vanity,

And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die

What is this passing scene ?

A peevish April day !

A little sun—a little rain,

And then night sweeps along the plain,

And all things fade away.

Man (soon discussed)

Yields up his trust,

And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Oh, what is Beauty's power ?
It flourishes and dies ;
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies ?

Mute, mute is all
O'er Beauty's fall ; . . .
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day ;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

Then since this world is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat ?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still ?

Come, Disappointment, come !
Thou art not stern to me ;
Sad Monitress ! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.
From sun to sun
My race will run,
I only bow, and say, My God, Thy will be done !

Charlotte Elliott.

1789—1871.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, author of some of the most popular hymns of the century, was born on the 18th of March, 1789. Her early life was spent at Clapham, where her uncle, the Rev. John Venn, was then rector. Her constitution, always delicate, induced a life of retirement and seclusion, only varied by occasional journeys in search of health. From 1834 she edited for many years the "Christian Remembrancer Pocket Book," to which she contributed both prose and verse. She also edited "The Invalids' Hymn Book," in which she first published many of her hymns. In 1869 she had a severe illness, from which she unexpectedly recovered, and during which she addressed the following verses to her devoted sister :—

Darling, weep not ! I must leave thee,
For a season we *must* part !
Let not this short absence grieve thee,
We shall still be one in heart ;
And a few brief sunsets o'er,
We shall meet to part no more !

Sweet has been our earthly union,
Sweet our fellowship of love ;
But more exquisite communion
Waits us in our home above ;
Nothing there can loose or sever
Ties ordained to last for ever.

Sweet has been thy tender feeling
Through long years for this poor frame :
Love and care, like balm of healing,
Have kept up life's feeble flame ;
Now these dying pangs betoken
That the "silver cord" is broken.

Dearest ! those sad features pain me :
Wipe those loving tears away !
Let thy stronger faith sustain me,
In this dark and cloudy day !
Be my "Hopeful," make me brave,
Lift my head above the wave !

Place me in those arms as tender,
But more powerful far than thine :
For awhile thy charge surrender
To His guardianship divine !
Lay me on my Saviour's breast,
There to find eternal rest !

Charlotte Elliott died on the 22nd of September, 1871. Several of her hymns have found world-wide acceptance, and one at least, "Just as I am, without one plea," has been translated into many languages. It is a little singular that nearly all her best hymns are cast in the same form, in four line stanzas with a short line for the fourth. It seems as though she needed the restraint of form to check the diffuseness of facility. Her hymns are characterised by simplicity, directness, and sincerity; they breathe a sweet and elevated piety.

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS.

1836.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

I.—“JUST AS I AM.”

JUST as I am—without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd’st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—though toss’d about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without—
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here, for a season, then above—
O Lamb of God, I come !

II.—WATCH AND PRAY.

"CHRISTIAN ! seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy guardian angel say ;
Thou art in the midst of foes ;
 "Watch and pray."

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours ;
 "Watch and pray."

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one ;
 "Watch and pray."

Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim
 "Watch and pray."

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word,
 "Watch and pray."

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down ;
 "Watch and pray."

III.—THY WILL BE DONE.

1834.

MY God, and Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say,
“Thy Will be done.”

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me “be still” and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
“Thy will be done.”

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
“Thy Will be done.”

Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized it ne'er was mine,
I have but yielded what was Thine;
“Thy Will be done.”

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I'll strive to say,—
“Thy Will be done.”

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet SPIRIT for its guest,
My GOD, to Thee, I leave the rest;
“Thy Will be done.”

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
“Thy Will be done.”

IV.—THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

MY God ! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening-star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,—
The hour of prayer ?

Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer up-borne,
The world I leave !

For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow ;
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by Thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt ; gone every fear ;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay :
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Lord ! till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

V.—LEANING ON HER BELOVED.

WRITTEN FOR ONE NOT LIKELY TO RECOVER.

LEANING on Thee, my Guide, my Friend,
My gracious Saviour ! I am blest ;
Though weary, Thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

Leaning on Thee, this darkened room
Is cheered by a celestial ray :
Thy pitying smile dispels the gloom—
Turns night to day.

Leaning on Thee, my soul retires
From earthly thoughts and earthly things ;
On Thee concentrates her desires ;
To Thee she clings.

Leaning on Thee, with childlike faith,
To Thee the future I confide ;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

Leaning on Thee, I breathe no moan,
Though faint with languor, parched with heat
Thy will has now become my own—
Thy will is sweet.

Leaning on Thee, midst torturing pain,
With patience Thou my soul dost fill :
Thou whisperest, “What did I sustain ?”
Then I am still.

Leaning on Thee, I do not dread
The havoc slow disease may make ;
Thou, who for me Thy blood hast shed,
Wilt ne'er forsake.

Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
“Be of good cheer !”

Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms ;
Calmly I stand on death’s dark brink
I feel “the everlasting arms,”
I cannot sink.

VI.—LET ME BE WITH THEE.

1836.

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest ;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art ;
Thy unveiled glory to behold ;
Then only will this wayward heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore ;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, whence none remove,
Then only will this cleansèd heart
Reflect the fulness of Thy love.

Josiah Conder.

1789—1855.

JOSIAH CONDER was born in Falcon Square, London, on the 17th of September, 1789. His grandfather—Dr. John Conder—was the first Theological Tutor of the Nonconformist College at Homerton, and his father, Thomas Conder, a map engraver and bookseller. When he was six years of age he lost the sight of one eye through a severe attack of small-pox. His literary talent found early expression, for at the age of ten he contributed essays to the *Monthly Preceptor*, for which he gained two silver medals. Leaving school at the age of thirteen, he joined his father in his bookselling business, but still carried on his mental culture. When he was seventeen he contributed to an early number of the *Athenæum* some lines on "The Withered Oak." He made the acquaintance of James Montgomery and Ann Taylor, which led to the inclusion of some of their verses in an anonymous book he now published called "The Associated Minstrels." Failing health compelled his father to give up his business in 1811, and so it was thrown upon his son. His literary predilections were probably strengthened by his marriage in 1815 to the daughter of Roger Thomas, on her mother's side a granddaughter of Roubiliac, the noted sculptor, and herself a contributor to the anonymous book already mentioned, and a verse

writer of some merit. After eight years he disposed of his bookselling business, but five years before this he had become the proprietor of the *Eclectic Review*, which he managed until 1837. This brought him into close connection with some of the foremost literary men of that time. Considerable as was the work of managing the *Eclectic*, it did not exhaust his energies, for during the same time he edited for James Duncan, of Paternoster Row, the *Modern Traveller*, which extended to thirty volumes. In this great undertaking he had assistance on only one or two of the volumes. This has been described as "one of the most accurate, faithful, and laborious compilations ever published respecting nearly all parts of the world." In 1832 the *Patriot* was established to set forth the views of Evangelical Nonconformity, and Conder became its first editor, a post he held for twenty-three years. But even these labours did not exhaust his energies. He issued twenty-two works, nearly all prose, some of which involved very considerable research. Few men have ever lived a busier life. His pen was never idle, but in 1855 an attack of jaundice seized him, and he passed away at his home, 28, Belsize Road, St. John's Wood, London, on the 27th of December.

All his prose works, though in many cases very able and serving the purpose of the time, have passed out of use, and are known only to the curious. This also may be said of his general poetry; but he is kept in remembrance by his hymns, which still hold a place, and no mean one, in the affections of the Church. In this department he did good work, not only as a writer of hymns, but as an Editor. "The Congregational Hymn

Book—a supplement to Dr. Watts' "Psalms and Hymns," which he edited about 1844—showed fine taste, and was the best work of its kind published up to that time. It left an abiding influence on the Hymnody, not only of the Free, but also of the Episcopal Church. To this book he contributed fifty-six of his own hymns, some of which had previously appeared in his earlier volume, "The Star in the East."

His finest hymns are characterised by much elevation of thought, expressed in language combining both force and beauty. They generally excel in unity, and in some the gradual unfolding of the leading idea is masterly. The outcome of a deeply spiritual mind, they deal chiefly with the enduring elements of religion. Their variety in metre, in style, and in treatment, saves them from the monotony which mars the work of so many hymn writers. Really Evangelical in substance they are touched with so liberal a spirit and interpret Christian truth in so broad a manner that they are likely to hold their place in the affections of the Church.

Perhaps the most lyric of Conder's hymns is—

"O show me not my Saviour dying,"

in which he embodies the idea of Campanella in the fine sonnet rendered into nervous English by John Addington Symonds.

If Christ was only six hours crucified
After few years of toil and misery,
Which for mankind He suffered willingly,
While heaven was won for ever when He died ;
Why should He still be shown on every side,

Painted and preached in nought but agony,
Whose pains were light matched with His victory,
When the world's power to harm Him was defied?
Why rather speak and write not of the realm
He rules in heaven and soon will bring below
Unto the praise and glory of His name.
Ah, foolish crowd! This world's thick vapours whelm,
Your eyes unworthy of that glorious show,
Blind to His splendour, bent upon His shame.

Conder's poetical works were: "The Withered Oak," "The Reverie" (1811); "The Star in the East" (1824); "Sacred Poems, Domestic Poems, and Miscellaneous Poems" (1824); "The Choir and the Oratory" (1837); "Hymns of Praise, Prayer, and Devout Meditation," which was in the press at the time of his death, and was revised and published by his son, the Rev. E. R. Conder, M.A.

W. GARRETT HORDER.

HYMNS.

JOSIAH CONDER.

I.—PSALM LXXXIV.

HOW honoured, how dear,
That sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near
Their Father and God !
'Mid worldly commotion,
My wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion,
The home of Thy saints.

The birds have their home ;
They fix on their nest :
Wherever they roam,
They return to their rest :
From them fondly learning,
My soul would take wing ;
To Thee so returning,
My God and my King.

O happy the choirs,
Who praise Thee above !
What joy tunes their lyres ;
Their worship is love.
Yet, safe in Thy keeping,
And happy they be,
In this world of weeping,
Whose strength is in Thee.

Though rugged their way,
They drink, as they go,
Of springs that convey
New life as they flow :
The God they rely on,
Their strength shall renew,
Till each, brought to Zion,
His glory shall view.

Thou Hearer of prayer !
Still grant me a place,
Where Christians repair
To the courts of Thy grace.
More blest beyond measure,
One day so employed,
Than years of vain pleasure,
By worldlings enjoyed.

Me more would it please
Keeping post at Thy gate,
Than lying at ease
In chambers of state :
The meanest condition
Outshines, with Thy smiles,
The pomp of ambition,
The world with its wiles.

The Lord is a sun !
The Lord is a shield !
What grace has begun,
With glory is sealed.
He hears the distressèd,
He succours the just,
And they shall be blessèd,
Who make Him their trust.

II.—BEYOND, BEYOND THAT BOUNDLESS SEA.

B EYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,

Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high ;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou my God art nigh ;—

Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after Thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to Thy seat attain.

Thy messenger, the stormy wind ;
Thy path, the trackless main ;—

These speak of Thee with loud acclaim ;
They thunder forth Thy praise,—
The glorious honour of Thy name,
The wonders of Thy ways :
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

We hear Thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air :
The waves obey Thy dread control ;
Yet still, Thou art not there.
Where shall I find Him, O my Soul,
Who yet is everywhere ?

Oh, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There doth His Spirit rest.
Oh come, Thou Presence Infinite !
And make Thy creature blest.

III.—HOW SHALL I FOLLOW HIM I SERVE?

HOW shall I follow Him I serve ?
How shall I copy Him I love ?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve
Which lead me to His seat above ?

Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road ?

'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.

Lord ! should my path through suffering lie
Forbid it I should c'er repine.
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

Oh, let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night :—

To faint, to grieve, to die for me !
Thou camest, not Thyself to please ;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these ?

Yes ! I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye :
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory. . . .

IV.—THE LORD IS KING.

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all His ways;
Let every creature speak His praise.

He reigns! Ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.

One Lord, one empire, all secures :
He reigns,—and life and death are yours.
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

V.—DAY BY DAY THE MANNA FELL.

DAY by day the manna fell ;
Oh, to learn this lesson well !
Still, by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

“Day by day,” the promise reads ;
Daily strength for daily needs :
Cast foreboding fears away ;
Take the manna of to-day.

Lord, my times are in Thy hand.
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give :
Day by day to Thee I live :
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own,—my Father’s will.

Fond ambition, whisper not ;
Happy is my humble lot.
Anxious, busy cares, away ;
I’m provided for to-day.

Oh, to live exempt from care
By the energy of prayer ;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude.

VI.—O SHOW ME NOT MY SAVIOUR DYING.

O SHOW me not my Saviour dying,
As on the cross He bled ;
Nor in the tomb, a captive lying,
For He has left the dead :
Then bid me not that form extended
For my Redeemer own,
Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
In glory fills the throne.
Weep not for Him at Calvary's station ;
Weep only for thy sins.
View where He lay with exultation,—
'Tis there our hope begins :
Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding,
Amid the scenes He trod ;
Look up, and see Him interceding
At the right hand of God.
Still in the shameful Cross I glory,
Where His dear blood was spilt ;
For there the great Propitiatory
Abolished all my guilt.
Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
Shall strength and succour give ?
He lives, the Captain of Salvation ;
Therefore His servants live.
By death, He death's dark king defeated,
And overcame the grave ;
Rising, the triumph He completed ;
He lives, He reigns to save.
Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him ;
He comes, the Judge of men ;
These eyes shall see Him, and adore Him :
Lord Jesus, own me then.

VII.—OH, GIVE THANKS TO HIM WHO MADE.

O H, give thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade ;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food ;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.

Oh, give thanks to Nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing :
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame :
Oh, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind !

Oh, give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship ;
And all creatures are His care :
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man !

Oh, give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame,—
Temple of the Deity,—
Came, for rebel man to die ;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

SONNETS.

JO^SHIAH CONDER.

I.—SUMMER IS COME.

FROM "SUMMER IN FOUR SONNETS."

I.

SUMMER is come ; he with the eye of flame
And lordly brow, whence, in his angry mood,
Flash the blue lightnings : he is come to claim
His bride, the gentle Spring, whom late he woo'd
With softest airs. See how his fervid breath
Has call'd the roses up on her chaste cheek !
And now to him the sceptre she with meek
And tender smile resigns. Her woodland wreath
Is faded, but the garden's gay parterre
Is rich with gorgeous hues ; and glorious things
Haunt the cool stream, and flutter in the air,
Resplendent forms : the flowers have taken wings.
They do not die—there's nothing in creation
That dies; succession all and wondroustransmigration.

II.

Now day survives the sun. The pale grey skies
A sort of dull and dubious lustre keep,
As with their own light shining. Nature lies
Slumbering, and gazing on me in her sleep,
So still, so mute, with fixed and soul-less eyes.
The sun is set, yet not a star is seen :
Distinct the landscape, save where intervene
The creeping mists that from the dark stream rise ;
Now spread into a sea with islets broken,
And woodland points, now poised on the thin air :
In the black west the clouds a storm betoken,
And all things seem a spectral gloom to wear.
The cautious bat resents the lingering light,
And the long-folded sheep wonder it is not night.

II.—AUTUMN.

FROM "AUTUMN IN FOUR SONNETS."

I.

A GLORIOUS day ! The village is afield :
 Her pillow'd lace no thrifty housewife weaves
 Nor platters sit beneath the flow'ry eaves :
 The golden fields an ample harvest yield ;
 And every hand, that can a sickle wield,
 Is busy now. Some stoop to bind the sheaves,
 While to the o'erburden'd waggon one upheaves
 The load, among its streamers half conceal'd.
 We heard the ticking of the lonely clock
 Plain through each open door—all was so still,
 For, busily dispersed near every shock
 Their hands with trailing ears the urchins fill.
 Where all is clear'd, small birds securely flock,
 While full on lingering day the moon shines from
 the hill.

II.

Now that the flowers have faded, 'tis the turn
 Of leaves to flaunt in all their gayest dyes.
 'Tis Autumn's gala : every dryad vies
 In decking out her bower. How richly burn
 The gorgeous masses in the amber skies,
 Where to the West, the valley, with its stream,
 Is shut with woods that drink the setting beam !
 There—by its crimson foliage one deseries
 The cherry, thrown out by the auburn shades
 Of beech, with russet oak, and hoary sallow,
 And greenest ash, bearing its golden keys,
 With here and there wych-elm of paler yellow.
 How gracefully the waning season fades !
 So Nature's every dress and every look can please.

Henry Hart Milman.

1791—1868.

HENRY HART MILMAN, poet, scholar, historian, and divine, was born on the 10th of February, 1791. He was the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, Bart., physician to George III., and was educated at Eton and Brasenose College, Oxford. He gained the Newdegate prize for his poem "The Belvidere Apollo," in 1812, and graduated B.A. 1814, and M.A. 1816. He was elected a fellow of his college in 1814, and was ordained in the following year. He became Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading (1818), Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1821), Bampton Lecturer (1827), Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster (1835), and Dean of St. Paul's (1849). His first published work was his "Apollo Belvidere" (1812), which was followed by "Fazio," a tragedy (1815), performed without his permission at several theatres, and at Covent Garden in 1818; a religious epic entitled "Samor, the Lord of the Bright City" (1818), and four dramas, "The Fall of Jerusalem" (1820), "The Martyr of Antioch" (1822), "Belshazzar" (1822), and "Anne Boleyn" (1826). He also published "Poems" (1821), "Nala and Damayanti," with other poems (1835), and a collected edition of his poems (1839). His prose works include "The History of the Jews" (1829), "The History of Christianity under the Empire" (1840), and "The History of Latin Christianity" (1854-5).

Milman's poetical works were received with enthusiasm, but they cannot be said to have retained a moiety of the interest they excited upon their appearance. Though he so frequently adopted the dramatic form he lacked dramatic instinct, and was wanting in passion and imagination. There are fine passages in all his works, passages in which elevated thought is clothed in ornate language, and adorned with picturesque imagery. But it is as an historian that he achieved his success in letters—as an historian that he will live in literature, and it was probably the operation of the very qualities which made him so sound an historian that limited his achievements as a poet. He has been instanced as “a noble example of ecclesiastical liberalism”: and the characterisation is no more than just. He was a sound scholar, a broad thinker, and an untiring worker. Some of his hymns, “Ride on, ride on in Majesty,” “When our heads are bowed with woe,” and others are still in use, but his longer poems have ceased to attract attention or are only read in selections.

ALFRED H. MILES.

HYMNS.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

I.—*RIDE ON, RIDE ON IN MAJESTY.*

RIDE on, ride on in majesty ;
Hark, all the tribes Hosanna cry ;
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty ;
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty ;
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty ;
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh :
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son !

Ride on, ride on in majesty ;
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.

II.—*BOUND UPON TH' ACCURSED TREE.*

BOUND upon th' accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He ?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,

By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He ?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord ! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He ?
By the last and bitter cry ;
The ghost giv'n up in agony ;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead ;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
Crucified ! we know Thee now,
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awfuL, who is He ?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord ! they know not what they do ! "
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

III.—WHEN OUR HEADS ARE BOW'D WITH WOE.

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou, our throbbing flesh hast worn ;
 Thou, our mortal griefs hast borne ;
 Thou hast shed the human tear ;
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the sullen death-bell tolls
 For our own departed souls ;
 When our final doom is near,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou hast bow'd the dying head ;
 Thou the blood of life hast shed ;
 Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier ;
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the heart is sad within,
 With the thought of all its sin ;
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou, the shame, the grief hast known ;
 Though the sins were not Thine own,
 Thou hast deign'd their load to bear ;
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

IV.—O HELP US, LORD, EACH HOUR OF NEED.

O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need,
 Thy heavenly succour give ;
 Help us in thought and word and deed,
 Each hour, on earth, we live.

O help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more Thy servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Saviour, from on high,
We know no help but Thee ;
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be.

V.—LORD ! THOU DIDST ARISE AND SAY.

L ORD ! Thou didst arise and say
To the troubled waters "Peace,"
And the tempest died away ;
Down they sank, the foaming seas ;
And a calm and heaving sleep,
Spread o'er all the glassy deep ;
All the azure lake serene
Like another heaven was seen.

Lord ! Thy gracious word repeat
To the billows of the proud ;
Quell the Tyrant's martial heat,
Quell the fierce and changing crowd ;
Then the Earth shall find repose
From its restless strife and woes ;
And an imaged Heaven appear
On our world of darkness here.

THE MARTYR OF ANTIOCH.

1821.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

FUNERAL HYMN.

BROTHER! thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where the tear is wiped away,
And the sigh of grief unknown ;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

Thou hast trod the toilsome way,
Thou hast borne the heavy load ;
But the Christ has taught thy feet
How to reach His blest abode ;
Now thou sleep'st like Lazarus
Carried to his Father's breast ;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Doubt, no more thy faith assail ;
Nor thy trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail :
There thou'rt sure to meet the good
Whom on earth thou loved'st the best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth and dust to dust,"
Now the solemn priest has said ;
So we lay the turf above thee
And we seal thy narrow bed ;
But thy spirit, brother, soareth,
Free among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

When the Lord shall summon us
Here in sadness left behind,
O may we,—as pure from evil,—
As secure a welcome find ;—
Each like thee depart in peace,
There to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

BELSHAZZAR.

1822.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

HYMN OF THE CAPTIVE JEWS.

GOD of thunder ! from whose cloudy seat
The fiery winds of desolation flow ;
Father of vengeance ! that with purple feet,
Like a full wine-press, tread'st the world below ;
The embattled armies wait the sign to slay,
Nor springs the beast of havock on his prey,
Nor withering Famine walks his blasted way,
Till thou the guilty land hast sealed for wo.

God of the rainbow ! at whose gracious sign
The billows of the proud their rage suppress ;
Father of mercies ! at one word of thine
An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness !
And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,
And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,
And marble cities crown the laughing lands,
And pillared temples rise thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke, O Lord !
The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate,
Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian sword,
Even her foes wept to see her fallen state ;
And heaps her ivory palaces became,
Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame,
Her temple sank amid the smouldering flame,
For thou didst ride the tempest-cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam,
And the sad city lift her crownless head ;
And songs shall wake, and dancing footsteps gleam,
Where broods o'er fallen streets the silence of the dead.
The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers,
On Carmel's side our maidens cull the flowers,
To deck, at blushing eve, their bridal bowers,
And angel-feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,
And Abraham's children were led forth for slaves ;
With fettered steps we left our pleasant land,
Envying our fathers in their peaceful graves.
The stranger's bread with bitter tears we steep,
And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,
'Neath the mute midnight we steal forth to weep,
Where the pale willows shade Euphrates' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy ;
Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home ;
He that went forth a tender yearling boy,
Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come.
And Canaan's vines for us their fruits shall bear,
And Hermon's bees their honied stores prepare :
And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,
Where o'er the cherub seated God, full blazed the
irradiate dome.

John Keble.

1792—1866.

JOHN KEBLE was born at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, on the 25th of April, 1792. He was educated by his father, John Keble, Vicar of Coln, St. Aldwin's, with so much success that he was elected to a scholarship at his father's college, Corpus Christi, Oxford, in 1806, and, after winning double first-class honours, to a fellowship at Oriel in 1811. In the following year he took the University prizes for the English and Latin essays, and, residing at Oxford, began to take private pupils. In 1813 he became public examiner in the classical school, and in 1815 he was ordained. He was appointed examiner for responsions in 1816, college tutor at Oriel in 1818, and public examiner again in 1821. In 1823, on the death of his mother, he accepted a curacy at Fairford in order to help his father, whose increasing years made help necessary. In 1825 his brother Thomas took his place at Fairford, and he accepted a curacy at Hursley, near Winchester, but on the death of his younger sister in the following year he returned to Fairford, and undertook his father's duties at Coln. Several offers of preferment were refused on account of his determination not to leave his father; but in 1830 he accepted the office of examiner for the India House examinations for the Civil Service, and in 1831 he became

professor of poetry at Oxford. Two years later he preached his famous Assize sermon on National Apostacy, a sermon which became the starting-point of the Oxford Tractarian Movement. In 1835 his father died, and he married Miss Charlotte Clarke, a lady whom he had known from childhood, and who was the younger sister of his brother's wife. In 1836 the living of Hursley, which he had refused for filial reasons in 1829, was again offered to him, and this time accepted. In 1845 he projected a plan for the foundation at Oxford of a "poor man's college," especially designed to provide education in strict conformity to the Church of England at a moderate cost, an idea realised a few years after his death by the institution of Keble College. He contributed several tracts to the Oxford series, published an edition of Hooker, and a life of Bishop Wilson, besides numerous sermons and several theological treatises. In 1864 he was attacked by paralysis, and the health of his wife necessitating change, they resorted successively to Torquay, Penzance, and finally to Bournemouth, where he died on the 29th of March, 1866. His sermons, in twelve volumes, were published in 1867, and "*A Memoir*" by his friend, Sir J. T. Coleridge, in 1869.

Keble's poems are contained in three volumes of verse: "*The Christian Year*" (1827); "*Lyra Innocentium; Thoughts in Verse on Christian Children, their Ways and Privileges*" (1846); and "*Miscellaneous Poems*," with a Preface by Canon Moberly, published posthumously in 1869. "*The Christian Year*" had its origin in the accumulation of a number of poems written at different times on Church festivals, and the idea, on the part of the poet,

that a complete series of such poems on the successive seasons of the Church year would help to religious edification and stimulate Church life. Published anonymously in two volumes, in 1827, the work became an immediate success. Ninety-five editions of several thousand copies each were called for during the poet's lifetime, and many editions have been issued since his death. It is upon this work that Keble's reputation as a poet will rest. "If there is one quality which, more than another, may be said to mark his writings," says Canon Moberly, in his Preface to the posthumous volume of Keble's poems, "it is their intense and absolute *veracity*. Never for a moment is the very truth sacrificed to effect. I will venture to say with confidence that there is not a sentiment to be found elevated or amplified beyond what he really felt; nor, I would add, even an epithet that goes beyond his actual and true thought. What he was in life and character, that he was, transparently, in every line he wrote,—entirely, always, reverently true." This characteristic will probably account for both the excellences and the defects of his work, as well as for its popularity. Absolute sincerity counts for much in an appeal to the public mind, and the man who has no doubts is, other characteristics being equal, always surest of a popular following. The poet's fidelity to the principle of truth made him faithful in his treatment of nature, which he none the less penetrated with a seer's insight, and transfigured with a poet's imagination. On the other hand, his determination to preserve literal accuracy in phrase and epithet while trammelled with the difficulties of rhyme and rhythm, may be re-

sponsible for the crudities and obscurities which mar his work. "Wordsworth," says Canon Moberly, "having read 'The Christian Year,' expressed his high sense of its beauty and also of the occasional imperfections of the verse, in the following characteristic terms: 'It is very good,' he said; 'so good, that, if it were mine, I would write it all over again.'" Dr. Pusey alleged that Wordsworth actually proposed to Keble that they should go over the work together with a view to removing the blemishes. Notwithstanding drawbacks, however, Keble stands admittedly among the foremost of the sacred poets of the century, and he does so by reason of his superior poetic equipment.

Many writers of sacred verse employ poetic forms for didactic purposes, because they find them effective for inculcating doctrine and disseminating truth: they are churchmen first and poets afterwards. But Keble was much more than a writer of hymns and poems upon sacred subjects. Nature made him a poet, and circumstances made him a churchman; and had circumstances predisposed him otherwise he would still have been a poet, and might still have won distinction by his verse. Dean Stanley, in Ward's "English Poets," says, "Keble was not a sacred, but in the best sense of the word, a secular poet. It is not David only, but the Sibyl, whose accents we catch in his inspirations. The 'sword in myrtle drest,' of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, 'The many twinkling smile of ocean,' from Æschylus, are images as familiar to him as 'Bethlehem's glade,' or 'Carmel's haunted strand.' Not George Herbert or Cowper,

but Wordsworth, Scott, and perhaps more than all Southey, are the English poets that kindled his flame and coloured his diction." But though it may be easily proved that Keble was more than a sacred poet, and that he is one of the few writers of sacred verse who are entitled to rank among the general poets, it is clear that his proper classification is with those who consecrate their powers to religious purposes and didactic ends. Dean Stanley pointed out how in his writings the poet is often broader than the churchman; but this is only another way of saying that the man was better than his creed, and this might well be where the man was so true and the creed so narrow.

In the "Lyra Innocentium" there is a short poem on "The Death of the New Baptized."

What purer brighter sight on earth, than when
The sun looks out upon a drop of dew,
Hid in some nook from all but angels' ken,
And with his radiance bathes it through and through
Then into realms too clear for our frail view
Exhales and draws it with absorbing love ?
And what if Heaven therein give token true
Of grace that new-born dying infants prove,
Just touched with Jesu's light, then lost in joys above ?

One saddens to think that were the rite of baptism but unperformed, according to Keble the doctrinaire, the simile of Keble the poet could not apply. But if this shows the narrowness of the churchman, the following verses from his poem, "The Waterfall," in the same work, will show the breadth of the poet :—

Go where the waters fall,
Sheer from the mountain's height—

Mark how a thousand streams in one,—
 One in a thousand, on they fare ;
 Now flashing in the sun,
 Now still as beast in lair.

Now round the rock, now mounting o'er,
 In lawless dance they win their way ;
 Still seeming more and more
 To swell as we survey,

They win their way, and find their rest
 Together in their ocean home ;
 From East, and weary West,
 From North and South they come.

They rush and roar, they whirl and leap,
 Not wilder drives the wintry storm,
 Yet a strong law they keep,
 Strange powers their course inform.

Even so the mighty sky-born stream :—
 Its living waters from above
 All marred and broken seem,
 No union and no love.

Yet in dim caves they haply blend,
 In dreams of mortals unespied ;
 One is their awful end,
 One their unfailing Guide.

Keble was a true poet and a true man ; and when he consecrated himself to the service of the Church he gave himself wholly man and poet to the culture of religious life. As a man he was primarily instrumental in bringing about one of the most remarkable of the religious revivals of the century, and as a poet he produced a large body of Christian verse which quickened the religious life of his time, and which will, doubtless, long survive him as an impulse and an inspiration to generations which know him not.

ALFRED H. MILES.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

1827.

JOHN KEBLE.

I.—MORNING.

"His compassions fail not. They are new every morning."

—LAMENTATIONS iii. 22, 23.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell ;—
Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing ;—
Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven ;—
Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight ;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of Heaven and you partake ?
Oh, timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !
New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see :
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before ;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and stedfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t' espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

Oh, could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise !
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along Life's dullest, dreariest walk !

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky :

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go :—
The secret this of Rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect Rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

II.—EVENING.

“Abide with us : for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.”—ST. LUKE xxiv. 29.

TIS gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant’s eyes !

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove ;—

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time’s full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense :—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold ;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thec discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark :
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

The Rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,—
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

Oh ! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy Priests their daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss !

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake
Ere through the world our way we take
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves, in Heaven above.

III.—WHAT WENT YE OUT TO SEE?

(THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.)

"What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind? . . . But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet."—ST. MATTHEW xi. 7, 9.

WHAT went ye out to see
O'er the rude sandy lea,
Where stately Jordan flows by many a palm,
Or where Gennesaret's wave
Delights the flowers to lave,
That o'er her western slope breathe airs of balm.

All through the summer night,
Those blossoms red and bright
Spread their soft breasts, unheeding, to the breeze,
Like hermits watching still
Around the sacred hill,
Where erst our Saviour watched upon His knees.

A Paschal moon above
Seems like a saint to rove,
Left shining in the world with Christ alone;
Below, the lake's still face
Sleeps sweetly in th' embrace
Of mountains terrac'd high with mossy stone.

Here may we sit, and dream
Over the heavenly theme,
Till to our soul the former days return;
Till on the grassy bed,
Where thousands once He fed,
The world's incarnate Maker we discern.

O cross no more the main,
Wandering so wild and vain,
To count the reeds that tremble in the wind,
On listless dalliance bound,
Like children gazing round,
Who on God's works no seal of Godhead find.

Bask not in courtly bower,
Or sun-bright hall of power,
Pass Babel quick, and seek the holy land—
From robes of Tyrian dye
Turn with undazzled eye
To Bethlehem's glade, or Carmel's haunted strand.

Or choose thee out a cell
In Kedron's storied dell,
Beside the springs of Love, that never die ;
Among the olives kneel
The chill night-blast to feel,
And watch the Moon that saw thy Master's agony.

Then rise at dawn of day,
And wind thy thoughtful way,
Where rested once the Temple's stately shade,
With due feet tracing round
The city's northern bound,
To th' other holy garden, where the Lord was laid.

Who thus alternate see
His death and victory,
Rising and falling as on angel wings,
They, while they seem to roam,
Draw daily nearer home,
Their heart untravell'd still adores the King of kings.

Or, if at home they stay,
 Yet are they, day by day,
 In spirit journeying through the glorious land,
 Not for light Fancy's reed,
 Nor Honour's purple meed,
 Nor gifted Prophet's lore, nor Science' wondrous wand.

But more than Prophet, more
 Than Angels can adore
 With face unveiled, is He they go to seek ;
 Blesséd be God, Whose grace
 Shows Him in every place
 To homeliest hearts of pilgrims pure and meek.

IV.—SEE LUCIFER LIKE LIGHTNING FALL.

(THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.)

“When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace ; but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils.

—ST. LUKE xi. 21, 22.

SEE Lucifer like lightning fall,
 Dashed from his throne of pride ;
 While, answering Thy victorious call,
 The Saints his spoils divide ;
 This world of Thine, by him usurped too long,
 Now opening all her stores to heal Thy servants' wrong.

So when the first-born of Thy foes
 Dead in the darkness lay,
 When Thy redeemed at midnight rose
 And cast their bonds away,
 The orphaned realm threw wide her gates, and told
 Into freed Israel's lap her jewels and her gold.

And when their wondrous march was o'er,
 And they had won their homes,
 Where Abraham fed his flock of yore,
 Among their fathers' tombs ;—
 A land that drinks the rain of Heaven at will,
 Whose waters kiss the feet of many a vine-clad hill ;—

Oft as they watched, at thoughtful eve,
 A gale from bowers of balm
 Sweep o'er the billowy corn, and heave
 The tresses of the palm,
 Just as the lingering Sun had touched with gold,
 Far o'er the cedar shade, some tower of giants old ;

It was a fearful joy, I ween,
 To trace the Heathen's toil,
 The limpid wells, the orchards green,
 Left ready for the spoil,
 The household stores untouched, the roses bright
 Wreathed o'er the cottage walls in garlands of delight.

And now another Canaan yields
 To Thine all-conquering ark :—
 Fly from the "old poetic" fields,
 Ye Paynim shadows dark !
 Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays,
 Lo ! here the "unknown God" of thy unconscious praise.

The olive-wreath, the ivied wand,
 "The sword in myrtles drest,"
 Each legend of the shadowy strand
 Now wakes a vision blest ;
 As little children lisp, and tell of Heaven,
 So thoughts beyond their thought to those high
 Bards were given.

And these are ours: Thy partial grace
 The tempting treasure lends:
 These relics of a guilty race
 Are forfeit to Thy friends;
 What seemed an idol hymn, now breathes of Thee,
 Tuned by Faith's ear to some celestial melody.
 There's not a strain to Memory dear,
 Nor flower in classic grove,
 There's not a sweet note warbled here,
 But minds us of Thy Love.
 O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
 There is no light but Thine: with Thee all beauty glows.

V.—THERE IS A BOOK, WHO RUNS MAY READ.

(SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.)

"The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."—ROMANS i. 20.

THERE is a book, who runs may read.
 Which heavenly truth imparts,
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
 The works of God above, below,
 Within us and around,
 Are pages in that book, to show
 How God Himself is found.
 The glorious sky embracing all
 Is like the Maker's love,
 Wherewith encompassed, great and small
 In peace and order move.
 The Moon above, the Church below,
 A wondrous race they run,
 But all their radiance, all their glow,
 Each borrows of its Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill ;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

The saints above are stars in heaven—
What are the saints on earth ?
Like trees they stand whom God has given,
Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fixed unswerving root,
Hope their unfading flower,
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
The glory of their bower.

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

One Name above all glorious names
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging Fire, the roaring Wind,
Thy boundless power display ;
But in the gentle breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours : 'tis only Sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

VI.—O FOR A SCULPTOR'S HAND.

(SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.)

"He hath said, which heard the words of God, and knew the knowledge of the Most High, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open: I shall see Him, but not now; I shall behold Him, but not nigh; there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth."—NUMBERS xxiv. 16, 17.

O FOR a sculptor's hand,
That thou might'st take thy stand,
Thy wild air floating on the eastern breeze,
Thy tranced yet open gaze
Fixed on the desert haze,
As one who deep in heaven some airy pageant sees.
In outline dim and vast
Their fearful shadows cast
The giant forms of empires on their way
To ruin: one by one
They tower and they are gone,
Yet in the Prophet's soul the dreams of avarice stay.
No sun or star so bright
In all the world of light
That they should draw to Heaven his downward eye:
He hears th' Almighty's word,
He sees the angel's sword,
Yet low upon the earth his heart and treasure lie.
Lo! from yon argent field,
To him and us revealed,
One gentle Star glides down, on earth to dwell.
Chained as they are below
Our eyes may see it glow,
And as it mounts again, may track its brightness well.

To him it glared afar,
A token of wild war,
The banner of his Lord's victorious wrath :
But close to us it gleams,
Its soothing lustre streams
Around our home's green walls, and on our church-way path.

We in the tents abide
Which he at distance eyed
Like goodly cedars by the waters spread,
While seven red altar-fires
Rose up in wavy spires,
Where on the mount he watched his sorceries dark and dread.

He watched till morning's ray
On lake and meadow lay,
And willow-shaded streams that silent sweep
Around the bannered lines,
Where by their several signs
The desert-wearied tribes in sight of Canaan sleep.

He watched till knowledge came
Upon his soul like flame,
Not of those magic fires at random caught :
But true Prophetic light
Flashed o'er him, high and bright,
Flash'd once, and died away, and left his darken'd thought.

And can he choose but fear,
Who feels his God so near,
That when he fain would curse, his powerless tongue
In blessing only moves ?—
Alas ! the world he loves
Too close around his heart her tangling veil hath flung.

Sceptre and Star divine,
 Who in Thine inmost shrine
 Hast made us worshippers, O claim Thine own
 More than Thy seers we know—
 O teach our love to grow
 Up to Thy heavenly light, and reap what Thou hast sown.

*VII.—RED O'ER THE FOREST PEERS THE
 SETTING SUN.*

(TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.)

“Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.”—PHILIPPIANS iii. 21.

RED o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
 The line of yellow light dies fast away
 That crowned the eastern copse: and chill and dun
 Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,
 And Echo bids good-night from every glade;
 Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float
 Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide!
 And yet no second spring have they in store,
 But where they fall, forgotten to abide
 Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing
 A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,
 The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,
 And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,
In all the world of busy life around
No thought of them ; in all the bounteous sky,
No drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again—
Yet he complains, while these unmurmuring part
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain,
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

And haply half unblamed his murmuring voice
Might sound in Heaven, were all his second life
Only the first renewed—the heathen's choice,
A round of listless joy and weary strife.

For dreary were this earth, if earth were all,
Tho' brightened oft by dear Affection's kiss ;—
Who for the spangles wears the funeral pall ?
But catch a gleam beyond it, and 'tis bliss.

Heavy and dull this frame of limbs and heart,
Whether slow creeping on cold earth, or borne
On lofty steed, or loftier prow, we dart
O'er wave or field : yet breezes laugh to scorn
Our puny speed, and birds, and clouds in heaven,
And fish, like living shafts that pierce the main,
And stars that shoot through freezing air at even—
Who but would follow, might he break his chain ?

And thou shalt break it soon ; the grovelling worm
Shall find his wings, and soar as fast and free
As his transfigured Lord with lightning form
And snowy vest—such grace He won for thee.
When from the grave He sprang at dawn of morn,
And led through boundless air thy conquering road,
Leaving a glorious track, where saints, new-born,
Might fearless follow to their blest abode.

But first, by many a stern and fiery blast
 The world's rude furnace must thy blood refine,
 And many a gale of keenest woe be passed,
 Till every pulse beat true to airs divine.
 Till every limb obey the mounting soul,
 The mounting soul, the call by Jesus given.
 He who the stormy heart can so control,
 The laggard body soon will waft to Heaven.

VIII.—THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

"And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? And he said, Who art Thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."—ACTS ix. 4, 5.

TH E mid-day sun, with fiercest glare.
 Broods o'er the hazy twinkling air :
 Along the level sand
 The palm-tree's shade unwavering lies,
 Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise
 To greet yon wearied band.
 The leader of that martial crew
 Seems bent some mighty deed to do,
 So steadily he speeds,
 With lips firm closed and fixèd eye,
 Like warrior when the fight is nigh,
 Nor talk nor landscape heeds.
 What sudden blaze is round him poured,
 As though all Heaven's resplendent hoard
 In one rich glory shone ?
 One moment—and to earth he falls :
 What voice his inmost heart appalls ?—
 Voice heard by him alone.

For to the rest both words and form
Seem lost in lightning and in storm,
 While Saul, in wakeful trance,
Secs deep within that dazzling field
His persecuted Lord revealed,
 With keen yet pitying glance :

And hears the meek upbraiding call
As gently on his spirit fall,
 As if th' Almighty Son
Were prisoner yet in this dark earth,
Nor had proclaimed His royal birth,
 Nor His great power begun.

“ Ah ! wherefore persecut'st thou Me ? ”
He heard and saw, and sought to free
 His strained eyes from the sight :
But Heaven's high magic bound it there,
Still gazing, though untaught to bear
 Th' insufferable light.

“ Who art Thou, Lord ? ” he falters forth :—
So shall Sin ask of heaven and earth
 At the last awful day.
“ When did we see Thee suffering nigh,
And passed Thee with unheeding eye ?
 Great God of judgment, say ! ”

Ah ! little dream our listless eyes
What glorious presence they despise,
 While, in our noon of life,
To power or fame we rudely press.—
Christ is at hand, to scorn or bless,
 Christ suffers in our strife.

And though heaven's gates long since have closed,
And our dear Lord in bliss reposed,
 High above mortal ken,
To every ear in every land
(Though meek ears only understand)
 He speaks as He did then.

"Ah ! wherefore persecute ye Me ?
'Tis hard, ye so in love should be
 With your own endless woe.
Know, though at God's right hand I live,
I feel each wound ye reckless give
 To the least saint below.

"I in your care My brethren left,
Not willing ye should be bereft
 Of waiting on your Lord.
The meanest offering ye can make—
A drop of water—for love's sake,
 In Heaven, be sure, is stored."

O by those gentle tones and dear,
When Thou hast stayed our wild career
 Thou only hope of souls,
Ne'er let us cast one look behind,
But in the thought of Jesus find
 What every thought controls.

As to Thy last Apostle's heart
Thy lightning glance did then impart
 Zeal's never-dying fire,
So teach us on Thy shrine to lay
Our hearts, and let them day by day
 Intenser blaze and higher.

And as each mild and winning note
 (Like pulses that round harp-strings float
 When the full strain is o'er)
 Left lingering on his inward ear
 Music, that taught, as death drew near,
 Love's lesson more and more :

So, as we walk our earthly round,
 Still may the echo of that sound
 Be in our memory stored :
 "Christians ! behold your happy state :
 Christ is in these, who round you wait ;
 Make much of your dear Lord ! "

IX.—BLESS'D ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

(THE PURIFICATION.)

"Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God."—
 ST. MATTHEW v. 8.

BLESS'D are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God,
 The secret of the Lord is theirs,
 Their soul is Christ's abode.

Might mortal thought presume
 To guess an angel's lay,
 Such are the notes that echo through
 The courts of Heaven to-day.

Such the triumphal hymns
 On Sion's Prince that wait,
 In high procession passing on
 Towards His temple-gate.

Give ear, ye kings—bow down,
Ye rulers of the earth—
This, this is He : your Priest by grace,
Your God and King by birth.

No pomp of earthly guards
Attends with sword and spear,
And all-defying, dauntless look,
Their monarch's way to clear ;

Yet are there more with Him
Than all that are with you—
The armies of the highest Heaven,
All righteous, good, and true.

Spotless their robes and pure,
Dipped in the sea of light,
That hides the unapproachèd shrine
From men's and angels' sight.

His throne, thy bosom blest,
O mother undefiled—
That throne, if aught beneath the skies,
Beseems the sinless child.

Lost in high thoughts, “whose son
The wondrous Babe might prove,”
Her guileless husband walks beside,
Bearing the hallowed dove ;

Meet emblem of His vow,
Who, on this happy day,
His dove-like soul—best sacrifice—
Did on God's altar lay.

But who is he, by years
Bowed, but erect in heart,
Whose prayers are struggling with his tears ?
“Lord, let me now depart.

“Now hath Thy servant seen
Thy saving health, O Lord ;
’Tis time that I depart in peace,
According to Thy word.”

Yet swells the pomp : one more
Comes forth to bless her God ;
Full fourscore years, meek widow, she
Her heaven-ward way hath trod.

She who to earthly joys
So long had given farewell,
Now sees, unlooked for, Heaven on earth,
Christ in His Israel.

Wide open from that hour
The temple-gates are set,
And still the saints rejoicing there
The holy Child have met.

Now count His train to-day,
And who may meet Him, learn ;
Him child-like sires, meek maidens find,
Where pride can nought discern.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His cradle and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

X.—WHERE IS IT MOTHERS LEARN THEIR LOVE?

(HOLY BAPTISM.)

WHERE is it mothers learn their love?—
In every Church a fountain springs
O'er which th' Eternal Dove
Hovers on softest wings.

What sparkles in that lucid flood
Is water, by gross mortals eyed :
But seen by Faith, 'tis blood
Out of a dear Friend's side.

A few calm words of faith and prayer,
A few bright drops of holy dew,
Shall work a wonder there
Earth's charmers never knew.

O happy arms, where cradled lies,
And ready for the Lord's embrace,
That precious sacrifice,
The darling of His grace !

Blest eyes, that see the smiling gleam
Upon the slumbering features glow,
When the life-giving stream
Touches the tender brow !

Or when the holy cross is signed,
And the young soldier duly sworn
With true and fearless mind
To serve the Virgin born.

But happiest ye, who sealed and blest
Back to your arms your treasure take,
With Jesus' mark impressed
To nurse for Jesus' sake :

To whom—as if in hallowed air
Ye knelt before some awful shrine—
His innocent gestures wear
A meaning half divine:

By whom Love's daily touch is seen
In strengthening form and freshening hue,
In the fixed brow serene,
The deep yet eager view.—

Who taught thy pure and even breath
To come and go with such sweet grace ?
Whence thy reposing Faith,
Though in our frail embrace ?

O tender gem, and full of Heaven !
Not in the twilight stars on high,
Not in moist flowers at even
See we our God so nigh.

Sweet one, make haste and know Him too,
Thine own adopting Father love,
That like thine earliest dew
Thy dying sweets may prove.

Sir John Bowring.

1792—1872.

SIR JOHN BOWRING was born at Exeter on the 17th of October, 1792. He was privately educated, and entered a commercial house immediately on leaving school. He had a special taste and talent for the acquisition of languages, and at one time or another became more or less familiar with French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Russian, Servian, Polish, Bohemian, Arabic, and Chinese. In 1811 he entered the service of a firm of Lisbon merchants, who sent him to the Peninsula. Starting in business on his own account, in 1819-20, he visited Spain, France, Belgium, Holland, Russia, and Sweden, and on his return published his "Specimens of the Russian Poets" (1820). From thenceforward his life was one of unceasing activity. His literary, political, and diplomatic careers would, either of them, have satisfied the energy of an ordinary man. In 1823, he published his "Matins and Vespers," which became immediately popular. In 1824 he became the editor of the *Westminster Review*, in which year he also issued his "Batavian Anthology." In 1824 he published his "Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain"; in 1825 his "Hymns"; in 1827 his "Specimens of the Polish Poets," and "Servian Popular Poetry"; in 1825 his "Sketch of the Language and Literature

of Holland"; in 1830, his "Poetry of the Magyars"; and in 1832 his "Cheskian Anthology"; in 1843 his "Manuscripts of the Queen's Court: a collection of old Bohemian Lyrico-Epic songs, with other ancient Bohemian poems"; in 1861 the "Ode to the Deity," translated from the Russian; and in 1866 his "Translations from Petöfi." A mere list of his miscellaneous works would occupy considerable space.

In 1822 he was arrested at Calais, and thrown into prison, for bearing despatches to the Portuguese ministers, informing them of the intended invasion of the Peninsula by the Bourbon Government of France. After a fortnight's solitary confinement he was liberated at the instance of Canning, who was then Foreign Minister; but he was condemned to perpetual exile from France. Eight years later he was the writer and bearer of an address from the citizens of London, congratulating the French people on the Revolution (July 1830); and was the first Englishman received by Louis Philippe after his recognition by the British Government. From 1831 Bowring was employed on several missions of inquiry into the financial methods of Foreign Governments, and was appointed Secretary to the Commission for inspecting the accounts of the United Kingdom. In 1832 he contested Blackburn for a seat in Parliament, but was rejected by twelve votes. He was, however, elected for the Clyde Burghs in 1835, though he lost his seat in 1837. In 1838 he met Cobden and others at the York Hotel, Manchester, and the Anti-Corn Law League was established. In support of the League he again sought parliamentary honours and opportunities. He was rejected by Kirkcaldy, but elected by Bolton

in 1841. He became a frequent speaker upon the progressive movements of his time, and received many public testimonials of the appreciation of his services. In 1847 he became Consul at Canton, in 1854 Plenipotentiary to China, and afterwards Governor of Hong Kong. It was at this time that he received the honour of Knighthood. In 1859 he resigned his office and left China, suffering shipwreck in the Red Sea, and spending three days with his fellow-passengers upon a coral reef. In the following year he was sent by the British Government to inquire into the state of the commercial relationships of England and Italy, and while in Rome suffered illness, aggravated by the effects of an attempt made to poison him and the other English residents at Hong Kong in 1857. Sir John Bowring won many foreign decorations, was an active member of many learned bodies, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a constant lecturer, and writer for the reviews and magazines. He lived to a good old age, and having completed his eightieth year, died at Exeter, within a short distance of the place of his birth, on the 23rd of November, 1872. In early life he projected a scheme for an Anthology of translated specimens of the poetry of Europe and Asia, and from time to time he collected materials for its execution. This vast and interesting undertaking, however, he did not live to complete.

Sir John Bowring was a man of broad and open mind. He had a firm grip for fundamental principles, a clear eye for the intricacies of conflicting evidence, and a sound judgment for estimating subtle issues. His religious belief was an intelligent faith based

upon reason and inquiry, of which the sonnet "Confidence" (p. 156) may be taken as a proof. Two of his hymns, "In the Cross of Christ I glory," and "God is Love! His Mercy brightens," have found world-wide acceptance among all classes of Christians. Such poems as "Matter and Mind" help to establish the reasonableness of faith.

ALFRED H. MILES.

HYMNS AND POEMS.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

I.—IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me—
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys, that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

II.—GOD IS LOVE.

God is love ! His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens :
God is wisdom ! God is Love !

Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays and ages move :
But His mercy waneth never :
God is wisdom ! God is Love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will His changeless goodness prove;
 From the mist His brightness streameth :
 God is wisdom ! God is Love !

He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above ;
 Everywhere His glory shineth :
 God is wisdom ! God is Love !

God is love ! His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove ;
 Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens :
 God is wisdom ! God is Love !

III.—WHERE? WHEN? HOW?

WHERE ? Tell me what shall be the spot
 Where I shall rest from earthly care ?
 You need not tell—it matters not,
 To senseless dust and ashes—where !

When ? Shall it be my mortal fate
 Longer or shorter to remain
 Waiting for death or soon or late ?
 How little does it matter when !

How ? That is wrapt in mystery ;
 I ask not its solution now :
 He who directs all issues,—He
 And He alone can order—how !

But this my trust, my joy shall be,
 The where, the when, the how, are His
 Whose infinite benignity
 Is love and light, and peace and bliss !

IV.—MATTER AND MIND.

If in the vast material world
No atom ever perished,—though
In multitudinous changes hurl'd
Upwards and downwards, to and fro,
And all that in the present orb'd
From silent growth and sudden storms,
Is but a former past absorb'd
In ever-shifting frames and forms,—
If He who made the worlds that were
And makes the worlds that are to be,
Has with all-wise, all-potent care
Preserved the smallest entity
Imperishable—though it pass
From shape to shape, by heat or cold
Dispersed, attracted, monad mass—
A wind-blown sand, a solid mould,—
Shall He not save those noble things,
Those elements of mind and thought,
Whose marvellous imaginings
Have the great deeds of progress wrought ?
Those instincts, be they what they may,
Of which the soul of man is made,
By which he works his wondrous way
Up to light's very fountain head ?
From earth's untold materials, man
Can build, unbuild, can break or bind ;
But from mind's elements who can
Transform, create another mind ?
Who rear new piles of thought from aught
Of thought surviving its decay—
Who ever from the grave has brought
A spirit that had passed away ?

If God have left no blank,—no void
 Unfilled,—if in Creation's reign
 Nothing is born to be destroyed
 Or perish—but to live again ; —
 If in the cycles of the earth
 No atom of that earth can die—
 The soul, which is of nobler birth,
 Must live,—and live eternally.

V.—THE REIGN OF LAW.

LITTLE by little groping through
 All nature's arteries and veins,
 Our varied musings lead us to
 Some general law, that all contains.
 Through fictions and through fancies rude
 Some safe conclusions we may draw,
 That all, when rightly understood,
 All,—all is order—all is law.
 And if by contradictions vexed,
 And pulled by various strings astray,
 In darkness lost, by doubt perplexed,
 We cannot see nor feel our way,
 Still let us know the Hand that guides,
 Will guide us through the clouds of night,
 That over all things law presides,—
 The law of love, the law of light.

VI.—UNCHANGING CHANGES.

OUR lives are into cycles cast,
 They seem to linger while they last,
 But are dim dreamings when they're past.
 The summers of the past have left
 No traces,—rolling years have cleft
 All memories,—of all signs bereft.

All melted are the winter snows,
And where they perished, whence they rose,
No now existing record shows.

And yet there reigns eternal Law,
And seasons after seasons draw
Their lines without a fault or flaw.

So man, the noblest work of God,
Treads where his vanished fathers trod,
And views the skies and turns the sod.

Where'er he looks, above, around,
Scattered o'er earth's prolific ground
The seeds of coming man are found.

It was so—is so—so shall be
While rolls the ever-flowing sea
Into thy gulf, Eternity !

VII.—RESURRECTION.

SPRING is but another birth,
From the grave of earlier springs.
Which to renovated earth
Other resurrection brings.

God hath moulded all that God's
Power could mould, from mortal dust ;
Flowers and fruits, from clouds and clods,
Life from ruin and from rust.

'Twas a wondrous hand that laid
In the seed the unborn tree ;
Bud and blossom in the blade,
Future ripened fruit to be.

Still more wondrous was the might
That, from night's obscurest shrine,
Brought forth intellectual light,
Souls with thoughts and hopes divine.

Yes ! 'twas a transcendent power
Which, for earth's contracted whole,
Gave to heaven a worthy dower,
Gave an ever-living soul.

Less than earth to heaven, and less
Than to ages moments seem,
Is the world we now possess,
To the world of which we dream.

Earthly love is faint and small,
When compared with the embrace
Of a love encircling all,
Through all time and o'er all space.

VIII.—CONFIDENCE.

IS it not strange that men who loudest boast
Of the unshaken basis of their faith,
Are those who tremble most and threaten most,
If any thought or word of doubt gainsayeth
Their bold asseverations ? They are lost.
In their perplexities, if e'er the torch
Of light intrude into their dark recess ;
They fly like midnight spectres from the porch
Of Truth's resplendent temples, where the sun
Shines with mist-scattering majesty upon
Their fears, their follies, and their feebleness.
Sad contrast to that greatly gifted one
Whose counsel was, "Prove all things and hold fast
By what is good !—for what is good will last."

Henry Francis Lyte.

1793—1847.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE was born at Ednam, a village situated on the Eden, a tributary of the Tweed near Kelso, Roxburghshire, on the 1st of June, 1793. He was educated at Portora, Inniskillen, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he distinguished himself in three successive years by taking the English poem prize. Though at first intending to follow the medical profession he entered the Church (1815), and accepted a curacy at Taghmon, near Wexford, afterwards removing to Marazion, Cornwall (1817), where he married. Subsequently he held curacies at Lymington, Hampshire (1819), and Charlton, Devon, and finally took charge of the new parish of Lower Brixham, Devonshire, where he ministered for five-and-twenty years. His "Tales on the Lord's Prayer in Verse," written at Lymington, were published in 1826, his "Poems Chiefly Religious" in 1833, and his "Spirit of the Psalms," a metrical version of the Psalter, in 1834. His "Remains," containing poems, sermons, letters, etc., and a memoir by his daughter, was published in 1850, and a volume of his Miscellaneous Poems in 1868. He also published an edition of the poems of Henry Vaughan, with a memoir, in 1847.

Lyte had a tender feeling for nature and a sense of the sublime, but he lacked originality and the

creative power of imagination. His general poems have no permanent interest. His lines "On a Naval Officer buried in the Atlantic" have been praised, and have received musical setting at the hands of Sir Arthur Sullivan, but they remind one of Campbell, and suffer by the comparison, while the last verse approaches perilously near to bathos. "The Poet's Plea" is one of the best of his longer poems, but it is too long for quotation. The best of his hymns are wholly admirable, and have become indispensable to the psalmody of the Church. "Pleasant are Thy Courts Above," "Jesus, I my Cross have taken," and "Far from my Heavenly Home," are to be found in most collections of hymns; but the most popular of all, and one of the most popular of modern hymns, is "Abide with Me, fast falls the Eventide," written in September 1847, but two months before the poet's death, which occurred at Nice on the 20th of November of that year.

ALFRED H. MILES.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

HENRY F. LYTE.

I.—SING TO THE LORD OUR MIGHT.

(Psalm lxxxii.)

SING to the Lord our might ;
With holy fervour sing !
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

This is His holy house,
And this, His festal day,
When He accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

The Sabbath to our sires,
In mercy, first was given ;
The church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness ;
And God is still as near His fold
To pity and to bless.

Then let us open wide
Our hearts for Him to fill :
And He that Israel then supplied,
Will help His Israel still.

II.—MY SPIRIT ON THY CARE

(Psalm xxxi.)

MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline ;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love divine.

In Thee I place my trust,
 On Thee I calmly rest ;
 I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
 And count Thy choice the best.
 Whate'er events betide,
 Thy will they all perform ;
 Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
 Nor fear the coming storm.
 Let good or ill befall,
 It must be good for me ;
 Secure of having Thee in all,
 Of having all in Thee.

III.—GOD OF MERCY, GOD OF GRACE.

(Psalm lxvii.)

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
 Show the brightness of Thy face :
 Shine upon us, Saviour, shine ;
 Fill Thy Church with light divine ;
 And Thy saving health extend,
 Unto earth's remotest end.
 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
 Be by all that live adored ;
 Let the nations shout and sing
 Glory to their Saviour King ;
 At Thy feet their tributes pay,
 And Thy holy will obey.
 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
 Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
 God to man His blessing give ;
 Man to God devoted live ;
 All below, and all above,
 One in joy and light and love.

IV.—PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS ABOVE.

(Psalm lxxxiv.)

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love ;
 Pleasant are Thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe :
 O, my spirit longs and faints
 For the converse of Thy saints,
 For the brightness of Thy face,
 For Thy fulness, God of grace.
 Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round Thy altars, O Most High !
 Happier souls that find a rest
 In a heavenly Father's breast !
 Like the wandering dove, that found
 No repose on earth around,
 They can to their Ark repair,
 And enjoy it ever there.
 Happy souls ! their praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe !
 Waters in the deserts rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies :
 On they go from strength to strength,
 Till they reach Thy throne at length,
 At Thy feet adoring fall,
 Who hast led them safe through all.
 Lord, be mine this prize to win !
 Guide me through a world of sin ;
 Keep me by Thy saving grace ;
 Give me at Thy side a place :
 Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
 Guide and guard my erring heart ;
 Grace and glory flow from Thee :
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me

V.—PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN.

(Psalm ciii.)

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring :
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing ?
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Praise the everlasting King !

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless ;
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Glorious in His faithfulness !

Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows :
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes :
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Widely as His mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore Him ;
Ye behold Him face to face ;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space :
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Praise with us the God of grace.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish ;
Blows the wind, and it is gone :
But while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on :
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Praise the high eternal One !

VI.—LONG DID I TOIL.

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
 Far did I rove, and find no certain home ;
 At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
 Who opes His arms and bids the weary come :
 With Him I found a home, a rest Divine,
 And I since them am His, and He is mine.

Yes, He is mine—and nought of earthly things
 Nor all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
 The fame of heroes or the pomp of kings,
 Could tempt me to forget His love one hour.
 Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine :
 Go, I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His stores supplied,
 The ill is only what He deems the best ;
 He for my friend I'm rich, with nought beside ;
 And poor without Him, though of all possest :
 Changes may come ; I take, or I resign ;
 Content while I am His and He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen ;
 A glorious sun that wanes not nor declines ;
 Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
 And sweetly on His people's darkness shines :
 All may depart, I fret not nor repine
 While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
 Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe ;
 Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown ;
 Which in return before His feet I throw,
 Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine
 Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

While here, alas ! I know but half His love,
 But half discern Him, and but half adore ;
 But when I meet Him in the realms above,
 I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
 And feel still, amid the choir divine,
 How fully I am His and He is mine.

VII.—JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee ;
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known :
 Yet how rich is my condition !
 God and Heaven are still mine own.

Let the world despise and leave me :
 They have left my Saviour too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me :—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue.
 And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me :
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.

Go then, earthly fame and treasure !
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain !
 In Thy service pain is pleasure,
 With Thy favour, loss is gain !
 I have called Thee, Abba Father !
 I have stayed my heart on Thee,
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest !
 O ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me !
 O ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;
 Rise o'er sin and fear and eare ;
 Joy to find, in every station,
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee :
 What a Father's smile is thine :
 What a Saviour died to win thee :
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer :
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee :
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thine earthly mission :
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days :
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

VIII.—ABIDE WITH ME.

1847.

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
 The darkness deepens : Lord, with me abide !
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day :
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me !

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea :
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me !

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile ;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee :
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies :
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

Robert Pollok.

1798—1827.

ROBERT POLLOK, the author of “The Course of Time,” was born at North Muirhouse, Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, on the 19th of October, 1798. He entered Glasgow University, and also studied for five years in the Divinity Hall of the United Secession Church at Glasgow with a view to the Presbyterian Ministry. While still a student, he wrote and published anonymously a series of “Tales of the Covenanters,” which became popular and reached a second edition, in issuing which he acknowledged the authorship. He commenced the poem with which his name is indissolubly associated in the month of December 1824, and completed it in July 1826. It was published in March 1827, and became immediately popular. Two months after the issue of his poem, Pollok was licensed for the Ministry. He preached, however, but four times. Symptoms of a pulmonary disease, which rapidly developed, compelled rest during the following summer, and before its close he visited London, *en route* for Italy, but was too ill to pursue his intentions. Acting on advice he went to Shirley Common, near Southampton, to winter, but died there on the 18th of September, 1827.

“‘The Course of Time,’ ” said Professor Spalding, “much overlauded on its first appearance, is the

immature work of a man of genius, who possessed very imperfect cultivation. It is clumsy in plan, tediously dissertative, and tastelessly magniloquent, but it has passages of good and genuine poetry." This doubtless is true. Whether the poet would have produced more perfect work had time been given him it is vain to speculate. Professor Wilson said of him : " Pollok had much to learn in composition, and had he lived, he would have looked almost with humiliation on much that is at present eulogised by his devoted admirers. But," he added, "the soul of poetry is there, and many passages there are, and long ones too, that heave, and hurry, and glow along in a divine enthusiasm." To adequately represent such a work within possible limits is difficult, but the selected passages given in the following pages are sufficient to show the style and power of the poet, and to justify the criticisms already quoted. That the poem owed its popularity largely to its subject, and to its consistence with the theology of the time and place of its publication there can be little doubt, but that it has merits which entitle it to more respectful recognition than it has sometimes received is also beyond dispute. No one can deny its author the possession of a powerful imagination and a fluent pen ; and if the work as a whole cannot be regarded as a complete success, it may fairly be contended that very few poets can be named who would have been equal to so vast a theme.

ALFRED H. MILES.

THE COURSE OF TIME.

1827.

ROBERT POLLOK.

I.

THE POET'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(FROM BOOK THIRD.)

ONE of this mood I do remember well :
We name him not—what now are earthly names ?
In humble dwelling born, retired, remote ;
In rural quietude, 'mong hills, and streams,
And melancholy deserts, where the Sun
Saw, as he passed, a shepherd only, here
And there, watching his little flock, or heard
The ploughman talking to his steers. His hopes,
His morning hopes, awoke before him, smiling,
Among the dews and holy mountain airs :
And fancy coloured them with every hue
Of heavenly loveliness. But soon his dreams
Of childhood fled away—those rainbow dreams
So innocent and fair, that withered Age,
Even at the grave, cleared up his dusty eye,
And passing all between, looked fondly back
To see them once again ere he departed :
These fled away, and anxious thought, that wished
To go, yet whither knew not well to go,
Possessed his soul, and held it still awhile.
He listened, and heard from far the voice of Fame,
Heard, and was charmed : and deep and sudden vow
Of resolution made to be renowned :
And deeper vowed again to keep his vow.
His parents saw—his parents whom God made
Of kindest heart, saw, and indulged his hope.
The ancient page he turned, read much, thought much,
And with old bards of honourable name

Measured his soul severely ; and looked up
To fame, ambitious of no second place.
Hope grew from inward faith, and promised fair,
And out before him opened many a path
Ascending, where the laurel highest waved
Her branch of endless green. He stood admiring ;
But stood, admired, not long. The harp he seized,
The harp he loved, loved better than his life,
The harp which uttered deepest notes, and held
The ear of thought a captive to its song.
He searched, and meditated much, and whiles,
With rapturous hand, in secret touched the lyre,
Aiming at glorious strains ; and searched again
For theme deserving of immortal verse ;
Chose now, and now refused, unsatisfied ;
Pleased, then displeased, and hesitating still.

Thus stood his mind, when him round came a cloud.
Slowly and heavily it came, a cloud
Of ills we mention not : enough to say,
'Twas cold, and dead, impenetrable gloom.
He saw its dark approach, and saw his hopes,
One after one, put out, as nearer still
It drew his soul ; but fainted not at first,
Fainted not soon. He knew the lot of man
Was trouble, and prepared to bear the worst
Endure whate'er should come, without a sigh
Endure, and drink, even to the very dregs,
The bitterest cup that Time could measure out ;
And, having done, look up, and ask for more.

He called Philosophy, and with his heart
Reasoned. He called Religion, too, but called
Reluctantly, and therefore was not heard.
Ashamed to be o'ermatched by earthly woes,

He sought, and sought with eye that dimmed apace,
To find some avenue to light, some place
On which to rest a hope ; but sought in vain.
Darker and darker still the darkness grew.
At length he sank ; and Disappointment stood
His only comforter, and mournfully
Told all was past. His interest in life,
In being, ceased ; and now he seemed to feel,
And shuddered as he felt, his powers of mind
Decaying in the spring-time of his day.
The vigorous, weak became ; the clear, obscure ;
Memory gave up her charge ; Decision reeled ;
And from her flight Fancy returned, returned
Because she found no nourishment abroad.
The blue heavens withered ; and the moon and sun,
And all the stars, and the green earth, and morn
And evening withered ; and the eyes, and smiles,
And faces of all men and women, withered,
Withered to him ; and all the universe,
Like something which had been, appeared, but now
Was dead and mouldering fast away. He tried
No more to hope, wished to forget his vow,
Wished to forget his harp ; then ceased to wish.
That was his last ; enjoyment now was done.
He had no hope, no wish, and scarce a fear.
Of being sensible, and sensible
Of loss, he as some atom seemed, which God
Had made superfluously, and needed not
To build creation with ; but back again
To nothing threw, and left it in the void,
With everlasting sense that once it was.

Oh ! who can tell what days, what nights he spent,
Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe !

And who can tell how many, glorious once,
To others and themselves of promise full,
Conducted to this pass of human thought,
This wilderness of intellectual death,
Wasted and pined, and vanished from the earth,
Leaving no vestige of memorial there !

It was not so with him. When thus he lay,
Forlorn of heart, withered and desolate,
As leaf of autumn, which the wolfish winds,
Selecting from its fallen sisters, chase,
Far from its native grove, to lifeless wastes,
And leave it there alone, to be forgotten
Eternally, God passed in mercy by—
His praise be ever new !—and on him breathed,
And bade him live, and put into his hands
A holy harp, into his lips a song,
That rolled its numbers down the tide of Time.
Ambitious now but little to be praised
Of men alone ; ambitious most to be
Approved of God, the Judge of all ; and have
His name recorded in the Book of Life.

II.

LORD BYRON.

(FROM BOOK FOURTH.)

TAKE one example, to our purpose quite.
A man of rank, and of spacious soul,
Who riches had, and fame, beyond desire ;
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life.
Yet, not content with ancestral name,
Or to be known because his fathers were,
He on this height hereditary stood,
And, gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step. Above him seemed
Alone the mount of song, the lofty seat

Of canonisèd bards ; and thitherward,
By nature taught, and inward melody,
In prime of youth he bent his eagle eye.
No cost was spared. What books he wished, he read ;
What sage to hear, he heard ; what scenes to see,
He saw. And first in rambling schoolboy days
Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,
And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,
And maids, as dewdrops pure and fair, his soul
With grandeur filled, and melody and love.
Then travel came, and took him where he wished.
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp ;
And mused alone on ancient mountain-brows ;
And mused on battle-fields, where valour fought
In other days ; and mused on ruins grey
With years ; and drank from old and fabulous wells ;
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked ;
And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave
Of ocean mused, and on the desert waste.
The heavens and earth of every country saw.
Where'er the old inspiring Genii dwelt,
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went, and meditated there.
He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And opened new fountains in the human heart.
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling whiles ;
He, from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought ; and proudly stooped, as though

It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks;
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist, the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seemed;
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sang
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,
His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,
The wild and tame, the gentle and severe;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was dear;
All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man,
He tossed about, as tempest, withered leaves;
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness:
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
So Ocean from the plains his waves had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glory of his might,
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it passed,
So he, through learning and through fancy, took
His flights sublime, and on the loftiest top
Of Fame's dread mountain sat; not soiled and worn,
As if he from the earth had laboured up;
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there to see what lay beneath. . . .
Great man! the nations gazed, and wondered much,
And praised; and many called his evil good.
Wits wrote in favour of his wickedness;
And kings to do him honour took delight.
Thus, full of titles, flattery, honour, fame,
Beyond desire, beyond ambition, full,
He died—he died of what?—of wretchedness;
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame, drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched; then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
Fell from his arms abhorred; his passions died;
Died all but dreary, solitary pride;
And all his sympathies in being died.
As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,
Which angry tides cast out on a desert shore,
And then retiring, left it there to rot
And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven;
So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge,
A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,
A scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul,
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought—
Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth.

III.

THE LOVERS.

(FROM BOOK FIFTH.)

IT was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood ;
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand,
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed,
In silent contemplation, to adore
Its Maker. Now and then, the agèd leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground ;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth,
From out her western hermitage, and smiled ;
And up the east, unclouded, rode the Moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder walking there.
Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer,
Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting-place
Of love, before his country's voice had called
The ardent youth to fields of honour, far
Beyond the wave : and hither now repaired,
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
Scen only, while she sought this boon alone—
Her lover's safety and his quick return.
In holy humble attitude she kneeled,
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
Her eye, upturned, bright as the star of morn,
As violet meek, excessive ardour streamed,

Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as Zephyr sighs
On morning lily's cheek, though soft and low,
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face ;
It was a tear of faith and holy fear,
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time,
On yonder willows by the stream of life.
On her the Moon looked steadfastly ; the Stars,
That circle nightly round the eternal Throne,
Glanced down, well-pleased ; and Everlasting Love
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.
O had her lover seen her thus alone,
Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him !
Nor did he not ; for oftentimes Providence !
With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
Of faith surprised. Returned from long delay,
With glory crowned of righteous actions won,
The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
The youth, and found it at the happy hour,
Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.
Wrapt in devotion, pleading with her God,
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
All holy images seemed too impure
To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,
Beseeching for his ward, before the Throne,
Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought !
But sweeter still the kind remembrance came,
That she was flesh and blood, formed for himself,
The plighted partner of his future life.
And as they met, embraced, and sat, embowered
In woody chambers of the starry night,
Spirits of love about them ministered,
And God, approving, blessed the holy joy !

IV.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY;
(FROM BOOK SEVENTH.)

I.

Now starting up among the living changed,
Appeared innumEROUS the risen dead.
Each particle of dust was claimed : the turf,
For ages trod beneath the careless foot
Of men, rose, organised in human form ;
The monumental stones were rolled away ;
The doors of death were opened ; and in the dark
And loathsome vault, and silent charnel-house,
Moving, we heard the mouldered bones that sought
Their proper place. Instinctive, every soul
Flew to its clayey part : from grass-grown mould
The nameless spirit took its ashes up,
Reanimate ; and, merging from beneath
The flattering marble, undistinguished rose
The great, nor heeded once the lavish rhyme,
And costly pomp of sculptured garnish vain.
The Memphian mummy, that from age to age
Descending, bought and sold a thousand times,
In hall of curious antiquary stowed,
Wrapped in mysterious weeds, the wondrous theme
Of many an erring tale, shook off its rags ;
And the brown son of Egypt stood beside
The European, his last purchaser.
In vale remote, the hermit rose, surprised
At crowds that rose around him, where he thought
His slumbers had been single ; and the bard,
Who fondly covenanted with his friend,
To lay his bones beneath the sighing bough
Of some old lonely tree, rising, was pressed
By multitudes that claimed their proper dust

From the same spot, and he that, riehly hearsed,
With gloomy garniture of purchased woe,
Embalmed, in princely sepulchre was laid,
Apart from vulgar men, built nicely round
And round by the proud heir, who blushed to think
His father's lordly clay should ever mix
With peasant dust,—saw by his side awake
The clown that long had slumbered in his arms.

II.

Self-purifying, unpolluted Sea !
Lover unchangeable, thy faithful breast
For ever heaving to the lovely moon,
That like a shy and holy virgin, robed
In saintly white, walked nightly in the heavens,
And to thy everlasting serenade
Gave gracieous audience ; nor was wooed in vain.
That morning, thou, that slumbered not before,
Nor slept, great Ocean ! laid thy waves to rest,
And hushed thy mighty minstrelsy ; no breath
Thy deep composure stirred, no fin, no oar ;
Like beauty newly dead, so calm, so still,
So lovely, thou, beneath the light that fell
From angel-chariots sentinelled on high,
Reposed, and listened, and saw thy living change,
Thy dead arise. Charybdis listened, and Seylla ;
And savage Euxine on the Thraeian beach
Lay motionless ; and every battle-ship
Stood still, and every ship of merchandise,
And all that sailed, of every name, stood still.
Even as the ship of war, full-fledged, and swift,
Like some fierce bird of prey, bore on her foe,
Opposing with as fell intent, the wind
Fell withered from her wings that idly hung ;
The stormy bullet, by the cannon thrown

Uncivilly against the heavenly face
Of men, half sped, sank harmlessly, and all
Her loud, uncircumcised, tempestuous crew—
How ill prepared to meet their God!—were changed,
Unchangeable; the pilot at the helm
Was changed, and the rough captain, while he mouthed
The huge enormous oath. The fisherman,
That in his boat expectant watched his lines,
Or mended on the shore his net, and sang,
Happy in thoughtlessness, some careless air,
Heard Time depart, and felt the sudden change.
In solitary deep, far out from land,
Or steering from the port with many a cheer;
Or, while returning from long voyage, fraught
With lusty wealth, rejoicing to have escaped
The dangerous main, and plagues of foreign climes,
The merchant quaffed his native air, refreshed;
And saw his native hills in the sun's light
Serenely rise; and thought of meetings glad,
And many days of ease and honour spent
Among his friends—unwarnèd man! even then
The knell of Time broke on his reverie,
And in the twinkling of an eye his hopes,
All earthly, perished all. As sudden rose,
From out their watery beds, the Ocean's dead,
Renewed, and on the unstirring billows stood,
From pole to pole, thick covering all the sea—
Of every nation blent, and every age.

III.

(FROM BOOK EIGHTH.)

RESTORED to reason, on that morn, appeared
The lunatic, who raved in chains, and asked
No mercy when he died. Of lunacy,

Innumerable were the causes : humbled pride
Ambition disappointed, riches lost,
And bodily disease, and sorrow, oft
By man inflicted on his brother man ; . . .
Take one example, one of female woe.
Loved by a father's and a mother's love,
In rural peace she lived, so fair, so light
Of heart, so good, and young, that reason scarce
The eye could credit, but would doubt, as she
Did stoop to pull the lily or the rose
From morning's dew, if it reality
Of flesh and blood, or holy vision, saw,
In imagery of perfect womanhood.
But short her bloom, her happiness was short.
One saw her loveliness, and, with desire
Unhallowed burning, to her ear addressed
Dishonest words : " Her favour was his life,
His heaven; her frown, his woe, his night, his death."
With turgid phrase, thus wove in flattery's loom,
He on her womanish nature won, and age
Suspicionless ; and ruined, and forsook :
For he a chosen villain was at heart,
And capable of deeds that durst not seek
Repentance. Soon her father saw her shame ;
His heart grew stone, he drove her forth to want
And wintry winds, and with a horrid curse
Pursued her ear, forbidding all return.
Upon a hoary cliff that watched the sea,
Her babe was found—dead. On its little cheek,
The tear that nature bade it weep, had turned
An ice-drop, sparkling in the morning beam ;
And to the turf its helpless hands were frozen.
For she, the woeful mother, had gone mad,
And laid it down, regardless of its fate,

And of her own. Yet had she many days
Of sorrow in the world, but never wept.
She lived on alms, and carried in her hand
Some withered stalks she gathered in the spring.
When any asked the cause, she smiled, and said
They were her sisters, and would come and watch
Her grave when she was dead. She never spoke
Of her deceiver, father, mother, home,
Or child, or heaven, or hell, or God ; but still
In lonely places walked, and ever gazed
Upon the withered stalks, and talked to them ;
Till wasted to the shadow of her youth,
With woe too wide to see beyond, she died—
Not unatoned for by imputed blood,
Nor by the Spirit, that mysterious works,
Unsanctified.

V.

DEATH.

(FROM Book SEVENTH.)

O DEATH ! with what an eye of desperate lust,
From out thy emptied vaults, thou then didst look
After the risen multitudes of all
Mankind ! Ah ! thou hadst been the terror long,
And murderer, of all of woman born.
None could escape thee ! In thy dungeon-house,
Where darkness dwelt, and putrid loathsomeness,
And fearful silence, villainously still,
And all of horrible and deadly name—
Thou satst, from age to age, insatiate,
And drank the blood of men, and gorged their flesh,
And with thy iron teeth didst grind their bones
To powder, treading out beneath thy feet
Their very names and memories ! The blood
Of nations could not slake thy parchèd throat ;

No bribe could buy thy favour for an hour,
Or mitigate thy ever-cruel rage
For human prey ; gold, beauty, virtue, youth,
Even helpless, swaddled innocence, failed
To soften thy heart of stone : the infant's blood
Pleased well thy taste, and, while the mother wept,
Bereaved by thee, lonely and waste in woe,
Thy ever-grinding jaws devoured her too !
Each son of Adam's family beheld,
Where'er he turned, whatever path of life
He trod, thy goblin form before him stand,
Like trusty old assassin, in his aim
Steady and sure as eye of destiny,
With scythe, and dart, and strength invincible
Equipped, and ever menacing his life.
He turned aside, he drowned himself in sleep,
In wine, in pleasure ; travelled, voyaged, sought
Receipts for health from all he met ; betook
To business, speculate, retired ; returned
Again to active life, again retired :
Returned, retired again : prepared to die,
Talked of thy nothingness, conversed of life
To come, laughed at his fears, filled up the cup,
Drank deep, refrained ; filled up, refrained again ;
Planned, built him round with splendour, won applause,
Made large alliances with men and things ;
Read deep in science and philosophy,
To fortify his soul ; heard lectures prove
The present ill, and future good ; observed
His pulse beat regular ; extended hope ;
Thought, dissipated thought, and thought again,
Indulged, abstained, and tried a thousand schemes,
To ward thy blow, or hide thee from his eye ;
But still thy gloomy terrors, dipped in sin,

Before him frowned, and withered all his joy.
Still, feared and hated thing ! thy ghostly shape
Stood in his avenues of fairest hope ;
Unmannerly and uninvited, crept
Into his haunts of most select delight.
Still, on his halls of mirth, and banqueting,
And revelry, thy shadowy hand was seen
Writing thy name of—Death ! Vile worm ! that gnawed
The root of all his happiness terrene, the gall
Of all his sweet, the thorn of every rose
Of earthly bloom, cloud of his noonday sky,
Frost of his spring, sigh of his loudest laugh,
Dark spot on every form of loveliness,
Rank smell among his rarest spiceries,
Harsh dissonance of all his harmony,
Reserve of every promise, and the If
Of all to-morrows !—now, beyond thy vale,
Stood all the ransomed multitude of men,
Immortal all ; and in their vision saw
Thy visage grim no more. Great payment day !
Of all thou ever conquered, none was left
In thy unpeopled realms, so populous once.

* * * * *

Vain was resistance, and to follow vain.
In thy unveiled caves and solitudes
Of dark and dismal emptiness, thou satst,
Rolling thy hollow eyes, disabled thing !
Helpless, despised, unpitied, and unfear'd,
Like some fallen tyrant, chained in sight of all
Thy people ; from thee dropped thy pointless dart ;
Thy terrors withered all ; thy ministers,
Annihilated, fell before thy face !
And on thy maw eternal hunger seized.

John Henry Newman.

1801—1890.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN was born in London on the 21st of February, 1801. He was the eldest of a family of six children, of whom Francis William, afterwards Professor of Latin at University College, London, was the youngest son. John was educated at a private school, conducted by Dr. Nicholas, at Ealing, and was entered at Trinity College, Oxford, on the 14th of December, 1816. In 1818 he gained a Trinity scholarship, and in 1820 graduated B.A. He was elected fellow of Oriel in 1822, and ordained deacon in 1824, after which he became curate of St. Clement's Church, Oxford. In 1825 he was appointed by Dr. Whately vice-principal of Alban Hall, an appointment which he resigned on becoming tutor of Oriel in 1826. In 1827 he was appointed one of the preachers at Whitehall, and public examiner in the final examination for honours. In 1828 he became vicar of St. Mary's, the University church; in 1830 he served as pro-proctor, and in 1831-2 as one of the select preachers of the University. In 1832 he visited the south of Europe with Archdeacon and Hurrell Froude, making the acquaintance of Dr., afterwards Cardinal, Wiseman, at Rome, where, in conjunction with Hurrell Froude, Newman began the "Lyra Apostolica." In 1833 the party broke

up, the Froudes visiting France, and Newman returning to Sicily, where he suffered a dangerous illness at Leonforte. *En route* from Palermo to Marseilles, the vessel in which he travelled became becalmed for six or seven days, during which Newman wrote the most popular of all his poems, "Lead, kindly Light," at a time, it has been said, when the ship lay motionless "amid the encircling gloom" of sea mist. In July 1833 he arrived in England, a few days before his friend Keble preached his famous Assize sermon on National Apostacy. Then followed the Oxford tractarian movement, Keble, Newman, and Pusey taking the lead. Theological study and polemical discussion now occupied his mind, which underwent great changes during the following years. In September 1843 he resigned the vicarage of St. Mary's, and on the 9th of October, 1845, he was received into the Roman Catholic Church. After visiting Rome, he resided successively at Maryvale, Old Oscott; St. Wilfred's College, Cheadle; and Alcester Street, Birmingham, where he established the Oratory, afterwards removed to Edgbaston. In 1850 he founded the London Oratory, of which Faber afterwards became the head. In 1854 Newman became Rector of the new Catholic college, which had been recently founded at Dublin, where he resided for four years. In 1877 he was elected an honorary fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and on the 12th of May, 1879, he was created Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII. He died at Edgbaston on the 11th of August, 1890.

Newman's poetry is chiefly preserved in his "Verses on Various Occasions," first published in

1834, and frequently reprinted with additional poems from time to time. The "Lyra Apostolica" consisted of poems contributed to the *British Magazine* (1832-4) by Newman, Keble, and others, and afterwards published separately under the same title. Beyond this Newman translated a number of Latin hymns, of which his "Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus" ("Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever One), has been, perhaps, the most often used. "The Dream of Gerontius," his longest poem, is chiefly known by the fine hymn "Praise to the Holiest in the Height," which is taken from it, and which with "Lead, Kindly Light," represents the poet in most modern hymn books. "The Dream of Gerontius" describes the vision of a dying Christian, and is the most powerful and imaginative of his poems, though, curiously enough, it was not composed until late in life. The selected passages given in the following pages are sufficient to show its beauty and power, and the poem, as a whole, is enough to make one wish that Newman had taken himself more seriously as a poet. He had an easy command of verse forms, and a true sense of the sublime; and the lover of poetry may well regret that so much of his time and thought were absorbed by polemical discussions. As it is, his poetic work is correctly described by the title of his volume "Verses on Various Occasions," to which might have been added "and in various moods," of the outcome of the lighter of which, we may quote here the trifle "Opusculeum" written at Brighton in April 1829 "for a very small album"—

Fair Cousin, thy page
is small to encage

the thoughts which engage
the mind of a sage,
such as I am ;

"Twere in teaspoon to take
the whole Genevese lake,
or a lap-dog to make
the white Elephant sac-
-red in Siam.

Yet inadequate though
to the terms strange and so-
-lemn that figure in po-
-lysyllabical row
in a treatise;

Still, true words and plain,
of the heart, not the brain,
in affectionate strain,
this book to contain
very meet is.

So I promise to be
a good Cousin to thee,
and to keep safe the se-
-cret I heard, although e-
-v'ry one know it;

With a lyrical air
my kind thoughts I would dare,
and offer whate'er
beseechs the news, were
I a poet.

ALFRED H. MILES.

VERSES ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

I. NATURE AND ART.

ULCOMBE, SEPTEMBER 1826.

(FOR AN ALBUM.)

“ **M**AN goeth forth ” with reckless trust
Upon his wealth of mind,
As if in “self a thing of dust
 Creative skill might find ;
He schemes and toils ; stone, wood, and ore
Subject or weapon of his power.
By arch and spire, by tower-girt heights,
 He would his boast fulfil ;
By marble births, and mimic lights,—
 Yet lacks one secret still ;
Where is the master-hand shall give
To breathe, to move, to speak, to live ?
O take away this shade of might,
 The puny toil of man,
And let great Nature in my sight
 Unroll her gorgeous plan ;
I cannot bear those sullen walls,
Those eyeless towers, those tongueless halls
Art’s labour’d toys of highest name
 Are nerveless, cold, and dumb ;
And man is fitted but to frame
 A coffin or a tomb ;
Well suit when sense is pass’d away,
Such lifeless works the lifelss clay.
Here let me sit where wooded hills
 Skirt yon far-reaching plain ;
While cattle bank its winding rills,
 And suns embrown its grain ;
Such prospect is to me right dear,
For freedom, health, and joy are here.

There is a spirit ranging through
The earth, the stream, the air;
Ten thousand shapes, garbs ever new,
That restless One doth wear;
In colour, scent, and taste, and sound
The energy of life is found.

The leaves are rustling in the breeze,
The bird renews her song;
From field to brook, o'er heath, o'er trees,
The sunbeam glides along;
The insect, happy in its hour,
Floats softly by, or sips the flower.

Now dewy rain descends, and now
Brisk showers the welkin shroud;
I care not, though with angry brow
Frowns the red thunder cloud;
Let hail storm pelt, and lightning harm,
'Tis Nature's work, and has its charm.

Ah ! Lovely Nature ! others dwell
Full favour'd in thy court;
I of thy smiles but hear them tell,
And feed on their report,
Catching what glimpse an Ulcombe yields
To strangers loitering in her fields.

I go where form has ne'er unbent
The sameness of its sway;
Where iron rule, stern precedent,
Mistreat the graceful day;
To pine as prisoner in his cell,
And yet be thought to love it well,

Yet so His high dispose has set,
Who binds on each his part ;
Though absent, I may cherish yet
An Ulcombe of the heart ;
Calm verdant hope divinely given,
And suns of peace, and scenes of heaven ;—
A soul prepared His will to meet,
Full fix'd His work to do ;
Not labour'd into sudden heat,
But inly born anew.—
So living Nature, not dull Art,
Shall plan my ways and rule my heart.

II.—A THANKSGIVING.

OXFORD, OCTOBER 20, 1829.

"Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."

L ORD, in this dust Thy sovereign voice
First quicken'd love divine ;
I am all Thine,—Thy care and choice,
My very praise is Thine.

I praise Thee, while Thy providence
In childhood frail I trace,
For blessings given, ere dawning sense
Could seek or scan Thy grace ;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour,
Bright dreams, and fancyings strange
Blessings, when reason's awful power
Gave thought a bolder range ;

Blessings of friends, which to my door
Unask'd, unhop'd, have come
And, choicer still, a countless store
Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
 I shrine those seasons sad,
 When, looking up, I saw Thy face
 In kind austerity clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
 Heart-pang, or throbbing brow ;
 Sweet was the chastisement severe,
 And sweet its memory now.

Yes ! let the fragrant scars abide,
 Love-tokens in Thy stead,
 Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side
 And thorn-encompass'd head.

And such Thy tender force be still,
 When self would swerve or stray,
 Shaping to truth the foward will
 Along Thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth ; far, far remove
 The lure of power or name ;
 Hope thrives in straits, in weakness love,
 And faith in this world's shame.

III.—MOSES.

AT SEA, DECEMBER 19, 1832.

MOSES, the patriot fierce, became
 The meekest man on earth,
 To show us how love's quick'ning flame
 Can give our souls new birth.

Moses, the man of meekest heart,
 Lost Canaan by self-will,
 To show, where Grace has done its part,
 How sin defiles us still.

Thou, who hast taught me in Thy fear,
Yet seest me frail at best,
O grant me loss with Moses here,
To gain his future rest !

IV.—HUMILIATION.

LAZARET, MALTA, JANUARY 16, 1833.

I HAVE been honour'd and obey'd,
I have met scorn and slight ;
And my heart loves earth's sober shade,
More than her laughing light.

For what is rule but a sad weight
Of duty and a snare ?
What meanness, but with happier fate
The Saviour's Cross to share ?

This my hid choice, if not from heaven,
Moves on the heavenward line ;
Cleanse it, good Lord, from earthly leaven,
And make it simply Thine.

V.—DAVID AND JONATHAN.

LAZARET, MALTA, JANUARY 16, 1833.

"Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."
O HEART of fire ! misjudged by wilful man,
Thou flower of Jesse's race !
What woe was thine, when thou and Jonathan
Last greeted face to face !
He doomed to die, thou on us to impress
The portent of a blood-stain'd holiness.

Yet it was well :—for so, 'mid cares of rule
And crime's encircling tide,
A spell was o'er thee, zealous one, to cool
Earth-joy and kingly pride ;
With battle scene and pageant, prompt to blend
The pale calm spectre of a blameless friend.
Ah ! had he lived, before thy throne to stand,
Thy spirit keen and high
Sure it had snapp'd in twain love's slender band,
So dear in memory ;
Paul of his comrade reft, the warning gives.—
He lives to us who dies, he is but lost who lives.

VI.—THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

A SEA, ON THE 16TH OF JUNE, 1833.

L EAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on !
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.
So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone :
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

1865.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

SELECTED PASSAGES.

I.

SOUL OF GERONTIUS.

I WENT to sleep ; and now I am refresh'd,
A strange refreshment : for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is !
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse ;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream ; yes :—some one softly said
“He's gone ;” and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry “Subvenite ;” and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still ; but thin and low,
And fainter and more faint the accents come,
As at an ever-widening interval.
Ah ! whence is this ? What is this severance ?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul ;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead ? I am not dead,
But in the body still; for I possess
A sort of confidence which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,
And makes me man ; and surely I could move,
Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home
By very trial, that I have the power.
'Tis strange ; I cannot stir a hand or foot,
I cannot make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart.
Yet . . . is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time ?
Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, hurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expansive world ?

Another marvel : some one has me fast
Within his ample palm ; 'tis not a grasp

Such as they use on earth, but all around
 Over the surface of my subtle being,
 As though I were a sphere, and capable
 To be accosted thus, a uniform
 And gentle pressure tells me I am not
 Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
 And hark ! I hear a singing ; yet in sooth
 I cannot of that music rightly say
 Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
 Oh, what a heart-subduing melody !

ANGEL.

My work is done,
 My task is o'er,
 And so I come,
 Taking it home,
 For the crown is won,
 Alleluia,
 For evermore.

My Father gave
 In charge to me
 This child of earth
 E'en from its birth,
 To serve and save,
 Alleluia,
 And saved is he.

This child of clay
 To me was given,
 To rear and train
 By sorrow and pain
 In the narrow way,
 Alleluia,
 From earth to heaven.

SOUL.

It is a member of that family
Of wondrous beings, who, ere the worlds were made,
Millions of ages back, have stood around
The throne of God :—he never has known sin ;
But through those cycles all but infinite,
Has had a strong and pure celestial life,
And bore to gaze on the unveil'd face of God,
And drank from the everlasting Fount of truth,
And served Him with a keen ecstatic love
Hark ! he begins again.

ANGEL.

O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,
 But most in man, how wonderful Thou art !
With what a love, what soft persuasive might
 Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly heart,
Thy tale complete of saints Thou dost provide,
 To fill the throne which angels lost through pride !

He lay a grovelling babe upon the ground,
 Polluted in the blood of his first sire,
With his whole essence shatter'd and unsound,
 And coil'd around his heart a demon dire,
Which was not of his nature, but had skill
 To bind and form his op'ning mind to ill.

Then was I sent from heaven to set right
 The balance in his soul of truth and sin,
And I have waged a long relentless fight,
 Resolved that death-environ'd spirit to win,
Which from its fallen state, when all was lost,
 Had been repurchased at so dread a cost.

Oh, what a shifting parti-colour'd scene
 Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,
Of recklessness and penitence, has been
 The history of that dreary, life-long fray !
And oh, the grace to nerve him and to lead
 How patient, prompt, and lavish at his need !

O man, strange composite of heaven and earth !
 Majesty dwarf'd to baseness ! fragrant flower
Running to poisonous seed ! and seeming worth
 Cloaking corruption ! weakness mastering power !
Who never art so near to crime and shame,
 As when thou hast achieved some deed of name ;—

How should ethereal natures comprehend
 A thing made up of spirit and of clay,
Were we not task'd to nurse it and to tend,
 Link'd one to one throughout its mortal day ?
More than the Seraph in his height of place,
 The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ransom'd
 race.

SOUL.

Now know I surely that I am at length
Out of the body ; had I part with earth,
I never could have drunk those accents in,
And not have worshipp'd as a god the voice
That was so musical ; but now I am
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-possess'd,
With such a full content, and with a sense
So apprehensive and discriminant,
As no temptation can intoxicate.
Nor have I even terror at the thought
That I am clasp'd by such a saintliness.

II.

FIFTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :

In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways !

O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love ! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;
And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

O generous love ! that He who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo ;
And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Caroline Clive.

1801—1873.

CAROLINE CLIVE, known to a small circle of admirers as V., and chiefly as the author of "IX Poems" that on appearance took their place in the forefront of contemporary feminine verse, was the daughter and co-heiress of Edmund Meysey-Wigley, Esq., of Shakenhurst, Worcestershire—M.P. for Worcester—and his wife, Anna Maria, only surviving daughter of Charles Watkins Meysey. She was born at Brompton Grove, London, on the 24th of June, 1801. In her third year she had a severe illness, one issue of which was life-long lameness and consequent hindrance in many ways. We have reclaimed from "Paul Ferroll" a hitherto inedited poem that bears pathetic evidence of the unlifed shadow her lameness cast over her entire after life. All the more, however, her natively powerful intellect was strengthened by her being thrown upon her inward resources. By surely an unhappy misjudgment and reticence the family has given no memoir of her beyond the meagre Note prefixed to her collected poems by her daughter (Mrs. Alice Greated) of 1890 (Longmans). This is the more to be regretted, because she wrote all her life, was a brilliant conversationalist, was held in highest regard within an exceptionally notable intellectual circle, and carried on a large correspondence. In 1840 her "IX Poems" appeared

in a humble little duodecimo, which fortunately fell into the hands of Hartley Coleridge, and was thus greeted in the *Quarterly Review* (September 1840): "We suppose V stands for Victoria, and really she queens it among our fair friends. Perhaps V will think it a questionable compliment, if we say, like the late Baron Graham to Lady ——, in the Assize Court at Exeter, 'We beg your ladyship's pardon, but we took you for a man.' Indeed, these few pages are distinguished by a sad Lucretian tone, such as very seldom comes from a woman's lyre. But V is a woman, and no ordinary woman certainly; though, whether spinster, wife, or widow, we have not been informed." More weighty—"Of 'IX Poems' by V we emphatically say, in old Greek, Βατὰ μὲν ἀλλὰ ΡΟΔΑ. It is an Ennead to which every Muse may have contributed her Ninth. The stanzas printed by us in italics, are, in our judgment, worthy of any one of our greatest poets in his happiest moments." The stanzas designated are 4, 9, 11, 14 of "The Grave"—one of our selected examples. Later came Dr. John Brown, in his *Horæ Subsecivæ*, echoing Hartley Coleridge's Greek of the roses, and adding: "They contain rare excellency; the concentration, the finish, the gravity of a man's thought, with the tenderness, the insight, the constitutional sorrowfulness of a woman's—her purity, her passionateness, her delicate and keen sense and experience."

In the same year (November 10th, 1840) she was married to the Rev. Archer Clive, then rector of Solihull, Warwickshire, and son of Edmund Bolton Clive, Esq., M.P. for Hereford. By him she had one son and one daughter.

A second edition of "IX Poems" was published

in 1841, with nine other poems. There followed at intervals—"I watched the Heavens" (1842); "The Queen's Ball" (1847); "Valley of the Rea" (1851); "The Morlas" (1853). The whole of these are included, with short additions, in the volume of 1890 already named; but a considerable number bearing the same mint-mark of genius remain to be collected some day.

"Paul Ferroll" (1853)—a sensational novel, and others, kept her before the public, still as V. But neither the longer poems (*ut supra*) nor the lesser additions, approached the high level of the inspired "IX," albeit there are "brave translunary things" in all, touches that betoken the cunning hand and the visionary eyes—those "larger other eyes" that see into the mystery and sadness of nature and human nature.

In after-editions Mrs. Clive capriciously withdrew the last of the nine poems and went on adding. Even the slightest additions show inestimable *technique* if in common with her longer poems of "The Queen's Ball," "Valley of the Rea," and "The Morlas," they are somewhat thin of substance. None the less there is none that will not reward study or fail to yield "immortal phrases five words long." Certain recall Shakespeare's splendid metaphor of the dolphin showing its shining back above the element it moves in; for the most commonplace flash out in unforgettable things.

Our poetess died by a lamentable fire accident while seated in her boudoir and among her papers on the 13th of July, 1873.

We have selected, as fairly representative, four out of the "IX Poems"—viz., "At Llynwmstraethy,"

"The Grave," "Former Home," and "Heart's Ease," and the autobiographic poem mentioned. It needs no italics to accentuate the weight of thought, the iridescence of fancy, the felicity of metaphor, or the choiceness of epithet of these poems.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

IX POEMS.

1840.

CAROLINE CLIVE.

I.—AT LLYNCWMSTRAETHY.

A S one, whose country is distraught with war,
Where each must guard his own with watchful hand,
Roams at the evening hour along the shore,
And fain would seek beyond a calmer land;

So I, perplexed on life's tumultuous way,
Where evil pow'rs too oft my soul enslave,
Along thy ocean, Death, all pensive stray,
And think of shores thy further billows lave.

And glad were I to hear the boatman's cry,
Which to his shadowy bark my steps should call,
To woe and weakness heave my latest sigh,
And cease to combat where so oft I fall.

Or happier, where some victory cheer'd my breast,
That hour to quit the anxious field would choose
And seek th' eternal seal on virtue's rest,
Oft won, oft lost, and oh, too dear to lose!

II. THE GRAVE.

I STOOD within the Grave's o'ershadowing vault;
Gloomy and damp it stretched its vast domain;
Shades were its boundary, for my strained eye sought
For other limit to its width in vain.

Faint from the entrance came a daylight ray,
And distant sound of living men and things;
This, in th' encount'ring darkness pass'd away,
That, took the tone in which a mourner sings.

I lit a torch at a sepulchral lamp,
Which shot a thread of light amid the gloom
And feebly burning 'gainst the rolling damp,
I bore it through the regions of the tomb.

Around me stretch'd the slumbers of the dead,
Whereof the silence ach'd upon mine ear ;
More and more noiseless did I make my tread,
And yet its echoes chill'd my heart with fear.

The former men of every age and place,
From all their wanderings gather'd round me lay ;
The dust of wither'd Empires did I trace,
And stood 'mid generations pass'd away.

I saw whole cities, that in flood or fire
Or famine or the plague, gave up their breath ;
Whole armies whom a day beheld expire,
By thousands swept into the arms of Death.

I saw the old world's white and wave-swept bones,
A gaunt heap of creatures that had been ;
Far and confus'd the broken skeletons
Lay strewn beyond mine eye's remotest ken.

Death's various shrines— the urn, the stone, the lamp—
Were scatter'd round, confus'd, amid the dead ;
Symbols and types were mould'ring in the damp,
Their shapes were waning, and their meaning fled.

Unspoken tongues, perchance in praise or woe,
Were character'd on tablets Time had swept ;
And deep were half their letters hid below
The thick small dust of those they once had wept.

No hand was there to wipe the dust away ;
No reader of the writing trac'd beneath ;
No spirit sitting by its form of clay ;
No sigh nor sound from all the heaps of death.

One place alone had ceased to hold its prey ;
A form had press'd it and was there no more ;
The garments of the grave beside it lay,
Where once they wrapp'd him on the rocky floor.

He only with returning footsteps broke
Th' eternal calm wherewith the tomb was bound ;
Among the sleeping dead alone He woke,
And bless'd without stretch'd hands the host around.

Well is it that such blessing hovers here,
To soothe each sad survivor of the throng
Who haunt the portals of the solemn sphere,
And pour their woe the loaded air along.

They to the verge have follow'd what they love,
And on th' insuperable threshold stand ;
With cherish'd names its speechless calm reprove,
And stretch in the abyss their ungrasp'd hand.

But vainly there the mourners seek relief
From silenc'd voice and shapes Decay has swept,
Till Death himself shall medicine their grief,
Closing their eyes by those o'er whom they wept.

All that have died, the earth's whole race, repose
Where Death collects his treasures, heap on heap ;
O'er each one's busy day the night shades close,
Its actors, sufferers, schools, kings, armies—sleep.

III.—FORMER HOME.

N scenes untrod for many a year,
I stand again, the long estranged ;
And gazing round me, ponder here
On all that has, and has not changed.

The casual visitor would see
Naught altered in the aspects round ;
But long familiar shapes to me
Are missing, which I fain had found.

Still stands the rock, still runs the flood,
Which not an eye could pass unmov'd ;
The flow'ry bank, the fringing wood,
Which e'en the passer mark'd and lov'd.

But when mine eye's delighted pride,
Had dwelt the rocks high front upon,
I sought upon its warmer side
A vine we train'd—and that was gone.

And though awhile content I gazed
Upon the river quick and fair,
I sought, ere long, a seat we raised
In childhood—but it was not there.

Stones lay around, I knew not whether
Its relics, or the winter's snow—
And sitting where we sate together,
Again I watch'd the torrent flow.

So whirl'd the waves that form'd it then,
 In foam around yon jutting stone ;
 So arrowy shot they down the glen,
 When here we pass'd the hours long flown.

There in the waters dipp'd the tree
 From which, the day I parted hence,
 I took a few green leaves, to be
 My solace still through time and chance.

Full many a spring the tree has shone
 In sunlight, air, and beauty here ;
 While I in cities gazed upon
 The wither'd leaves of that one year.

That year was fraught with heavy things,
 With deaths and partings, loss and pain ;
 And every object round me rings
 Its mournful epitaph again.

But most, those small familiar traits,
 Which only we have lov'd or known ;
 They flourish'd with our happier days—
 They wither'd because we were gone.

Their absence seems to speak of those
 Who're scatter'd far upon the earth,
 At whose young hands they once arose
 Whose eyes gazed gleeful on their birth.

Those hands since then have grasp'd the brand,
 Those eyes in grief grown dim and hot,
 And wand'ring through a stranger's land,
 Oft yearn'd to this remember'd spot.

How changed are they!—how changed am I!

The early spring of life is gone,
Gone is each youthful vanity,—
But what with years, oh what is won?

I know not—but while standing now
Where open'd first the heart of youth,
I recollect how high would glow
Its thoughts of Glory, Faith, and Truth—

How full it was of good and great,
How true to heav'n how warm to men.
Alas! I scarce forbear to hate
The colder breast I bring again.

Hopes disappointed, sin, and time,
Have moulded me since here I stood;
Ah! paint old feelings, rock sublime,
Speak life's fresh accents, mountain flood!

IV.—HEARTS-EASE.

O H HEART-EASE, dost thou lie within that flower?
How shall I draw thee thence?—so much I need
The healing aid of thine enshrined power
To veil the past, and bid the time good speed!

I gather it—It withers on my breast;
The heart's-ease dies when it is laid to mine;
Methinks there is no shape by joy possess'd
Would better fare than thou upon that shrine

Take from me things gone by—oh ! change the past—
Renew the lost—restore me the decay'd ;—
Bring back the days whose tide has ebb'd so fast—
Give form again to the fantastic shade !

My hope, that never grew to certainty,—
My youth, that perish'd in its vain desire,—
My fond ambition, crush'd ere it could be
Aught save a self-consuming, wasted fire ;

Bring these anew, and set me once again
In the delusion of life's infancy—
I was not happy, but I knew not then
That happy I was never doom'd to be.

Till these things are, and pow'r's divine descend,—
Love, kindness, joy, and hope to gild my day,—
In vain the emblem leaves towards me bend ;
Thy spirit, Heart-Ease, is too far away !

PAUL FERROLL

1853.

CAROLINE CLIVE.

AN INCIDENT.

(FROM CHAPTER VII.)

"Do you remember as we went up the steep path to the inn, seeing an Englishwoman sitting just in the angle of one of the turns? The gardener's wife who was sewing on the seat at the top, said the lady was lame, and she did not know how she had managed to get down there; but she had been sitting quite still on the same spot for an hour and a half, while her friends were in a boat on the bay." "I recollect; the woman said she had three or four times peeped over the rock, but the lady always seemed *contentissima, come se stesse in Paradiso.*" "That's the exact expression that struck me; it came into verse the other day. Read it, Janet."

GÆTA'S orange groves were there,
Half circling round the sun-kiss'd sea;
And all were gone, and left the fair
Rich garden-solitude to me.

My feeble foot refused to tread
The rugged pathway to the bay;
Down the steep rock I saw them thread,
And gain the boat and glide away.

And then the thirst grew strong in me,
To taste yet farther scenes so bright,—
To do like those who wander'd free,
And share their exquisite delight.

With careful trouble then, and pain,
I pass'd a little down the hill ;
Each step obtain'd was hard-earn'd gain,
Each step before, seem'd distant still.

But when I reach'd at last the trees
Which see that lovely scene complete ;
I sat there all at peace and ease,
A monarch of the mossy seat.

Above me hung the golden glow
Of fruit which is at one with flowers ;
Below me gleam'd the ocean flow,
Like sapphires in the mid-day hours.

A passing-by there was of wings ;
The silent, flower-like butterflies ;
The sudden beetle as it springs,
Full of the life of southern skies.

A sound there was of words afloat,
Of sailors, and of children blent,
At work and play beside a boat ;
Sounds which the distance mix'd and spent.

A brooding silence too was there,
Of mid-day, and a wide-stretch'd bound ;
And I sat still, with open ear,
That drank the silence and the sound.

It was an hour, of bliss to die ;
But not to sleep ; for ever came
The warm, thin air, and passing by
Fann'd Sense, and Soul, and Heart to flame.

The sight I saw that noontide, grew
A portion of my mem'ry's pride ;
And oh, how often I renew
The beauty of the steep hill-side.

It comes, when by the northern fire,
I sit and shiver in its heat ;
While with vain longing I aspire,
To rest upon my rocky seat.

A longing, such, thou gracious land,
As thou must ever leave on those
Who bask on thy enchanted strand,
And see thy heavenly shapes and hues.

And if, methinks, to roam and climb,
At my free will, to me were giv'n,
O'er such a land, in such a clime,
It *would* be, what *will* be, in heaven.

Sarah Flower Adams.

1805—1848.

SARAH FULLER FLOWER, better known as Sarah Flower Adams, was born at Harlow, in Essex, on the 22nd of February, 1805. She was the younger sister of Eliza Flower, who was a gifted musician and composer. Eliza and Sarah were the only children of Benjamin Flower, at one time a printer at Cambridge, and afterwards editor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, a paper in which he advocated liberal principles and dared free criticism, for which he suffered fine and imprisonment. Mrs. Flower died in 1810, and Benjamin Flower in 1829. In 1820 the family removed to Dalston, London, then a rural spot, where they numbered among their friends Harriet Martineau, Robert Browning, and others afterwards distinguished in literature. Mrs. Bridell-Fox, in a short memoir contributed to the last edition of "Vivia Perpetua," says of this latter friendship: "He, 'Robert Browning,' is often referred to in letters as 'The Boy Poet' by the elder sister; also, in 1827, as anxiously discussing religious doubts and difficulties with the younger sister, Browning being then a lad of fifteen, and his *confidante*, Sarah, twenty-two. During the years 1832-5 Sarah became a contributor to the pages of the *Monthly Repository*, then edited by Mr. W. Johnson Fox, and contributed to by John Stuart

Mill, Crabb Robinson, Robert Browning, R. H. Horne, Leigh Hunt, and other distinguished writers. Her articles bear the signature S. Y., which, as Mrs. Bridell-Fox says, "indicated her pet name Sally to her personal friends." On the 24th of September, 1834, she was married at St. John's, Hackney, to Mr. John Brydges Adams, the "*Junius Redivivus*" of the *Monthly Repository*, whom she first met at the House of Mrs. John Taylor (afterwards Mrs. John Stuart Mill).

"After her marriage, with the hearty sympathy and concurrence of her husband," says Mrs. Bridell Fox, "she sought to carry out her youthful ambition of adopting the stage as a profession. She entertained the idea that the life of an actress, a life devoted to the constant expression of the highest poetry, ought to be really—as it was theoretically—a life in unison with the high thoughts to which she has habitually given utterance. 'The drama,' she writes in one of her note-books, 'is an epitome of the mind and manners of mankind, and wise men in all ages have agreed to make it, what in truth it ought to be, a supplement to the pulpit.'

"Mrs Adams possessed a rich, mellow, contralto voice, and from girlhood she had been in the habit of studying songs in which she could unite dramatic action and costume. It was a quite original idea in her young days, and she carried it out in a charming and very effective manner. The most striking songs among her varied *repertoire* were 'The Erl King' (music by Schubert), 'The Cid' (music by Lodge Ellerton), Campbell's 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' Scott's 'Hallowmas Eve,' and Madge Wildfire's song (the music of the two latter by

her sister, who always accompanied on the piano these private performances); also others of a lighter character, such as 'My Boy Tammie,' 'There's nae Luck about the House.' Selected scenes from Shakespeare often varied these domestic entertainments. In 1837 she made her first attempt in public, appearing at the little Richmond theatre as Lady Macbeth with considerable success. 'The performance was strongly marked by original conception and dramatic power,' observes the *Court Journal*, in the course of a long and laudatory article on her performance. Portia and Lady Teazle were to follow. Her success resulted in a good engagement for the Bath Theatre, then considered the best training school for aspirants for the London Stage, obtained partly, no doubt, by a flattering introduction from Macready, who thought highly of her powers. And then—then her health again gave way, and instead of fulfilling her engagement she lay prostrate with illness at Bath."

Finding herself physically incapable of sustaining the strain of public performances, Mrs. Adams now determined to devote her efforts entirely to literature, with the result that her dramatic poem, "Vivia Perpetua," was published in 1841. Her hymns (fourteen in all, besides some translations) were published in the collection of Hymns and Anthems made by Mr. W. Johnson Fox for the use of his congregation at South Place Chapel, Finsbury. Most of them were set to music by her sister, Eliza Flower, who took a large share in the direction of the music at South Place. Eliza died of consumption in December 1846, and Sarah (surviving her sister less than two years) on the 14th of August, 1848.

A selection from "Vivia Perpetua" is given in Vol. VII. of this work, where it is prefaced by a short critique from the pen of Dr. Garnett, who says of it, "'Vivia Perpetua' is unsatisfactory as a play, but has deep human interest as an idealised representation of the authoress's mind and heart. In the character of Vivia she has shadowed forth her own moral affections and intellectual convictions, and the intensity of her feelings frequently exalts her diction, else artless and slightly conventional, into genuine eloquence. The moral charm, however, takes precedence of the artistic, as is to be expected in the work of a true woman. Lyrical enthusiasm atones in no small measure for the lack of the constructive faculty, and 'Vivia Perpetua' fulfils better than many more ambitious works Milton's demand that poetry should be 'simple, sensuous, and passionate.' The authoress would probably have left a higher reputation if she had given freer scope to her natural instinct for lyrical poetry, instead of devoting her most strenuous endeavour to the difficult undertaking of reviving the poetical drama." Her hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," has been one of the most popular of modern hymns, as it is certainly one of the most beautiful. Others less known, if but little inferior, will be found in the following pages.

ALFRED H. MILES.

HYMNS.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

I.—NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou send'st to me,
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

II.—O! I WOULD SING A SONG OF PRAISE.

O! I would sing a song of praise,
Natural as the breeze
That stirs amongst the forest trees,
Whisp'ring ever,
Weary never,
Summer's prime or wintry days—
So should come my song of praise.

O! I would sing a song of praise,
Sweet as breathing flowers,
That ope to greet the earlier hours ;
Never-ending
Incense sending
Up, to bless their parent rays—
So should wake my song of praise.

O! I would sing a song of praise,
Holy as the night,
When heaven comes to us in the light
Of stars, whose gleaming,
Influence streaming,
Draws us upward while we gaze—
So should rise my song of praise.

To Thee, O God, a song of praise,
 With breeze, and bloom, and star,
 To Thee, who made us what we are—
 Blessèd Spirit !
 We inherit
 All from Thee ; then let us raise
 Songs of praise—immortal praise !

III.—O HALLOWED MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

O HALLOWED memories of the past,
 Ye legends old and fair,
 Still be your light upon us cast,
 Your music on the air,
 In vain shall man deny,
 Or bid your mission cease,
 While stars yet prophesy
 Of love, and hope, and peace.

For hearts the beautiful that feel,
 Whose pulse of love beats strong,
 The opening heavens new light reveal,
 Glory to God, their song.

While bursts confession forth,
 That, since the world began,
 No miracle on earth
 E'er match'd the heart of man.

And while from out our dying dust
 Light more than life doth stream,
 We bless the faith that bids us trust
 The heaven that we dream.

In death there is no fear,
 There's radiance through the gloom,
 While love and hope are here,
 The angels of the tomb.

Then, hallowed memories of the past,
Or legends old and fair,
Still be your light upon us cast,
Your music on the air,

In vain shall man deny,
Or bid your mission cease ;
The stars yet prophesy
Of love, and hope, and peace.

IV.—HE SENDETH SUN, HE SENDETH SHOWER.

HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father ! Thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs, whom they trust and love ?
Creator ! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee :
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father ! Thy will, not mine, be done.

O ! ne'er will I at life repine—
Enough that Thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father ! Thy will, not mine, be done.

V.—THE MOURNERS CAME AT BREAK OF DAY.

THE mourners came at break of day
 Unto the garden-sepulchre ;
 With darkened hearts to weep and pray,
 For Him, the loved one buried there.
 What radiant light dispels the gloom ?
An angel sits beside the tomb.

The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
 All sepulchred beneath the snow ;
 When wintry winds, and chilling frost
 Have laid her summer glories low ;
 The spring returns, the flowerets bloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not belovèd dead,
 E'en while we come to weep and pray ;
 The happy spirit far hath fled
 To brighter realms of endless day :
 Immortal Hope dispels the gloom !
An angel sits beside the tomb.

VI.—O PLEASANT LIFE !

(PARAPHRASED FROM THE SPANISH OF LUIS DE LEON.)

O PLEASANT life !
 Whene'er the soul can win her way
 From out the world's dark strife ;
 And fly to depths fair-haunted
 By spirits who have panted
 To quit earth's shadows for immortal day—
 O pleasant life !

O happy breast !
 Nor care of courts, nor pride of birth,
 Can ruffle thy smooth rest ;
 No scene of gilded riot
 Disturbs thy star-lit quiet
 Nor dims thy dream of heaven with mists of earth.
 O happy breast !

O blessed soul !
 What care hast thou that flatt'ring fame
 Thy daily acts enroll ?
 No breath of hers it tasketh,
 Thy life-long deed but asketh
 One smile of Truth to light thy passing name—
 O blessed soul !

VII.—PART IN PEACE! IS DAY BEFORE US?

PART in peace ! Is day before us ?
 Praise His name for life and light ;
 Are the shadows lengthening o'er us ?
 Bless His care who guards the night.

Part in peace ! With deep thanksgiving,
 Rendering, as we homeward tread,
 Gracious service to the living,
 Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace ! Such are the praises
 God our Maker loveth best ;
 Such the worship that upraises
 Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

1807—1886.

THE poetry of Richard Chenevix Trench is represented, with that of the general poets of his time, in Vol. IV. of the **POETS AND POETRY OF THE CENTURY**, where particulars of his life and work in literature are given. Though scarcely claiming double representation, it is impossible, in view of the religious and didactic character of much of his verse, to omit him from a volume devoted to the sacred poetry of the period. Two or three examples of his more definitely religious verse are therefore added here.

A firm faith in an all-wise, all-loving, over-ruling providence, and a sense of human unworthiness and weakness, in view of divine love and power, find tender expression in his religious verse, as the following nameless fragments will show:—

T.

Not Thou from us, O Lord, but we
Withdraw ourselves from Thee.

When we are dark and dead,
And Thou art covered with a cloud,
Hanging before Thee, like a shroud,
So that our prayer can find no way,
Oh! teach us that we do not say,
“Where is *Thy* brightness fled?”

But that we search and try
 What in ourselves has wrought this blame,
 For thou remainest still the same,
 But earth's own vapours earth may fill
 With darkness and thick clouds, while still
 The sun is in the sky.

II.

If there had anywhere appeared in space
 Another place of refuge, where to flee,
 Our hearts had taken refuge in that place,
 And not with Thee.
 For we against creation's bars had beat
 Like imprisoned eagles, through great worlds had sought
 Though but a foot of ground to plant our feet,
 Where Thou wert not.
 And only when we found in earth and air,
 In heaven or hell, that such might nowhere be—
 That we could not flee from Thee anywhere,
 We fled to Thee.

III.

Lord, many times I am aweary quite
 Of mine own self, my sin, my vanity—
 Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,
 Weary of me.
 And hate against myself I often bear,
 And enter with myself in fierce debate :
 Take Thou my part against myself, nor share
 In that just hate.
 Best friends might loathe us, if what things perverse
 We know of our own selves, they also knew :
 Lord, Holy One ! if Thou who knowest worse
 Should loathe us too !

Aspiration after purer, truer life, through the tempered discipline of divine mercy, is beautifully expressed in the selections which follow.

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

I.—WHAT, MANY TIMES I MUSING ASKED.

WHAT, many times I musing asked, is man,
If grief and care
Keep far from him ? he knows not what he can,
What cannot bear.

He, till the fire had proved him, doth remain
The main part dross :
To lack the loving discipline of pain
Were endless loss.

Yet when my Lord did ask me on what side
I were content
The grief, whereby I must be purified,
To me were sent,

As each imagined anguish did appear,
Each withering bliss,
Before my soul, I cried, " Oh ! spare me here,
Oh no, not this ! "—

Like one that having need of, deep within,
The surgeon's knife,
Would hardly bear that it should graze the skin,
Though for his life.

Till He at last, who best doth understand
Both what we need,
And what can bear, did take my case in hand,
Nor crying heed.

I.—THIS DID NOT ONCE SO TROUBLE ME.

THIS did not once so trouble me,
That better I could not love Thee ;
But now I feel and know
That only when we love, we find
How far our hearts remain behind
The love they should bestow.

While we had little care to call
On Thee, and scarcely prayed at all,
We seemed enough to pray :
But now we only think with shame,
How seldom to Thy glorious Name
Our lips their offerings pay.

And when we gave yet slighter heed
Unto our brother's suffering need,
Our hearts reproached us then
Not half so much as now, that we
With such a careless eye can see
The woes and wants of men.

In doing is this knowledge won,
To see what yet remains undone ;
With this our pride repress,
And give us grace, a growing store,
That day by day we may do more,
And may esteem it less.

Christopher Wordsworth.

1807—1885.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, nephew of William Wordsworth the father of the poetry of the nineteenth century, was born at Lambeth on the 30th of October, 1807. His father, also Christopher Wordsworth, was at that time Rector of Lambeth, and afterwards Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Christopher, who was his youngest son, was educated at Winchester and Trinity College, and his career, both at school and at the University, was a brilliant one. He carried off many prizes, graduated as Senior Classic in the Classical Tripos, and 14th Senior Optime in the Mathematical in 1830, and was elected a Fellow of Trinity. He became a Classical Lecturer, and in 1836 Public Orator for the University, and Headmaster of Harrow School. In 1844 he was appointed to a Canonry at Westminster, in 1848–9 to the Hulsean lectureship at Cambridge. In 1850 he accepted the living of Stamford-in-the-Vale-cum-Grosey in Berkshire, and devoted himself assiduously to parochial work for nineteen years. In 1869 he was elevated to the Bishopric of Lincoln, an office which he continued to hold for fifteen years. He died on the 20th of March, 1885.

Christopher Wordsworth was a voluminous writer upon classical and ecclesiastical subjects, and among

other works of a more general character wrote the "Memoirs of William Wordsworth" (his Uncle), published in 1851, and "A Commentary on the whole Bible" (1856-70). In the "Holy Year," published in 1862, he wrote hymns for all the Christian seasons, dealing with the many phases of the various seasons as enumerated in the Book of Common Prayer. The value of hymns as a means of teaching and impressing on the memory Christian doctrines was recognised by him, and he wrote them avowedly for the purpose of inculcating religious truth, with the result that poetic excellence was often lost in the pursuit of a didactic aim. Some of his hymns, however, are of high excellence, and some have become widely popular. Among the more successful, as well as the better known of these are "O Day of Rest and Gladness," "Hark the sound of Holy Voices," "Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost," and "See the Conqueror mounts in Triumph," the first three of which are given in the following pages.

ALFRED H. MILES.

THE HOLY YEAR.

1862

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

I.—GRACIOUS SPIRIT, HOLY GHOST.

(QUINQUAGESIMA.)

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly Love.

Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or Heaven above ;
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

Though I as a Martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain, if Love I need ;
Therefore, Give me Love.

Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love, than death itself more strong ;
Therefore, Give us Love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day ;
Love will ever with us stay !
Therefore, Give us Love.

Faith will vanish into sight ;
Hope be emptied in delight ;
Love in heaven will shine more bright ;
Therefore, Give us Love.

Faith and Hope and Love we see
 Joining hand in hand agree ;
 But the greatest of the three,
 And the best, is Love.

From the overshadowing
 Of Thy gold and silver wing,
 Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
 Holy, heavenly Love !

II.—O LORD OF HEAVEN.

(ALMSGIVING.)

O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
 To Thee all praise and glory be ;
 How shall we show our love to Thee,
 Giver of all ?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
 Sweet flowers and fruits Thy Love declare,
 When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
 Giver of all !

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
 For all the blessings Earth displays,
 We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
 Giver of all !

Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
 But gav'st Him for a world undone,
 And e'en that gift Thou dost outrun,
 And give us all !

Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessed dower,
 Spirit of life, and love, and power,
 And dost His sevenfold graces shower
 Upon us all.

For souls redeem'd, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
 Father, what can to Thee be given,
 Who givest all ?

We *lose* what on ourselves we spend,
 We *have* as treasure without end
 Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
 Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
 Repaid a thousandfold will be ;
 Thus gladly will we give to Thee,
 Giver of all ;

To Thee, from whom we all derive
 Our life, our gifts, our power to give ;
 O may we ever with Thee live,
 We give Thee all !

III.—HARK THE SOUND OF HOLY VOICES.
 (ALL SAINTS' DAY.)

HARK the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea,
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Lord, to Thee ;
 Multitudes which none can number, like the stars in glory stand,
 Cloth'd in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hand.
 Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepar'd the way for Christ ;
 King, Apostle, Saint, and Martyr, Confessor, Evangelist,
 Saintly Maiden, godly Matron, Widows who have watch'd to prayer,
 Join'd in holy concert singing to the Lord of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation, and have wash'd
their robes in blood,
Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus; tried they were,
and firm they stood :
Mock'd, imprison'd, ston'd, tormented, sawn asunder,
slain with sword,
They have conquer'd Death and Satan, by the might
of Christ the Lord.

Marching with Thy Cross their banner, they have
triumph'd following,
Thee the Captain of Salvation, Thee their Saviour
and their King ;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd ; gladly, Lord,
with Thee they died ;
And, by Death, to Life immortal they were born, and
glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk
in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and in-
finite ;
Love and Peace they taste for ever ; and all Truth
and Knowledge see
In the beatific vision of the Blessèd Trinity.

God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light,
Emmanuel,
In Whose Body, join'd together, all the Saints for-
ever dwell ;
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may for ever-
more
God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy
Ghost adore.

IV.—O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

(SUNDAY.)

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O Day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright !
On thee, the high, and lowly,
Through ages join'd in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

On thee, at the Creation,
The Light first had its birth ;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from Heaven ;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple Light was given.

Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise ;
A garden interseeted
With streams of Paradise ;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand ;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our Promised Land.

Thou art a holy ladder,
Where Angels go and come ;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to Heaven, our home ;

A day of sweet refection,
A day thou art of love ;
A day of Resurrection
From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly Manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams ;
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest ;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One

Henry Alford.

1810—1871.

HENRY ALFORD was born at 25, Alfred Place, Bedford Row, London, on the 10th of October, 1810. He was a son of Rev. Henry Alford, Rector of Aston Sandford. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1829, and graduated in 1832. He was ordained as Curate of Ampton in 1833, and became Fellow of Trinity in 1834. He was Vicar of Wymeswold from 1835 to 1853, Incumbent of Quebec Chapel, London, from 1853 to 1857, and Dean of Canterbury from 1857 until his death, which took place on the 12th of January, 1871. He was Hulsean Lecturer 1841-2. His literary labours were manyfold and incessant, the greatest of his undertakings being his edition of the Greek Testament, a work which took him twenty years to complete. His earlier hymns were published in the *Christian Observer* and the *Christian Guardian* (1830), and these were followed by a volume, "Poems and Poetical Fragments" (1833); "The School of the Heart and Other Poems" (1835); "Hymns for the Sundays and Festivals throughout the Year" (1836); "The Abbot of Muchelnaye" (1841); "Psalms and Hymns" (1844); "Poetical Works" (1845); "A Year of Praise" (1867); and "The Lord's Prayer" (1869); besides which he contributed verse to *Macmillan's Magazine* and *Good Words*.

Dean Alford's general poems were never popular, nor do they possess the qualities which secure the "audience fit, though few," which is the consolation of so many who miss wider recognition. His translations show the scholar rather than the poet, and his other poems lack originality of thought and poetic felicity of diction.

The following lines, dated 1862 and entitled "Life's Answer," were contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine* :—

I know not if the dark or bright
 Shall be my lot :
 If that wherein my hopes delight
 Be best or not.
 It may be mine to drag for years
 Toil's heavy chain :
 Or day and night my meat be tears
 On bed of pain.
 Dear faces may surround my hearth
 With smiles and glee :
 Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
 Be strange to me.
 My bark is wasted to the strand
 By breath divine :
 And on the helm there rests a hand
 Other than mine.
 One who has known in storms to sail
 I have on board :
 Above the raving of the gale
 I hear my Lord.
 He holds me when the billows smite,
 I shall not fall :
 If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light ;
 He tempers all.
 Safe to the land—safe to the land,
 The end is this :
 And then with Him go hand in hand
 Far into bliss.

ALFRED H. MILES.

HYMNS.

HENRY ALFORD.

I.—IN TOKEN THAT THOU SHALT NOT FEAR, (BAPTISM.)

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.
In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His name,
We blazen here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.
In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain ;
In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high ;
Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own ;
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown.

II.—COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE.

(HARVEST.)

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home
All is safely gather'd in
Ere the winter storms begin :
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied ;—
Come, to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home !

All this world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear :
 Lord of Harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take His Harvest home ;
 From His field shall in that day
 All offences purge away ;
 Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast ;
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In His garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come,
 Bring Thy final Harvest-home ;
 Gather Thou Thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
 There for ever purified,
 In Thy garner to abide :
 Come, with all Thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-home !

III.—TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND

(TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.)

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransom'd saints
 Throng up the steeps of light :

'Tis finish'd—all is finish'd,
 Their fight with death and sin ;
 Fling open wide the golden gates
 And let the victors in.

What rush of Hallelujas
 Fills all the earth and sky !
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
 O day, for which Creation
 And all its tribes were made !
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousand-fold repaid !

O then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 What knitting sever'd friendships up,
 Where partings are no more !
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimm'd with tears of late ;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power and reign :
 Appear, Desire of nations,—
 Thine exiles long for home ;
 Show in the heavens Thy promised sign ;
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come !

IV.—FORWARD! BE OUR WATCHWORD,
(PROCESSIONAL.)

FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices join'd ;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind ;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head ;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By Jehovah led ?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight ;
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light !
Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind ;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind ;
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace ;
Faint not, till around us
Gleams the Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.
Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth ;
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day ;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray,

Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night :
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared ;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard ;
Nor of these hath utter'd
Thought or speeoh a word.
Forward, marching eastward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight !

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth,
That fair home is ours ;
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold ;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In Jehovah's might ;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into Light !

Into God's high Temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness

Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied tone;
Soften'd words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone:
Every thought upraising
To our City bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the throne of Light.

Nought that City needeth
Of these aisles of stone:
Where the Godhead dwelleth,
Temple there is none:
All the saints that ever
In these courts have stood,
Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food.
On through sign and token,
Stars amidst the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

To the Father's glory
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord Jehovah,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night,
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light!

BE JUST AND FEAR NOT.

HENRY ALFORD.

SPEAK thou the truth. Let others fence,
And trim their words for pay :
In pleasant sunshine of pretence
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact ; though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop :
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind. Though safer seem
In shelter to abide :
We were not made to sit and dream :
The safe, must first be tried.

Where God hath set His thorns about,
Cry not, " The way is plain :"
His path within for those without
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed Word,
Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole, half-heard
And by thine interest turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam,
Set not thy bushel down :
The smallest spark may send his beam
O'er hamlet, tower, and town.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought,
And as thy thought, thy speech :
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on—thou hast the rock,
The foes are on the sand :
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
Scatters their shifting strand :

While each wild gust the mist shall clear
We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in Him that's True.

Horatius Bonar.

1808—1889.

BORN in Edinburgh on the 19th of December, 1808, Horatius Bonar came of a family which had taken a prominent part on the side of Presbyterianism during Covenanting days. Thomas Chalmers, the eminent Scottish theologian, was at the height of his power when Bonar entered the Edinburgh Divinity Hall. The influence of Chalmers, and of his fellow student Robert Murray McCheyne (whose biography has been written by his brother, Dr. Andrew Bonar), greatly strengthened his “hereditary evangelical sympathies.” He became a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, but seceded in 1843, and was one of those who founded the Free Church. He was settled for many years at Kelso, and subsequently removed to a charge at the Grange, Edinburgh, where he remained until his death on July 31st, 1889. So great was his zeal, and so untiring his energy, that, when long past his seventieth year, he not unfrequently preached on summer Sunday evenings in the open air, after having previously preached twice in his own church. His monthly addresses to children were exceedingly popular, and were attended by children from all parts of Edinburgh.

Dr. Bonar was a voluminous and most successful author, and his works, both in prose and in verse,

are too numerous to mention in detail. Perhaps the best known of his prose works is "God's Way of Peace," of which, at the time of his death, more than two hundred and eighty-five thousand copies had been printed. His "Hymns of Faith and Hope" have attained an almost world-wide celebrity. Indeed, it was as a lyrist that he reached his highest excellence. He once remarked that "When the Weary, seeking Rest" (p. 253), was his "favourite" among all his hymns, though he added, with true critical insight, "it has less of poetry in it than some of them." "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say" (p. 252), and "A Few more Years shall Roll" (p. 255), the latter set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, are very successful hymns which appeal to the intelligence of uncultivated people, and moreover, they are beautiful poems with the qualities inseparable from lyrics of a high class. Probably it is not unreasonable to think that Dr. Bonar possessed as much genuine poetic power as any hymn writer of the present century except Cardinal Newman. Tender and graceful occasional poems show, also, that had he sought it, he could have gained a reputation as a secular poet. His long poem, in blank verse, entitled "My Old Letters," published in 1877, was not altogether successful. The introductory lyric, however, is full of melody and sweetness, and, as an interesting piece of poetic autobiography, may be introduced here.

Not written down in haste, but in the quiet
Of thoughtful seasons, still to memory dear,
When the whole soul was calm, and the world's riot,
Even in its echo, came not to my ear;
What I have thought, and felt, and seen, and heard is here.

Sometimes the cloud, but oft the happier noonlight
 Floated above me, as I mused and sung :
 At times the stars, at times the mellow moonlight
 Gave ripeness to the fruit of pen and tongue,
 While o'er my ravelled dreams the years and ages hung.

In days of public strife, when, sharp and stinging,
 The angry words went daily to and fro,
 Friend against friend the polished missiles flinging,
 Each seeking who could launch the keenest blow,
 I went to thee, my harp, and bade thy numbers flow.

In hours of heaviness thy solace seeking,
 I took thee up and woke the trembling tone
 Of the deep melody within thee, speaking
 Like the heart-broken thrush, that sits alone,
 Mourning its spoiled nest and all its nestlings gone.

Into these pages peace-thoughts weave their brightness ;
 The peace that has been, is, and is to be,
 Is here ; peace-blossoms in their tranquil whiteness
 I've shaken, as I passed from tree to tree,
 Relics of many a strange and broken history.

Lie there, my pen ! Only a little longer,
 And then thy work shall be for ever done :
 Death in these pulses daily growtheth stronger ;
 Life's ruby drops are oozing one by one ;
 The dreams that flowed thro' thee shall soon be dreamed
 alone !

Rest kindly now, beside what thou hast written :
 Let *that* a little longer linger here ;
 By age unwithered, and by time unsmitten,
 True leaves of health, that never can grow sere,
 From the great tree of life, plant of a purer sphere !

Thou art the lute with which I sang my sadness,
 When sadness like a cloud begirt my way ;
 Thou art the harp whose strings gave out my gladness
 When burst the sunshine of a happier day,
 Resting upon my soul with sweet and silent ray.

The sickle thou with which I have been reaping
My great life-harvest here on earth ; and now
'Mid these my sheaves I lay me down unweeping,—
Nay, full of joy, in life's still evening-glow,
And wipe the reaper's sweat from this toil-furrowed brow.

From this right hand its cunning is departing,
This wrinkled palm proclaims its work is done :
Look back, fond reaper, to thy place of starting,—
Days, months, and years, a lifetime past and gone ;—
Say, which is best, thy rising or thy setting sun ?

I may not stay. These hills that smile around me
Are full of music, and its happy glow
Beckons me upward ; all that here has bound me
Seems now dissolving ; daily I outgrow
The chains and drags of earth. I rise, I go, I go !
THE GRANGE, August 1876.

A staunch ecclesiastical Conservative, and one who in public controversies knew how to be bitter, in private life he was always genial, while his scholarship and his knowledge of men and things made personal intercourse with him most pleasant. One could not be in his company, and notice his intellectual face with its massive forehead, without supposing him to be a man of power, and the impression was fully confirmed when one heard him talk.

MACKENZIE BELL.

HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE.

HORATIUS BONAR.

I.—HOW LONG.

MY God, it is not fretfulness
That makes me say "How long?"
It is not heaviness of heart
That hinders me in song;
'Tis not despair of truth and right,
Nor coward dread of wrong.

But how can I, with such a hope
Of glory and of home;
With such a joy before my eyes
Not wish the time to come,—
Of years the jubilee, of days
The Sabbath and the sum?

These years, what ages they have been!
This life, how long it seems!
And how can I, in evil days,
'Mid unknown hills and streams,
But sigh for those of home and heart,
And visit them in dreams?

Yet peace, my heart; and hush, my tongue;
Be calm, my troubled breast;
Each restless hour is hastening on
The everlasting rest:
Thou knowest that the time thy God
Appoints for thee, is best.

Let faith, not fear nor fretfulness,
 Awake the cry, "How long?"
 Let no faint-heartedness of soul
 Damp thy aspiring song :
 Right comes, truth dawns, the night departs
 Of error and of wrong.

II.—I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto Me and rest ;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold I freely give
 The living water ;—thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light ;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till travelling days are done.

III—WHEN THE WEARY, SEEKING REST.

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
 To Thy goodness flee ;
 When the heavy-laden cast
 All their load on Thee ;
 When the troubled, seeking peace,
 On Thy Name shall call ;
 When the sinner, seeking life,
 At Thy feet shall fall :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the worldling, sick at heart,
 Lifts his soul above ;
 When the prodigal looks back
 To His Father's love ;
 When the proud man, in his pride,
 Stoops to seek Thy face ;
 When the burdened brings his guilt
 To Thy throne of grace ;
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the stranger asks a home,
 All his toils to end ;
 When the hungry craveth food,
 And the poor a friend ;
 When the sailor on the wave
 Bows the fervent knee :
 When the soldier on the field
 Lifts his heart to Thee :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the man of toil and care
 In the city crowd ;
When the shepherd on the moor
 Names the name of God ;
When the learnèd and the high,
 Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
 Name the blessed Name :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the child, with grave fresh lip
 Youth, or maiden fair ;
When the agèd, weak and grey,
 Seek Thy face in prayer ;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
 Sad and lone and low ;
When the orphan brings to Thee
 All his orphan-woe :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When creation, in her pangs,
 Heaves her heavy groan ;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
 Breathe their bitter moan ;
When Thy widowed, weeping Church
 Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh—
 “Come, Lord Jesus, come :”
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

IV.—A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for Thy great day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time ;
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore ;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more ;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

John Stuart Blackie.

1809—1895.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE is represented in Vol. IV of the POETS AND POETRY OF THE CENTURY by a selection of verse which was largely his own choice ; but his " Songs of Religion and Life " (1876) give him claims to a place in any volume devoted to the sacred poetry of his time, hence two poems from that work are quoted here. Perhaps no better representation could be given of his fine manly religious spirit within the space than that afforded by the following lines entitled "The Laws of Nature" and the "Benedicite," given in the succeeding pages.

The fool hath in his heart declared,—by laws
Since time began,
Blind, and without intelligential cause,
Or reasoned plan,
All things are ruled. I from this lore dissent,
With sorrowful shame
That reasoning men such witless wit should vent
In reason's name.
O Thou that o'er this lovely world hast spread
Thy jocund light,
Weaving with flowers beneath, and stars o'erhead
This tissue bright
Of living powers, clear Thou my sense, that I
May ever find
In all the marshalled pomp of earth and sky
The marshalling mind !

Laws are not powers; nor can the well-timed courses
 Of earths and moons
Ring to the stroke of blind unthinking forces
 Their jarless tunes.
Wiser were they who in the flaming vault
 The circling sun
Beheld, and in his ray, with splendid fault,
 Worshipped the one
Eye of the universe that seeth all,
 And shapeth sight
In man and moth through curious visual ball
 With fine delight.
O blessed beam, on whose refreshful might
 Profusely shed
Six times ten years, with ever young delight,
 Mine eye hath fed,
Still let me love thee, and with wonder new,
 By flood and field,
Worship the fair, and consecrate the true
 By Thee revealed !
And loving thee, beyond thee love that first
 Father of Lights
From whom the ray vivific marvellous burst,
 Might of all mighty,
Whose thought is order, and whose will is law.
 That man is wise
Who worships God wide-eyed, with cheerful awe
 And chaste surprise.

Since the publication of the volume already referred to, the poet has passed away from amongst us, and the place that knew his characteristic face and figure knows them now no more. He died at Edinburgh on the 2nd of March, 1895.

ALFRED H. MILES.

BENEDICITE.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord !
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Sun and moon bright,
Night and noonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Suns of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs where tumbling seas have roared !
Pulse of waters blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-heaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured ;
Silver fountain clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Bond and free man
Land and sea man,
Earth with peoples widely stored,
Woodman lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver !
Praise Him Father, Friend, and Lord !
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each blithe voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord !

Henry Ellison.

1811—1880.

HENRY ELLISON was the third son of Richard Ellison of Bagolt, co. Flint, and was born there on the 12th of August, 1811. His father was M.P. for Hereford: his mother a Miss Maxwell. Henry was admitted to Westminster School on the 7th of October, 1824. He proceeded in his seventeenth year to the University of Oxford, matriculating at Christchurch on the 23rd of October, 1828. He is designated of Sudbrooke Holme, co. Lincoln. Throughout, his title-pages bear that he was "of Christchurch, Oxford"; but no degree is in any case appended. He must have been in feeble health while young, as one of his most characteristic poems is headed "On being told I could not live long." Others betray despondency and even darker moods—the more noticeable in that he must have been under twenty-one years of age at the time. He appears as "student of Lincoln's Inn" in 1833. This same year he must have been abroad, as many of his poems are dated from Florence and other Italian, Swiss, and German cities and villages. In 1833 he made his advent as a poet and author from the Malta press in the most noticeable of all his books, as follows:—

"Mad Moments, or First Verse Attempts, by a Born Natural, addressed respectfully to the light-headed of Society at large, but intended more

particularly for the use of that World's Madhouse, London. By Henry Ellison, of Christchurch, Oxford, 1833. 2 vols. Price 8s. 6d." (A third volume is promised at the end of the "Siberian Exile's Tale.")

Had Dr. John Brown in his *Horæ Subsecivæ* given full recognition to the fact that the press was a foreign one, it would have saved him from his egregious blundering over the author's supposed intentional running of words into those singular conglomerations on which he exercises his wit though not his wisdom. Besides, had the genial essayist's knowledge of his author not been extremely superficial, he would have known of the later editions, wherein an English press puts right all these and innumerable other mistakes and misprints, not without objurgation and lamentation of the poet over his Maltese printer's performances. His next book was entitled "Man and Nature in their Poetical Relations" (2 vols., 1838?), whereof he thus speaks in "Address to the Readers" in another volume that shall be described immediately :—

"These trifles are conceived in the same spirit, and for the same purpose as my larger work, entitled, 'Man and Nature in their Poetical Relations.' . . . This larger work contains in two volumes as much as usually forms four, there being not less than 26,000 lines therein."

Singularly enough, in no public library—from British Museum to the Bodleian and his own college of Christchurch—is a copy of this work to be found; while I have personally sought by agencies and advertisements over many years in vain for it. Was ever disappearance of a modern book more extraordinary? I have a strong impression that the

entire edition lies somewhere in unappreciative hands *id est* that it fell (practically) still-born from the press, much as later did "Stones from the Quarry."

Following this seeming-lost book came "Touches on the Harp of Nature, in the same key as Burns' grand anthem ('A Man's a man for a' that'). London: William Edward Painter, 342, Strand. 1839." In 1844 he published "The Poetry of Real Life: A new edition, much enlarged and improved. (First Series.) By Henry Ellison. Nihil humani a me alienum puto. London. Published for the Author by John Lee, 440, West Strand. MDCCXLIV." It was reissued with simply a new title-page and with a motto from Wordsworth by "G. Willis, 42, Charing Cross, and Great Piazza, Covent Garden, 1851." The latter edition consisted of unsold copies of the former, just as there are copies of "Mad Moments" with a London title-page substituted ("Painter, 342, Strand, 1839"—a new "Address" prefixed). The "Poetry of Real Life" consists substantially of the poems of "Mad Moments" carefully and critically worked over, but too often the revisions are as wooden as Wordsworth's later readings and insertions. After a long interval, but undated, appeared the following pseudonymous work:—

"Stones from the Quarry; or, Modes of Mind." By Henry Browne. London: Provost & Co., Henrietta Street, Covent Garden (pp. xix., 380).

Such is the small sum of our biographic and bibliographic data concerning Henry Ellison, save that he was married to a Miss Wells, who pre-deceased him some years—childless, and that he died on the 13th of February, 1880, in his sixty-

ninth year. He was buried at Boultham near Lincoln, in the family ground. I have searched fruitlessly all likely sources without happening upon a single memorial-word. He seems to have slipped out of life like a knotless thread through a needle (if the homely metaphor be permissible). Not only so, but congruous with all this is the absolute ignorance of him on the part of otherwise well-informed critics, so that nowhere does one come on any quotation from his relatively numerous volumes. To Dr. John Brown, therefore, belongs the distinction of having first called attention to the remarkable poetry of Henry Ellison; and it is pleasant to the lovers of both that, after every abatement—some of the abatements finical and unseeing—his verdict was high and unmistakable. He thus puts his final judgment:—

“Yet our Born-natural’s two thick and closely-printed volumes are as full of poetry as is an ‘impassioned grape’ of its noble liquor. He is a true poet.” If he owned any for Master it was Wordsworth.

That in all the known volumes of Henry Ellison there are grave faults and tantalising flaws even in the most consummate poems, audacities of eccentricity, violations of rhyme and rhythm, over-recurrence of the same rhyme-words, weak endings, carelessness of structure and construction, and sheer defiances of public opinion and sentiment, it were vain to deny. But whoso will take his five known volumes (whatever the lost ones may contain) and in patience of faith read on and on and through—pausing at times to ponder—will not lose his reward. He will find himself in contact with a

singularly penetrative intellect, before which rose far more than the eyes see of the mysteries of God's universe and nature and human nature, a wealth of high-thinking,—introspective and prescient,—bursts of lofty imagination, and hues of subtle fancy, and often and often felicities of wording and phrasing of the finest art. Nor was he without the salt of wit and humour, as the following hitherto unpublished lines by him, with which I have been favoured by a nephew of his, will show.

EUROPA ON THE WRONG BULL: ALBERT
MEMORIAL SCULPT.

You stall-fed ox! you, *you* Europa carry!
Go plough, dull brute, or some staid cow go marry!
Your tail should lash the air, your hoof strike fire;
Your eyeballs light the way with hot desire;
The wave from off your glowing flanks should hiss;
Your lolling tongue strain back to lick or kiss.
You marble sham! become again a stock,
Till hands of fire Europa's form unlock.
Though one should kick behind, Europa pinch
And nudge above, thou'l never budge an inch.
Get down, Europa! give the brute a kick,
He has no "go," and wants a good sharp prick.
Go, mount an "Irish bull" ('twill profit more)
On two legs, than this stock upon all four.
Not such the Bull that thee off whilom bore,
And, spurning Asia's, sought famed Europe's shore;
The winner of such prize was worth his fee
(Not so the Sculptor-man), though but Bull he!
The hand of Phidias made dead stones live,
But this can only take life from, not give!

The poem "Season Changes" is one of the longer of his poems, and is of such quality as ranges it with the type of poems represented by some of the "higher strains" of Dr. Henry More and Henry and Thomas Vaughan, Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il-

Pensero," and Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality"—all of the imperishable stuff and touched with the light of the Neo-Platonists. To find room for this remarkable poem,—which it were treason to mutilate,—our extent of choice has been inevitably limited. But our second selection, "Nature," will vindicate itself, whilst our third and fourth, "Two Odes to Psyche," though not without specks, must surely henceforth take a high place in any intelligent Anthology. So too his ode to "Antinous in the Florence Fine Art Gallery"—"On a Greek Vase"—on "Ghiberti's Gates to the Baptistry at Florence"—on "the Apollo Belvedere," and on "an undeciphered Etruscan death-urn." Ellison did so much of his poetic work in sonnets—sometimes like Palissy the Potter creating miracles of wonder out of clay, and sometimes like Benvenuto Cellini placing before us, as it were, flagon or casket of gold or silver-work,—that we include several representative ones. Perchance we might have chosen better; but those selected may perhaps tempt the reader to search out the volumes that contain the others. I should have liked to have spoken of "Emma, a Tale," and of "Hearing an Old Time Song," and several other of his longer pieces, and of his pregnant and pathetic addresses in prefaces and notes, and considerable expository prose; but my space is exhausted. And so I close my inadequate but heartfelt notice by deplored the inexplicable reticence of living Ellisons regarding Henry Ellison. He is a puzzle in many ways, but scarcely less is the unconcern of his representatives toward his memory.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

MAD MOMENTS: OR FIRST VERSE ATTEMPTS
BY A BORN NATURAL.

1833.

HENRY ELLISON.

I.—SEASON-CHANGES; THEIR SIGNS AND MORAL.

WHEN Summer fruits have ripen'd sweet,
When winds are sighing, and flowers dying,
And latest are blinking in brake and dell;
When Autumn leaves are first wind-flying,
And rainbow-hued by the rip'ning spell,
Of sun-baked juices that downward fleet
From the seasoned boughs i' the roots to dwell,
In their Winter cells; when old carles tell
By ingle blaze, their Christmas tales
That smack of the taste of ancient days;
And the New Year midnight's dream is told
To the flame-flap and the whistling gale's
Wild Winter music, as he lays
Some stout oak low, and the blood runs cold
Of the prick-eared urchin, 'neath the charm
Of brain-coined fears and sprite-wrought harm;
And good old songs, heart-music, meet
To merrymakings, where the heart
Takes a new lease of life and love,
Are sung by household lips, so sweet
To wiser minds, who play their part
On life's calm home-stage, far above
Ambition's vain heart-severing cares,
Soul-soiling wealth, and all the fears
Of him whose mind is not his own,
But fashioned at Opinion's beck,
Chameleon-like, a bubble blown

By every breath of Folly thro'
The void wherein 'tis born and dies ;
With no self-strength, self-worth, or hue,
But borrowed all, like atomies
Wind-lifted in the sunbeam's track.
When Summer feelings pass away
With the bright things that gave them birth,
They leave their sweetness in the heart,
By Thought's honey-bees preserved
And for after-times reserved ;
Thought's honey-bees, whose Summer-day
Tho' gone, has left a sober mirth,
Which shall endure with kindly ray
To lighten o'er the Winter-hearth ;
In the hour of outward dearth
A taste of past joys to impart :
As the honey still retains
The flavour which the flower gave,
When *this* to charm no more remains,
And wisdom *that*, alone can save ;
Their colours, forms and scents and hues,
The soul can take from outward things,
And with them recreate past views ;
Like the wild eagle it has wings
Of unseen motion, which will bear
It cloudwards from this prison-scene,
And give it visions fresh and fair.
When all fruits, ripe to the core
Swell to bursting ; when no more
You can see the toppling wain
Crowned with Cere's golden grain,
Filling all the narrow lane ;
And as creaking on it goes
Leaving corn-spikes on the rows

Of the hedge-side elms, which spread
In groin-like arches overhead.
When the garners brimfull tell
That the earth has yielded well ;
Paying back man's toil and care
With all gifts and produce fair ;
Teaching many a lesson high
In her wise economy ;
Had to turn to fitting use
Means which men too oft abuse ;
And e'en in most despisèd things
To seek and find high minist'rings.
When the rainbow harvests all
Are gathered in, and none to fall
'Neath hook or sickle now remain ;
'Tis a sign that Summer's train
Has departed ; that again
Prudence, Toil, and Hope begin
A new race, repeating in
The self-same track, the self-same round
Of the Season's narrow bound ;
The image of the former year,
As in a glass reflected clear.
When the stubble field, close-clipped,
Tells that harvest-home is done ;
Tho' Fancy still can think she hears,
(Cheating her heart from Winter-fears)
The harvest carols dying on
Her charmèd ear, and sheafèd corn
Loud-rustling in the breeze, or borne
To the careful granary ;
There to be stacked high and dry
For the Winter use, or years
Of scanty growth ; when now frost-nipp'd

Flowers hang drooping 'neath the Morn ;
Tho' the lark still soars the sky
As tho' Winter's dreaded name
Not one pulse of joy could tame ;
Season-free, as unto him,
All times and places were the same ;
When the swallow's swift wings skim
The foam-wave that sparkles by ;
Speeding blithely whence he came ;
When the cawing rooks do gather
Sticks and straws for Winter-weather ;
Architects who build and plan
Tho' unschool'd, as well as man,
With his terms of Art precise,
And his rules and measures nice.

When the red-cheeked apple falls,
And from the purple-stainèd grapes
Dropping ripe on warm South walls
The nectar juice almost escapes ;
When from Summer's parting lip
Their last beauty-tinge they take ;
Fragrant hues and scents that make
The wandering bee athirst to sip
Dew-wine, with warm sunbeams blent,
That might fill the veins nigh spent
Of age with vigour—bunches such
As in his rosy-fingered clutch
(Sweet as kisses, full and lush)
Bacchus' self was wont to crush
When with frolic, mirth and glee
And many-voicèd revelry,
From the mid-day heat he strayed
Thro' Nysa's echo-haunted shade ;
Where the Dryads answered him

'Mid the alleys faint and dim ;
And the many-fountained glade
By the birds was vocal made ;
While from some wide-branching oak
Came the Woodman's far-off stroke ;
Far far from the sacred spot
Which man's foot disturbed not ;
There on heaped up flowers he'd lie
Counting the moments as they fly,—
Grape-berries for his rosary :
Whose nectar-drops seemed to his mouth
Sweet as the breath of the sweet South ;
Trickling o'er his laughing lip,
As with head held back he'd sip ;
While old Silenus watched the boy,
And held his sides, and laughed for joy :
Now when 'neath their leafy palls
Tender flowerets buried lie,
Yielding to harsh Destiny,—
From which nothing fair escapes,
And the hoar-frost weaves fancy-shapes,
Till the thawing sunbeam falls ;
For Nature has her fancies too,
And with the clouds and with the winds
She fashions pictures ever-new,
At her sweet will, like poet-minds
Who are but utterers of things
Which she has sent thro' ear and eye,
Unto the heart, which o'er them flings
The charm of human feeling high ;
The sweet touch of humanity.
The heart, which by its hopes and fears,
Its yearnings, joys and loves endears
The meanest thing ; 'til it can give

An impulse unto all who live :
Yes ! in Nature's every form,
In cloud, in sunshine, and in storm ;
In voice of stream, or song of bird,
In all that's seen and all that's heard,
One spirit still is hovering nigh,
The soul of all her poesy ;
Typ'd in the Echo's mystic voice
That bids the heart of man rejoice
To think the universal soul
Pulsing thro' each part and whole,
A sympathetic response gives
Unto everything that lives.
'Tis from this eternal source
Each smaller stream derives its course
Supplied like rivers from the sea,
And flowing thither constantly.
Of all Nature's harmonies
The corresponding key-note lies
In man's soul, and every part
Hath an echo in his heart ;
As a mirror, where you see
All things in epitome ;
The moral world and physical
The outward and the inner, all
Form one vast and perfect whole
Moved by one pervading soul.
And the highest poet he
Who of the vast machinery
At the centre stands, and sees
Creation rise by due degrees ;
And with Wisdom's master-key
Unlocks the soul of harmony.

When grasshopper, chirping late,
Easing thus his merry heart,
Not from cares but over-joy,
Tells that Summer's out of date,
Yet thereat no fears annoy
His blithe spirit ; not one smart
For lost moments, wishes ill,
As he sang, so sings he still :
In his life-dregs keeping holy
That joy-essence fresh and clear,
Free from taint of melancholy ;
Which from Nature, when the Year
Saw his birth-day young like him
He received, a boon of glory
Man might envy, whom a whim
A mere nothing can o'er-dim ;
Changing Joy's smile to a tear
From his cradle to his bier :
Ever-seeking, never tasting,
Some air-form of Fancy grasping,—
Present moments ever-wasting,
For those that come not for his asking ;
And when come not worth the tasking ;
Wherewith Fancy, sick at heart,
Ransacked all her slippery art ;
Giving to Time's future shape
Graces ; in their stead the ape,
Grinning Mockery, to find ;
Disappointment hid behind
The form of ripe fruition
When the bubble-dream is gone !

When the Redbreast whistles blithe,
Taking of sweet song his fill,

Tho' the other birds be still ;
And the lambs full-sized bleat strong,
Well-wool'd 'gainst the Winter's chill ;
When no more the reaping scythe
Finds a cornstalk to cut down
And the stubblefield looks brown ;
Where the formless vapor shows
Objects indistinct and wrong ;
When the daylight shorter grows,
And owl and bat's delight is long ;
When nigh eveless Night draws on,
Waiting scarce for set of sun ;
Like enchantress, whose high spell
Works a sudden miracle.
When the Nightingale's spell-song
Is rare heard the brakes among ;
Now by ruder sounds o'erblown
Which from Winter take their tone ;
The harsh-voicèd wind 't may be,
With rude-season'd rivalry ;
Or the Night-birds bolder made
By the lengthened evening's shade ;
When the peasant, weather-wise,
Shakes his grey head at the skies ;
By his blazing cottage flame
Mutters Winter's chilly name,
Lives o'er the Past in many a tale,
And prophecies, and quaffs his ale ;
While the fire's fitful blaze
On his sunburnt features plays,
And in chimney-nook to sleep
Tirèd dog and urchin creep.
When the weather-signs are rife,
Telling of new Season's life ;

And all creatures, instinct-wise,
Tho' taught not to philosophize,
Now prepare, each in his way
To protract life's little day ;
When the hazel-nuts full-grown
To the squirrel ripely shown
Thro' the scant leaves plump and brown
Give a relish to his tooth
Epicures might grudge in sooth ;
And the acorns pattering
To the swine a rich treat bring ;
While the passing traveller sees
Them grunting 'neath the wind-shook trees.

Now when all Earth's living creatures
Tell of change in Time's old features ;
And thy own heart, plainer still
Than falling leaf or faded hill ;
Tells thee that the Summer's flown
With all joys that thou hast known ;
When thou feel'st that, like the Year
Thy heart too is in the sere
And yellow leaf ; that it must be
Changed in its fancied unity ;
Reflect but shattered fragments now
Like broken glass of former joy,
And of its former self retain
Dull memory with present pain ;
The remnants of a joy which was
A perfect whole, ere Time the glass
Of Hope had broke, whose fragments now
But multiply an idle show ;
Which puzzles still the cheated eye
That vainly would identify.

Take courage Heart; for here below
What are such things but idle show;
Whose whole worth in thyself doth dwell
Created by thy magic spell.
According as thou turn'st to good
Or evil use, Time's changeful mood :
So, like the wind the eagle's wings
'Twill lift thy soul to higher things
Than those whereon the eye doth rest,
Or make thee level with the beast
Who lives but unto time and earth,
Whereof his food and joys have birth.
But thou that draw'st from such mean source
Only thy body's brief-lived force ;
Should'st not submit thy soul thereto
But to its service these subdue ;
Nor from the changeful Seasons here,
Take argument of hope or fear.

When thy heart with outward things
Tells that Time upon his wings
Has thy Summer-fancies stole,
And far from th' imagin'd goal
Still thy hopes keep toiling on,
For joys that seemed already won,
And in future trust to find
Bliss that shall not cheat the mind,
More than all thou'st left behind ;
Tho' if thou think'st well, there is
Nor surer, nor a greater bliss ;
For what so sure as that which thou
Dost enjoy, not thinking how
Or when, or where, it is enjoyed,
Lost in the bliss, which is destroyed,
Or past, when you begin to think

Of what it is ; then does it shrink
Up from a boundless joy to a
Cold reflex of what's passed away.

When all these signs tell the Year
Hath laid Summer on his bier,
When all fruits are gathered in,
And our indoor joys begin ;
When the fixed mind seeks at home
Bliss for which fools vainly roam ;
When in sober thought it tastes
Sweeter joys than Summer wastes ;
Who, too lavishly profuse
Of pleasure, scarcely knows its use ;
Plucking fruit and smelling flower
As Winter had o'er these no power ;
Who severely wise and kind
Concentrates within the mind.
When at Wisdom's harvest-home
Gleaning from the fleeting doom,
And quick change of earthly things
Bright truths and high aspirings ;
It self-centred in the sphere
Of desires calm and clear,
Moves on unto its true end,
E'en as kindred stars do bend
In one constellation knit,
To the source from whence they're lit.
Then look thro' thy heart, and say
What the Summer in its day
Has ripen'd there of good and bright,
That may glad thy after-sight.
Has it had its harvest-home ?
Its Spring growth ? and its Summer bloom ?

And when bloom has passed away
Has it had its seeding-day,
Of well-rip'ned, seasoned thought,
From Experience duly bought ;
Of wise joys, which in the mind
Seeds of better leave behind ;
Joys by sorrow touched and tried,
And freed from earthly dross and pride ;
Such as unreprov'd and free,
Sweeten after-memory,—
Like scents which tho' lost in air
Leave a long-breathed odour there :
Has the Summer left for thee
In the soul's high-granary,
Produce not of hasty growth
But of well-maturèd worth ?
Fellow-creature Love and Peace,
With a mind and heart at ease ;
An high trust in human worth,
Where true self-respect has birth ;
And a love for everything
Which with man holds communing,
From the meanest worm that creeps
To the babe that cradled sleeps,
On his mother's love-stirred breast,—
Like a young bird on the nest.
Has the Summer left thy heart,
That which passes show, the art
Like wise Nature, to prepare
From the Past a future fair ?
From thine undisturbèd breast,
To create a high self-rest ;
And as Earth seems barren round
Yet has rich seeds underground,

In the Winter of thy day,
Still to foster Faith's pure ray.
As the Earth within her breast
When she seems at barren rest,
Still prepares in her good time
Coming Springs ; and from the slime
Of the brute soil moulds to life
Forms with grace and beauty rife ;
So within thy inmost soul
Striving towards a higher goal,
From this life's impediments,
And the body's downward bents,
Frame thou the wings to upward aims,
As from the gross wood rise pure flames.
In thy spirit's fertile womb
Mould its shapes not for the tomb ;
There let Faith beget on Love
The angel thou shalt be Above !
From life's dull and Winter clime
Prepare the Springs of coming Time.
Thus the Seasons o'er thy heart
Pass, and leave no fretting smart ;
Each in its own kind is good,
Tho' they yield a different food ;
Still for immortality
Thought from all can draw supply ;
Meanings from the falling leaf ;
Warnings from things sweet and brief ;
Thoughts too deep for words, in things
To which home-dear Memory clings ;
Food for love in all we see,
For Love is the life-faculty ;
The high basis-element
Where noblest things take nobler bent ;

In which alone they breathe and fly,
Unfold their wings and seek the sky.
Thus pass the fleeting shows of things,
These Time takes off, e'en as he brings ;
While the pure soul unchanged doth lie
Self-centred in its unity.

Lies not life's true worth in thought ?
Are not hence its best hues caught ?
Can we not in soul pass in
To the promise-land, and win
Even to reality
Some shadow of that purer sky ?
View, like the Hebrew, from afar
The land which earthly senses bar ?
Is it not enough to think
And as with a Lethe-drink
Gnawing sorrows melt away,
In the warmth of Faith's full ray :
She feels not the weight of years ;
In her eye are no dim tears ;
She knows neither age nor youth,
For her being is a truth ;
And all truth unchanging is ;
No chameleon hues are his,
In old hearts and young the same,
Burning as their altar-flame.
Tho' I body old may be,
Still heart-young I'll taste the glee
Of all things that in my youth
Were to me a week-day truth ;
Ever in the hope before me,
As with prophet's eye I'll see,
From the rainbow's cloud-path rise

Shadowings of bright mysteries,
Wherein the soul doth trust to be
What here it seems but scantily.
Still shall Fancy to me bring
Flowers of Spring-blossoming ;
Buds of Southern hue and clime
In the chill mid-Winter time ;
With the ripest Summer-fruits
And a mood that therewith suits !
And tho' full-ripe they be not,
I'll not quarrel with my lot,
But the ripe half thankfully
Eat ; nor linger greedily
Till the whole shall ripen'd be ;
Grateful what the Seasons give
Will I take, and learn to live
As the wise bee, who doth hive
From each flower, as it blows
The honey which delay would lose :
Like him mould each different store
Into Wisdom's compact lore ;
Giving the enduring taste
To sweets which one brief hour might waste,
For no joy is perfect here ;
Half is ripe and half is sere ;
Half in Disappointment's shade ;
Half by Hope's warm sun o'er-rayed ;
I'll pluck it as it chance to be ;
Half is worth the whole to me ;
Fancy still shall bring me pleasures
From an whole life's scattered treasures
She shall plant in my old breast
Youth's wise heart with all life's best ;
Make me as I was of old,

Ere life's weary tale was told ;
Thus, for ever young, the heart
Changes with alchymic art
To pure gold the dross of things ;
Plucking from Time's rapid wings
Feathers for a higher flight,
When it feels full-fledged its might.
From Doubt's curious questionings,
Flashings forth of hidden things ;
Drawing stronger faith and love ;
Quickened pulses that do move
In a holier unison
(Like age-mellowed eld-time song
Sung in Nature's ear so long,)
With the hidden heart of things,
Throb for throb ; mysterious yearnings :
Thus as life shall near its end
Wisely I the dregs will spend ;
They shall not be troubled lees
Where all taste of goodness dies,
But a genial liquor still
Fit to cheer the heart at will.
Thus I'll pluck, on the grave's brink
Life's last flowers ere I sink ;
Then my last earth-glance shall be
Sweet as closing minstrelsy ;
Or as the calm sunset-ray
Betokening a fairer day ;
And the first taste of Heaven's bliss
Mingle with the last of this !
Thus my heart with sober mirth
Shall await its second birth ;
Self-moulded to that inward form
Which outlives both Time and storm !

II.—NATURE.

(As revised for "The Poetry of Real Life." 1844.)

OF mighty Nature herself plays for me
Over again, (that I may the true key
Of Being hit), the music of the Past;
Not broken notes, as erst, (which scarce could be
Of their own sweetness conscious, ere, too fast,
And but half felt, they fled) but the whole vast
And boundless compass of her harmony;
Through all the vocal steps, e'en from the last,
Soft breathings, rising gradual to the blast
From the loud thunder to the cricket's glee,—
The homesomest note of all her minstrelsy;
Which links the music of the household hearth
With hers: man's small home with his vast home, earth!
And something more than this, oh something more
I hear (felt by the beating heart before,
At intervals, when hushed as is a flower,
It caught the import of some happier hour,
Yet scarcely conscious, though touched to the core :
Lost amid feelings, whose immensity
Makes us to pause, as when upon the shore
Of the hushed ocean we come suddenly)
A music of far far diviner power;
A choral burst from out the sanctuary,
The touching music of Humanity;
Which at the heart still of all Nature lies,
The deep bass now of all her harmonies.
In snatches I had felt it from the first,
Which more than they expressed seem to comprise;
Oft have the village-bells, the wild replies

Of Echo, as if earth with man conversed,—
A dying note, which seemingly dispersed,
Comes softly back once more, in whispering wise,
Like Nature at our ear, brought to my eyes,
The tears I scarce knew why, and scarcely durst
Ask mine own self: for awe—it seemed to rise
So far beyond my depth—to sympathise
With some mysterious pulse! but it has burst
On me at length, with its full melodies:
As thunder strong, yet gentle from the first
And clearly its deep import, not as erst
Unconsciously in all, I recognise!

What we entrust to Nature's keeping, she
Will beautify a thousand-fold for our
Enlarged perceptions, at some future hour;
Though but the childish recollections we
Link with the daisy, or the faded flower,
She makes it as a spell of boundless power:
And, if from youth we walk in her ways, free
And unreproved her footsteps to explore,
The music of our own hearts then will be
With her eternal music blent—still more,
And clearer felt—not distinct, as before,
But needful parts of one full harmony:
Where what one wants the other doth supply.

The music which in boyhood charmed my ear,
The sound of village-bell, of bird and brook,
Was set to hopes and yearnings, which, tho' dear
And deep, and holy, their sole impulse took
From homes so blessed, yet still narrow sphere
Music, which few beyond would care to hear

Yet, since that too was hers, and in a key,
In which the highest melodies might be
Composed, was set e'en then—the key of Love—
In which the music of the spheres above
By God Himself is tuned!—still, as I grew
Did she enlarge, as she is wont to do,
For those who put their trust in her alone,
Its sphere and compass, till it now runs through
The whole vast scale, down to the smallest tone,
The least, least note, to living creature known!
Till this wide Earth seems now but as my home,
With the old footsteps marked, where'er I roam!
For such, to my enlarged perceptions shown,
With years expanding, the vast hall has grown,
And all things therein, as transfigured, shine,
Enlarged for mankind's use, yet not to mine
Lost or diminished, but brought far, far more
Within my reach—a richer, goodlier store!
Thus all I seem'd to have lost again I find,
Differing but in degree—the same in kind!
The village-clock, whose chimes rang out so sweet,
With memories of youth and home replete,
Is now changed to the vast clock of the sky,
Whose chimes, the spheres, ring out man's destiny!
And Earth, the grave of millions, is to me
Now sacred as the churchyard seemed to be,
In which the graves of my beloved ones lie!
With dew, for holy-water, the great God
Hath blessed it—yea! each flower on the sod!
His blessing is on all perceptible—
And from each open grave His voice is sent,
The echo to man's deep presentiment!
Thus find I still, e'en to the least detail,
All home held dear, upon so grand a scale!

This world is now, with its starlighted dome,
Dear and familiar to me, as the room,
Where, in the holy concert, small yet true,
My heart, with those of all I loved, was like
A string, which Nature's hand e'en then did strike,
Yielding a music which, though low, thrilled through
The World's profound heart, that e'en then with it
Did beat, and strange, electric throbs transmit !
But now it swells into a nobler strain,
A mightier harmony, which can constrain
The pulses of the hush'd world, and subdue
Men's hearts to rapture !—for 'tis now in true
Accord, and set to larger joy and pain,
The hopes and yearnings of this vaster home,
(For ever echoing up to heavens' dome,
And mingling with the music of the spheres :
Where, like its written note, each star appears,
The score, with fire traced through all the sky !)
The deep sweet music of Humanity !
So deep, that its least tone can stir to tears !
Which e'en the living God delighted hears !
And, in its sublime swell of harmony
(Like the world-organ's, whose vast pipes are blown
Upon by all the four winds of the sky
At once, so to produce commensurate tone
And fill its mighty lungs perpetually
With breath, that it may lift its voice on high,
And with its choral thunders still make known
The power of God ! yet melting gradually,
(His gentleness and mercy to imply)
Into a strain so soft, as not to wake
The bird upon the bough, nor yet to make
A dewdrop tremble in the flower's eye !)
Nature, my nobler mother grown, plays o'er

Again for me the music sweet of yore ;
Not lost, but as a soft, deep undertone,
Blest with, for aye, and still more like, her own !
So homesome, so familiar, so clear,
That all that sublime music doth appear
To me but as the airs I used to play
On mine own flute, upon my homeward way ;
And all the stops of that vast instrument,
Like those of my small pipe, obedient
To my least touch, repeat those tunes so dear ;
So that, like the first flowers of the Year,
Life's freshest feelings still to me are lent,—
For that which is true to the heart she keeps
In her own blessedness and beauty steeps,
And what man takes to heart, she takes to heart
Likewise, if good, and will not from it part—
Thus, if a truth be hid in antique rhyme,
She cleaves to it, and keeps it through all time :
Thus, the first song, that charmed our childish ear
Is still the sweetest music we can hear !
And comes back to us like the voice of God,
When in the paths of peace, His paths, we trod,
The paths of innocence : and with Truth played,
As with a cherub, who yet with us stayed !

III.—TO PSYCHE.

(ODE I.)

(As revised for "The Poetry of Real Life." 1844.)

First made immortal by Apuleius in his "Golden Ass," the classical story of Psyche and Cupid has exercised a strange fascination over poets of all lands and languages. Psyche is made to represent the human soul as embodied in woman, and Cupid, heavenly love as embodied in man. They are united under the condition (itself a subtle fancy) that their entire intercourse is to be limited to night and darkness, under the inexorable penalty on either of separation on any attempt to see one or other with the bodily eyes. Anger and Desire tempt Psyche to violate the bond of union, and, bearing a lit lamp with her, she enters their bed-chamber and gazes on the sleeping Cupid, but only to lose him.—A. B. G.

LEAT not a sigh be breathed, or he is flown !
LWith tip-toe stealth she glides, and throbbing breast,
 Towards the bed, like one who dares not own
 Her purpose to herself, yet cannot rest
 From her rash essay : in her trembling hand
 She bears a lamp, which sparkles on a sword :
 In the dim light she seems a wandering dream
 Of loveliness : 'tis Psyche and her lord,
 Her yet unseen, who slumbers like a beam
 Of moonlight, vanishing as soon as scann'd !
 One moment, and all bliss hath fled her heart ;
 She with her eyes the vision will dispel,
 And break the dreamy charm no magic art
 Can e'er replace ; alas ! we learn full well
 How beautiful the Past but to deplore ;
 While with seal'd eyes we hurry to the brink,
 Blind as the waterfall : oh, stay thy feet,
 Thou rash one ! let thine eye not covet more
 Of bliss than thy heart feels, nor vainly think
 That sight will make thy vision more complete !

Onward she glides, and gliding, doth infuse
 Her beauty into the dim air, that fain
 Would dally with it ; and, as the faint hues
 Flicker around, her charmèd eye-balls strain ;
 For there he lies in dreamy loveliness !
 Softly she steals towards him, and bends o'er
 His eyes, sleep-curtained, as a lily droops
 Faint o'er a folded rose : one meek caress
 She would, but dares not take ; and as she stoops
 A drop fell from the lamp, she trembling, bore.

Thereat, sleep-fray'd, dreamlike the god takes wing,
 And soars to his own skies, while Psyche strives
 To clasp his foot, and fain thereon would cling
 But falls insensate ; so must he who gives
 His love to sensual forms sink still to earth ;
 Whose soul doth cater to a wanton eye.
 Psyche ! thou should'st have taken that high gift
 Of love, as it was meant, that mystery
 Had use divine ; the gods do test our worth,
 And, ere they grant high boons, our hearts would sift !

Hadst thou no divine vision of thine own ?
 Didst thou not see the object of thy love
 Clothed with a beauty to mere sense unknown ?
 And could not that bright image, far above
 The reach of sere decay, content thy thought ?
 Which with its glory would have wrapp'd thee round,
 To the grave's brink, untouched by age or pain !
 Alas ! we mar what Fancy's womb has brought
 Of loveliest forth, and to the narrow bound
 Of sense reduce the Helen of the brain !

(ODE II.)

WHY stand'st thou thus at gaze
In the faint taper's rays,
With strainèd eyeballs fixed upon that bed ?
Has he then flown away,
Lost, like a star in day,
Or like a pearl in depths unfathomèd ?
Alas ! thou hast done very ill,
Thus with thine eyes the vision of thy soul to kill !

Thought'st thou that earthly light
Could then assist thy sight ?
Or that the limits of reality
Could grasp things fairer than
Imagination's span,
Who communes with the angels of the sky ?
Thou grasperst at the rainbow, and
Would'st make it as the zone with which thy waist
is spann'd !

And what find'st thou in his stead ?
Only the empty bed !
And what is that when no more hallowed by
Imagination ? a mere sty
For Sensualism to wallow in,
To which thy fault is near akin ;
Thou sought'st the earthly and therefore
The heavenly is gone, for that must ever soar !

For the bright world of
Pure and boundless love
What hast thou found ? alas ! a narrow room

Put out that light,
Restore thy soul its sight,
For better 'tis to dwell in outward gloom,
Than thus, by the vile body's eye,
To rob the soul of its infinity !

Love, Love has wings, and he
Soon out of sight will flee,
Lost in far ether to the sensual eye,
But the soul's vision true
Can track him, yea ! up to
The Presence and the Throne of the Most High :
For thence he is, and tho' he dwell below,
To the soul only he his genuine form will show !

Oh Psyche, Psyche, 'tis by our own thought
That Heaven's gifts to fit use must be wrought,
But what the soul itself can scarcely grasp,
Thou in thine arms wouldst sensually clasp !

SELECTED SONNETS.

HENRY ELLISON.

I.—THE DAY'S EYE.

(FROM "MAD MOMENTS.")

SWEET flower ! thou art a link of memory,
An emblem to the heart of bright days flown ;
And in thy silence, too, there is a tone
That stirs the inmost soul, more potently
Than if a trumpet's voice had rent the sky !
I love thee much, for when I stray alone,
Stealing from Nature her calm thoughts, which own
No self-disturbance, and my curious eye
Catches thy magic glance, methinks a spell
Has touched my soul ; once more I grow a boy ;
Once more my thoughts, that as a passing-bell,
Seemed to toll o'er departed shapes of joy,
Change to old chimes, and in my bosom swell
Fresh pulses of a bliss without alloy.

II.—THE ALP ROSE.

(FROM "MAD MOMENTS.")

HAST Thou not bade the Alp Rose bloom to Thee
All-bounteous God ! though mortal foot has rare
Or never trod the eternal snows, which there
Worship Thee silently ; nor curious eye
Sought in the wilderness Thy testimony ?
Let us not idly deem that aught in air
Or earth is barren beauty, so it bear
A witness unto Thee ; 'tis hallowed by
That thought, and has a moral beauty far
Beyond the pomp of thrones ! That lone flower might
Emblem true piety ; which, like a star,
Dwells 'mid a privacy of modest light,
Blessing unseen, unnoticed 'mid the glare ;
Her sole reward, the bliss of acting right.

III.—SONNET TO THE GENTIAN.

(FROM "MAD MOMENTS.")

SWEET flower of holiest blue! why bloom'st thou so
 In solitary loveliness, more fair
 In this thy artless beauty, than the rare
 And costliest garden-plant? why dost thou grow
 On the unthankful ice-cliff's printless brow,
 Like the fond offerings, which true hearts bear
 To the cold inmate of the grave? The air
 Is redolent of Heaven, and thy glow
 Of azure blue is caught from thence; but why
 Hid'st thou thy beauties from the sight of man?
 There is a moral in thy privacy!
 Truth will not grow where vulgar eyes may scan,
 Or hands unholy pluck—'tis for the sky
 She blooms, and those who seek, must climb, nor
 fear to die.

IV.—A SUNSET THOUGHT.

AS REVISED FOR "THE POETRY OF REAL LIFE."

THE sun is burning with intensest light
 Behind yon grove; which, in the golden glow
 Of unconsuming Fire, burns; as though
 It were the Bush, in which to Moses' sight
 The Lord appeared! And O, am I not right
 In thinking that he reappears e'en now
 To me, in the old Glory? So I bow
 My head, in wonder hush'd, before His might!
 Yea! this whole world so vast, to Faith's clear eye,
 Is but that burning Bush full of His Power,
 His Light, and Glory; not *consumed* thereby,
 But made *transparent*: till, in each least flower,
 Yea! in each smallest leaf, she can descry
His Spirit shining through it visibly!

V.—THE STARS.

(FROM "MAD MOMENTS.")

THE Stars come forth, a silent hymn of praise
 To the great God, and shining every one,
 Make up the glorious harmony, led on
 By Hesperus their Chorister; each plays
 A part in the grand concert with its rays,
 And yet so stilly, modestly, as none
 Claimed to himself ought of the good thus done
 By all together, mingled in soft blaze.
 Each has his path, there moves unerringly,
 Nor seeks for empty fame, do we as they.
 Let each soul lend its utmost light, each play
 In the grand concert of Humanity
 Its destined part;—then mankind on its way
 Shall move as surely as those stars on high.

VI.—LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT.

(FROM THE "POETRY OF REAL LIFE.")

SILENCE broods o'er the mighty Babylon,
 And Darkness, his twin-brother, with him keeps
 His solemn watch; the wearied city sleeps,
 And Solitude—strange contrast! muses on
 The fate of man, there, whence the crowd anon
 Will scare her with life's tumult! the great deeps
 Of human thought are stirless, yet there creeps,
 As 'twere, a far-off hum, scarce heard, then gone,
 On the still air: 'tis the heart doth move
 And beat at intervals, soon, from its sleep,
 To start refreshed. O Thou Who rulest above,
 Be with it in its dreams, and let it keep,
 Awake, the spirit of pure peace and love,
 Which Thou breath'st thro' it now, so still and deep!

VII.—ON ROBERT BURNS' HUMANITY.

(FROM THE "POETRY OF REAL LIFE.")

O H noble Burns ! thy soul was like the lark
 That 'neath thy feet sprang up to greet the sky,
 Yet singing of the earth eternally,
 And pleading up to heaven—while yet dark
 It lay beneath thee, thou afar didst mark
 The Day that cometh in its majesty ;
 And, kindling up thereat thy poesy,
 With its articulate blasts didst blow the spark !
 That spark of Love divine, which in thy soul
 God placed, and which, as still thou sang'st, did grow,
 And kindle, till it warm'd this mighty Whole—
 Until that Whole, transfigured in its glow,
 Revealed to thee the one great Word, the sole
 Abiding Truth—that LOVE is all below.

VIII.—TO WORDSWORTH.

(FROM THE "POETRY OF REAL LIFE.")

T HRO' clouds and darkness to meridian height
 Of glory, thou hast upward climbed, and now
 In empyrean blue, with cloudless brow
 Look'st o'er a prospect clear and infinite—
 Rejoicing by, rejoicing in, thy light !
 The vapours, which at first would not allow
 Full view of thee, are gone, we know not how ;
 Absorbed into thy splendour, and thy might !
 And now, great spirit, thou unto thy close
 Art hastening, and trails of glory make
 The heavens gorgeous for thy repose—
 Thou hast made day for all men to partake,
 And having thought of others and their woes,
 Shalt be remembered now for thy own sake.

THE POETRY OF REAL LIFE.

1844.

HENRY ELLISON.

I.—THE UPRIGHT MAN.

THE Upright Man, he goes his way,
He holds his God-marked brow erect,
His where-abouts are like the day,
Suspecting none, none him suspect.

He wears his arm upon his sleeve,
Though spiteful daws may peck at will,
And, though his fellow-men aggrieve,
His heart of good they cannot kill.

He loves and pities them, in spite
Of all the ill they cause him too,
Their loss, he knows, is infinite,
Better to suffer wrong than do !

He scorns to hide his thoughts, for 'tis
His glory to be free at heart,
And if his tongue were tied, he'd miss
His freedom, or its better part.

He scorns to do, too, i' the dark
What he should do in all men's sight ;
This is of Freedom, the true ark,
The real Palladium of Right.

He sees not in the ballot-box
The hope and freedom of a State,
But in Truth, Peace, and Justice, rocks,
Pillars, on which to lean its weight.

He does as he would be done by,
And covets not another's good,
But with it gladdens heart and eye,
And would increase it if he could.

He does increase it truly too,
And swells the general sum of bliss,
As through the moon, though hid from view
By other worlds, the sun lights this!

He yields obedience e'en where
The law is not as it should be,
For violence doth Peace impair,
Who brings, at last, all to agree.

Yet must he speak against the wrong,
Aye, though he suffer, he must speak,
For Truth is stronger than the strong,
And mightiest often in the weak.

And thoughts, high thoughts, like angels are,
And work unseen their work of grace,
Conveying their ministries afar,
When nearer home they leave no trace !

And oft when fall'n on evil days
Freedom awhile seems lost to Man,
One witness may again upraise,
And many end what one began.

He labours not for some poor end,
In darkling mole-ways of his own,
But with Mankind doth onward wend,
And *his* Good doth to its postpone.

Or, rather, they have one same Good,
And that which makes Mankind more wise
And happy, doth the one include,
And all his blessings multiplies.

He would take shame to think, that he,
The labours of Man's hand and thought,
So largely shared, without a plea,
Contributing thereunto nought.

Past ages both and present make
The goodly sum of each Man's bliss,
And he who adds most, more doth take,
And little truly can call his !

A nation builds him palaces,
With Art and Nature's wonders filled,
And bridges, as he goes, his ways
Prepare, just where he would have willed !

And vessels wait, to bear him o'er
The sea, as made for him alone,
He steps on board, and thinks no more
About it, till his voyage is done !

Sages, for him, great Nature's laws
Explore, and bring her to the light
He may know all that is or was,
A Being all-but infinite.

For him the greatest poets sing,
As if they sang for him alone,
And music from the heavens bring
For every fireside some tone !

Ungrateful were he then indeed,
If deeply he took not to heart
The want of Man, and bade God-speed
To all, and took in all a part.

So goes the upright man his way
One with mankind, not of a sect,
His goings open as the day
His actions, like the light, direct !

Frederick William Faber.

1814—1863.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER was born at the Vicarage, Calverley, Yorkshire, on the 28th of June, 1814. He was educated at Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1836, having carried off the Newdegate prize with his poem "The Knights of St. John." In 1837 he was elected to a fellowship at University College, and in the same year ordained deacon, accepting priest's orders in 1839. He took a private tutorship in 1840, and during 1841 travelled extensively with his pupils upon the Continent of Europe. In 1842 he published a work entitled "Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign People," which he dedicated to Wordsworth. In 1843 he became rector of Elton, in Huntingdonshire, and again visited the Continent, this time to inquire into the practical results of Catholic teaching, a deferred result of which was that in 1845 he entered the Church of Rome and founded a Brotherhood "of the will of God," first located at Birmingham, and afterwards at St. Wilfred's, Staffordshire. He was ordained priest in 1847, and in the following year joined the Oratory of St. Philip Neri under John Henry Newman, a branch of which he established at King William Street, Strand, London, in 1849. The London Oratory, which became a

separate institution in 1850, was removed to Brompton in 1854, and Faber continued at its head until his death, which took place there on the 26th of September, 1863. He was buried at St. Mary's, Sydenham. He published several volumes of verse: "The Knights of St. John" (1836); "The Cherwill Water Lily and other Poems" (1840); "The Styrian Lake and other Poems" (1842); "Sir Lancelot" (1844); "The Rosary and other Poems" (1845); "Hymns" (1848); "Jesus and Mary; or Catholic Hymns" (1849); and a complete edition of Hymns in 1862.

Faber enjoyed for a number of years the friendship of Wordsworth, to whom, as we have seen, he dedicated one of his early volumes. Upon hearing of Faber's determination to enter the Church, Wordsworth wrote him: "I do not say you are wrong, but England loses a poet." Whether Faber would ever have justified the application of the term poet in the high sense in which we should expect Wordsworth to use it may be doubted; but judged by any standard which it is proper to apply to sacred poetry, as such the best of his verse will take honourable rank. In "Carl Ritter," "The Heiress of Gösting," and the "Dream of King Crœsus," one of his best poems, he showed some faculty for narrative verse, but he lacked originality; and when not dealing with a classical or legendary theme showed want of resource and invention. Some of his hymns, however, have become very popular, and some contain the more enduring qualities not always found in popular work.

ALFRED H. MILES.

HYMNS.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

I.—THE PAIN OF LOVE.

JESUS! why dost Thou love me so?
What hast Thou seen in me
To make my happiness so great,
So dear a joy to Thee?

Wert Thou not God, I then might think
Thou hadst no eye to read
The badness of that selfish heart,
For which Thine own did bleed.

But Thou art God, and knowest all ;
Dear Lord ! Thou knowest me ;
And yet Thy knowledge hinders not
Thy love's sweet liberty.

Ah, how Thy grace hath wooed my soul
With persevering wiles !
Now give me tears to weep ; for tears
Are deeper joy than smiles.

Each proof renewed of Thy great love
Humbles me more and more,
And brings to light forgotten sins,
And lays them at my door.

The more I love Thee, Lord ! the more
I hate my own cold heart ;
The more Thou woundest me with love,
The more I feel the smart

What shall I do, then, dearest Lord !
 Say, shall I fly from Thee,
 And hide my poor unloving self
 Where Thou canst never see ?
 Or shall I pray that Thy dear love
 To me might not be given ?
 Ah, no ! love must be pain on earth,
 If it be bliss in Heaven.

II.—SUNDAY.

THERE is a Sabbath won for us,
 A Sabbath stored above,
 A service of eternal calm,
 An altar-rite of love.

There is a Sabbath won for us,
 Where we shall ever wait
 In mute or voiceful ministries
 Upon the Immaculate.

There shall transfigured souls be filled
 With Christ's Eternal Name,
 Dipped, like bright censers, in the sea
 Of molten glass and flame.*

Yet set not in thy thoughts too far
 Our Heaven and Earth apart,
 Lest thou shouldst wrong the Heaven begun
 Already in thy heart.

Though Heaven's above and Earth's below,
 Yet are they but one state,
 And each the other with sweet skill
 Doth interpenetrate.

* Apoc. xv. 1.

Yea, many a tie and office blest,
In earthly lots uneven,
Hath an immortal place to fill,
And is a root of Heaven.

And surely Sundays bright and calm,
So calm, so bright as this,
Are tastes imparted from above
Of higher Sabbath bliss.

We own no gloomy ordinance,
No weary Jewish day,
But weekly Easters, ever bright
With pure domestic ray;

A feast of thought, a feast of sight,
A feast of joyous sound,
A feast of thankful hearts, at rest,
From labour's wheel unbound;

A day of such homekeeping bliss
As on the poor may wait,
With all such lower joys as best
Befit his human state.

He sees among the hornbeam boughs
The little sparkling flood;
The mill-wheel rests, a quiet thing
Of black and mossy wood.

He sees the fields lie in the sun,
He hears the plovers crying;
The plough and harrow, both upturned,
Are in the furrows lying.

In simple faith he may believe
That earth's diurnal way
Doth, like its blessed Maker, pause
Upon this hallowed day.

And should he ask, the happy man !
If Heaven be aught like this :—
'Tis Heaven within him, breeding there
The love of quiet bliss.

Oh leave the man, my fretful friend !
To follow nature's ways,
Nor breathe to him that Christian feasts
Are no true holydays.

Is Earth to be as nothing here,
When we are sons of Earth ?
May not the body and the heart
Share in the spirit's mirth ?

When thou hast cut each earthly hold
Whereto his soul may cling,
Will the poor creature left behind
Be more a heavenly thing ?

Heaven fades away before our eyes,
Heaven fades within our heart,
Because in thought our Heaven and Earth
Are cast too far apart.

III.—JESUS CRUCIFIED.

O COME and mourn with me awhile,
See, Mary calls us to her side ;
O come and let us mourn with her :
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah ! look how patiently He hangs :
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

How fast His hands and feet are nailed ;
 His blessed tongue with thirst is tied ;
 His failing eyes are blind with blood :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

His Mother cannot reach His face ;
 She stands in helplessness beside ;
 Her heart is martyred with her Son's :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
 And all three hours His silence cried
 For mercy on the souls of men :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord ?
 By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried,
 And guilty found of too much love :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Found guilty of excess of love,
 It was Thine own sweet will that tied
 The tighter far than helpless nails :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Death came, and Jesus meekly bowed ;
 His falling eyes He strove to guide
 With mindful love to Mary's face :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

O break, O break, hard heart of mine !
 Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
 His Pilate and his Judas were :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Come, take thy stand beneath the cross,
And let the blood from out that side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop :
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
A broken heart love's cradle is :
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

O Love of God ! O sin of Man !
In this dread act your strength is tried :
And victory remains with love,
For He, our Love, is crucified !

IV.—THE AGONY.

O SOUL of Jesus, sick to death !
Thy blood and prayer together plead ;
My sins have bowed Thee to the ground,
As the storm bows the feeble reed.

Midnight—and still the oppressive load
Upon Thy tortured heart doth lie ;
Still the abhorred procession winds
Before Thy spirit's quailing eye.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord !
All darkly on Thy human soul ;
And clouds of supernatural gloom
Around Thee are allowed to roll.

The weight of the eternal wrath
Drives over Thee with pressure dread ;
And, forced upon the olive roots,
In deathlike sadness droops Thy head.

Thy spirit weighs the sins of men ;
Thy science fathoms all their guilt ;
Thou sickenest heavily at Thy heart,
And the pores open,—blood is spilt.

And Thou hast struggled with it, Lord
Even to the limit of Thy strength,
While hours, whose minutes were as years,
Slowly fulfilled their weary length.

And Thou hast shuddered at each act,
And shrunk with an astonished fear,
As if Thou couldst not bear to see
The loathsomeness of sin so near.

Sin and the Father's anger ! they
Have made Thy lower nature faint ;
All, save the love within Thy heart,
Seemed for the moment to be spent

My God ! my God ! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts,
Than of the wind that waves the bough ?

I sin,—and heaven and earth go round,
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if Christ's blood had never flowed
To hinder sin, or to atone.

I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

Shall it be always thus, O Lord ?
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me
The grace Thy passion merited,
Hatred of self and love of Thee ?

Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
And bleeding, on the earth He made.

And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to Him who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear !

V.—THE SORROWFUL WORLD.

I HEARD the wild beasts in the woods complain ;
Some slept, while others waken to sustain
Through night and day the sad monotonous round,
Half savage and half pitiful the sound.

The outcry rose to God through all the air,
The worship of distress, an animal prayer,
Loud vehement pleadings, not unlike to those
Job uttered in his agony of woes.

The very pauses, when they came, were rife
With sickening sounds of too successful strife,
As, when the clash of battle dies away,
The groans of night succeed the shrieks of day.

Man's scent the untamed creatures scarce can bear,
As if his tainted blood defiled the air ;
In the vast woods they fret as in a cage,
Or fly in fear, or gnash their teeth with rage.

The beasts of burden linger on their way,
Like slaves who will not speak when they obey ;
Their faces, when their looks to us they raise,
With something of reproachful patience gaze.

All creatures round us seem to disapprove ;
Their eyes discomfort us with lack of love ;
Our very rights, with signs like these alloyed,
Not without sad misgivings are enjoyed.

Earth seems to make a sound in places lone,
Sleeps through the day, but wakes at night to moan,
Shunning our confidence, as if we were
A guilty burden it could hardly bear.

The winds can never sing but they must wail ;
Waters lift up sad voices in the vale ;
One mountain-hollow to another calls
With broken cries of plaining waterfalls.

Silence itself is but a heaviness,
As if the earth were fainting in distress,
Like one who wakes at night in panic fears,
And nought but his own beating pulses hears.

Inanimate things can rise into despair ;
And, when the thunders bellow in the air
Amid the mountains, Earth sends forth a cry
Like dying monsters in their agony.

The sea, unmated creature, tired and lone,
Makes on its desolate sands eternal moan :
Lakes on the calmest days are ever throbbing
Upon their pebbly shores with petulant sobbing.

O'er the white waste, cold grimly overawes
And hushes life beneath its merciless laws ;
Invisible heat drops down from tropic skies,
And o'er the land, like an oppression, lies.

The clouds in heaven their placid motions borrow
From the funereal tread of men in sorrow ;
Or, when they scud across the stormy day,
Mimic the flight of hosts in disarray.

Mostly men's many-featured faces wear
Looks of fixed gloom, or else of restless care ;
The very babes, that in their cradles lie,
Out of the depths of unknown troubles cry.

Labour itself is but a sorrowful song,
The protest of the weak against the strong ;
Over rough waters, and in obstinate fields,
And from dank mines, the same sad sound it yields.

O God ! the fountain of perennial gladness !
Thy whole creation overflows with sadness ;
Sights, sounds, are full of sorrow and alarm ;
Even sweet scents have but a pensive charm.

Doth Earth send nothing up to Thee but moans ?
Father ! canst Thou find melody in groans ?
Oh can it be, that Thou, the God of bliss,
Canst feed Thy glory on a world like this ?

Ah me ! that sin should have such chemic power
To turn to dross the gold of Nature's dower,
And straightway, of its single self, unbind
The eternal vision of Thy jubilant mind !

Alas ! of all this sorrow there is need ;
 For us Earth weeps, for us the creatures bleed :
 Thou art content, if all this woe imparts
 The sense of exile to repentant hearts.

Yes ! it is well for us : from these alarms,
 Like children scared we fly into Thine arms ;
 And pressing sorrows put our pride to rout
 With a swift faith which has not time to doubt.

We cannot herd in peace with wild beasts rude ;
 We dare not live in Nature's solitude ;
 In how few eyes of men can we behold
 Enough of love to make us calm and bold ?

Oh, it is well for us : with angry glance
 Life glares at us, or looks at us askance :
 Seek where we will,—Father ! we see it now,—
 None love us, trust us, welcome us, but Thou.

VI.—THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

HARK ! hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore !
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more !
 Angels of Jesus ! angels of light !
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
 And, like benighted men, we miss our mark ;
 God hides Himself, and grace has scarcely found us
 Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.
 Angels of Jesus ! angels of light !
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come!"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.
 Angels of Jesus! angels of light!
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.
 Angels of Jesus! angels of light!
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 Angels of Jesus! angels of light!
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten
 Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
 To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.
 Angels of Jesus! angels of light!
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
 Till life's long night shall break in endless love.
 Angels of Jesus! angels of light!
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Thomas Toke Lynch.

1818—1871.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH was born at Dunmow, Essex, on the 5th of July, 1818. His father was a surgeon in practice there. The son was educated in a school at Islington, in which he afterwards became an usher. With a view to the ministry of the Independent Church, he entered Highbury College. Here he remained but a very short time, partly on account of ill health, and partly because his spirit was too free to submit to the routine of such an institution. He felt that he could study better alone. For two years, from 1847 to 1849, he ministered to a small congregation at Highgate. From the latter period till the time of his death in 1871, he was minister of a congregation which had several changes of *locale*, but at last, in 1862, a permanent home was found in Mornington Church in the Hampstead Road, where, with many interruptions, caused by failure of health, he preached to a small but intelligent congregation, which had learnt to appreciate the force and freshness of his words. Among his hearers were found students from the various Theological Colleges of London, and men and women eager to find greater vigour and beauty of Christian teaching than the ordinary pulpit then presented.

All his life, however, Lynch was hindered by the

exceeding frailty of his body. In the Preface to a posthumous volume called "Sermons for my Curates"—discourses he wrote for friends to deliver at the evening service, which for some time he had not the physical strength to conduct—his friend, Dr. Samuel Cox, thus describes the conditions under which much of his work was done: "Hardly was he seated at his desk before he was assailed by the rending, suffocating pangs of his cruel disease (*Angina pectoris*). As the work went on, the anguish grew, until the intolerable agony compelled him to fling himself on the floor, where he lay patiently and steadfastly enduring the pressure of his great pain. No sooner was the fierce spasm past than he rose, seated himself once more at his desk, and resumed his labour till seized by another intolerable spasm. On the original manuscripts of this volume there are pathetic marks of the agony he endured before he would yield. Here and there, especially toward the close, his handwriting, ordinarily so neat and regular, grows large, straggles wildly across or down the page, and looks as though his hand must have been jerked and dragged by an alien force." And yet from a man who all his days, from early manhood onward, thus suffered, came some twelve volumes, large and small, full of vigorous thoughts expressed in graceful style—none of which bear any trace of the shadow that fell upon his way. This was not the only burden he had to bear. The publication of "The Rivulet: a Contribution to Sacred Song," aroused the *odium theologicum* in a way that is difficult now to understand. The first to sound the alarm was the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* (Grant), soon to be joined by the Editors

of the *British Banner* (John Campbell) and the *Record*. The first of these laid down the principle that sound doctrine should be plainly stated in every hymn, and, testing Lynch's hymns by this standard, declared that "there was not one particle of vital religion or Evangelical piety in the book, that nearly the whole of his hymns might have been written by a Deist, and a very large portion might be sung by a congregation of Freethinkers." The strife was fierce and long, and drew to both sides many combatants beyond those first engaged. Lynch gave the most effective reply in a small collection of verse called "*Songs Controversial*," by Silent Long. Time has, however, settled the question, and carried verses from the "*Rivulet*" into the Hymnals of nearly every English-speaking Church.

The writer of the article on Lynch in the "*Dictionary of National Biography*" makes two astounding statements: first, that "the hymns in the '*Rivulet*' express too exclusively an admiration for nature to be suitable for Christian worship"; and second, that "none of them are popular in the churches." A fairly wide acquaintance with the usage of the Churches in the matter of hymns enables me to say that Mr. Lynch's are amongst the most popular in the Free Churches of this country, a popularity ever growing. The extracts from the "*Rivulet*," given in this volume, will enable readers to form their own judgment on the first statement.

Lynch was a keen lover of God, of nature, and of man, and as such was intensely spiritual, natural, and human. Nature to him was an open revelation of God to man, full of symbols of divine beneficence and parables of human life. In one of his poems he says:—

Nature is the robe of God—
 God the merciful and good :
 Flowers are the embroider'd hem,
 Virtue he hath given them ;

and in a little poem of only eight lines without a title, he thus characterises the relationship of nature, man, and God :—

Stars are for souls ; but each for Him
 Abideth bright or groweth dim :
 One voice did both to being call,
 Each, self-consumed and changed, may fall.
 But souls may brigthly happy be,
 Unfading through eternity ;
 While stars, in courses ever new,
 Come and go like drops of dew.

“The Memorials of Theophilus Trinal, Student” (1850), from which the foregoing lines are taken, contains many strikingly original and tender poems. In these the writer gives forcible expression to many moods, from solemn joy to playful pathos. A page from this work will illustrate this, and show how happily the writer intermingles prose and verse :—

Pleasantries, lighter acts and utterances, are to the wise like flowers on the margin of deep, barge-laden streams—the waters that bear up and along the works of life, nourish this flowerage. Man is in the likeness of his Maker in this also, that small things as well as the great may have to him dearness, and yield him a good after their kind. One half-hour, solemnity may fill his heart; the next, pleasantry; by each shall his heart be for the time sufficed.

Solemnly the stars of light
 In ancient silence show ;
 And solemnly the sounding waves
 Utter their voice below ;
 And solemnly the striving winds
 About the mountains blow ;
 And solemnly the beams of dawn
 Across the countries flow.

In these solemnities is joy. Yet pleasant are laughter and the dance ; and the babble of the tongue may be health and purity, like that of a brook. We must let our heart sometimes be a child—let it entertain itself with wanderings, gambol, and song.

The young they laugh : Laughs not the sky ?
The winds they laugh as they pass by ;
The sun he laughs ; and nature's face
Beams with a joyous, laughing grace.
Yes, laughing ; ever she renews
Her verdant fields, her morning dews ;
Is ever young—the same to day
As ages past ; and when away
From earth to heaven we are gone,
Our dust beneath the turf or stone,
The moon will smile, the dews distil,
Dance to the winds the flowers will ;
And round our grave the kindly spring
Will the cheerful daisies bring.

Other examples of the verse from this volume will be found in the following pages. Love of nature and awe of its creation are solemnly expressed in "Modulations" (p. 319), tender sympathy in "The Five Flowers" (p. 321), human weakness in "Rest" (p. 324), and the questioning unrest of intelligent love in "Reasoning with God" (p. 319). In contrast with this last we may quote the following lines, without title, from the same work :—

While little boys, with merry noise,
In the meadows shout and run ;
And little girls—sweet woman buds—
Brightly open in the sun ;
I may not of the world despair.
Our God despaireth not, I see,
For blithesomer in Eden's air
These lads and maidens could not be.

Why were they born, if Hope must die ?
Wherefore this health, if truth shall fail ?
And why such joy, if misery
Is conquering us, and must prevail ?
Arouse ! our spirit may not droop,
These young ones fresh from Heaven are ;
Our God hath sent another troop,
And means to carry on the war.

Other poems in this volume which I should have been glad to quote, had space permitted, are "A Return from Music" for vivid description, "Providence" for its fine delineation of the overruling care of God, and a "Church with Bells" for its light and almost playful setting of the idea so finely wrought out by Browning in his "Christmas Eve."

What Wordsworth was in the realm of Poetry in its wider sense, Lynch was in the realm of Hymnody. In his hymn-writing he followed the Christ who without a parable rarely spake, rather than the Theologians who separate truth from parable and story, who rob it of its incarnation in life and nature. Lynch turns from the herbarium of Theology to the fair gardens of Scripture for the inspirations and models of his verse. He is one of the most picturesque of our Hymnists. By a strange oversight Mr. Lynch is not represented in *The Treasury of Sacred Song*, edited by Professor Palgrave ; but the Rev. H. C. Beeching in his *Lyra Sacra* gives four specimens of his verse, and says "that he well deserves wider recognition." This I think the selection in the following pages will demonstrate ; nor is it too much to add that he has claims to consideration as a poet apart from his achievements in hymnody.

W. GARRETT BORDER.

MEMORIALS OF
THEOPHILUS TRINAL, STUDENT.

1850.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH.

I.—REASONING WITH GOD.

O HIDDEN Lord, most wise and rich,
Whom oft I love, but often fear ;
Of light and dark, oft doubting which,
Doth most upon Thy works appear :
Why, if in Thee no darkness is,
So deep a shade on human kind ?
If Thou be Father, tell me this,
Why the sad heart, the troubled mind ?

Then said a voice, “ This truth within thee store,
And wait, believing, ere thou askest more :
Earth is a cloud which Time shall puff away,
Then shalt thou see the heaven and feel the day.”

II.—MODULATIONS.

M Y God, I love the world,
I love it well—
Its wonder, and fairness, and delight—
More than my tongue can tell ;
And ever in my heart, like morning clouds
New earth-loves rise and swell.

Lilies I love, and stars,
Dewdrops, and the great sea ;
Colour, and form, and sound,
Combining variously ;
The rush of the wind, and the overhanging vast—
Voiceless immensity.

Thou world-creator art,
World-lover too ;
In delight didst found the deep,
In delight uprear the blue ;
And with an infinite love and carefulness
The wide earth furnish through.

My God, I am afraid of Thee, I am afraid—
Thou art so silent, and so terrible ;
And oft I muse upon Thee in the deep night dead,
Listening as for a voice that shall my spirit tell,
To be of comfort and of courage, for that all is well.

Of thoughts uncounted as the stars,
Which burn undimm'd from old eternity,
Oh, everlasting God !
Thy Spirit is a sky—
A brighten'd dark, enrounding every world
With stillness of serenest majesty :
Fit several forms of the same splendour
Thou to beholding worlds dost render,
In starry wonder of a thousand skies,
Beheld by creature-eyes :
Who in the glorious part have symbol bright
Of the uncomprehended Infinite.

But if as the great dark art Thou, unknown,
Thou, God reveal'd, art as the sweet noon blue ;
Soft canopying mercy in the Christ is shown,
And the azure of His love Thy face beams through,
Looking forth, like the sun, to comfort and to bless,
And with beauty over-lighting the rough wilderness.

III.—THE FIVE FLOWERS.

“ **L**OOK, love, on your bosom
Are flowers five ;
But one has droop'd its head—
Four alone live.”

“ So, late, in our nursery
Were children five :
One rests in grassy darkness—
Four alone live.”

“ Your four flowers bloom freshly, love ;
The fifth, not as they—
Its colour, and form, and odour,
Have passed away.
Take, then, from your bosom
The withered one :
Can the air now nourish it ?
Can it feel the sun ?”

“ I have bound the five together
With a fresh willow leaf,
That grew large by a river,
As by flowing love, grief :

And they all will fall asunder
 If I loose the tie ;
 So a love-clasp for living babes
 Is a dead one's memory."

"Let the five flowers in your bosom, love,
 Its sweet shelter share ;
 As bound in one, within your heart,
 Our five darlings are.
 The dead make the living dearer ;
 And we will joy the more,
 That the Giver, who has taken one,
 Has left us four."

IV.—THE HEAVEN.

CALL not the heaven Vacancy—
 Whose colour, soft and deep,
 Compels a tear to every eye
 That gazing long will keep ;
 Whose beauty rests so silently,
 Like a maiden's in a sleep.

O Father great ! this heaven high
 Is of Thy love the token ;
 As sweet and deep as anciently,
 Of stillness yet unbroken ;
 A love is imaged in the sky,
 Too great to be outspoken.

Our earth, the featured Definite,
 Has meanings all Divine ;
 But oneness of the Infinite
 Doth in the azure shine ;
 We seem to see Thee in the height,
 Around we look on Thine.

By works for uses and delight
We learn Thee part by part ;
Thy world reveals to gradual sight
How manifold Thou art ;
But read at once in heaven bright
Is the fulness of Thy heart.

When gazing on the open blue,
Our heart and Thine seem near ;
Thy love in ours is imaged true,
As skies in water clear ;
Clouds come and pass, but still in view
The depths of heart appear.

We feel—and all our spirit through,
As through the air a bell,
Or odour of a blossom new
Through all a hidden dell,
Spreads joy as deep as heaven's hue,
Which utterance cannot tell.

V.—HYMN FOR SUNDAY.

THE Lord is rich and merciful !
The Lord is very kind !
Oh ! come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.
His comforts they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool ;
And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high ;
Oh ! trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.

He shall be to thee like the sea,
 And thou shalt surely feel
 His wind, that bloweth healthily
 Thy sicknesses to heal.

The Lord is wonderful and wise,
 As all the ages tell :
 Oh ! learn of Him, learn now of Him,
 Then with thee it is well.
 And with His light thou shalt be blest,
 Therein to work and live ;
 And He shall be to thee a rest
 When evening hours arrive.

IV.—REST.

THE day is over,
 The feverish, careful day :
 Can I recover
 Strength that has ebbed away ?
 Can even sleep such freshness give,
 That I again shall wish to live ?

Let me lie down,
 No more I seek to have
 A heavenly crown,
 Give me a quiet grave ;
 Release and not reward I ask,
 Too hard for me life's heavy task.

Now let me rest,
 Hushed be my striving brain,
 My beating breast ;
 Let me put off my pain,
 And feel me sinking, sinking deep
 Into an abyss of sleep.

The morrow's noise,
Its aguish hope and fear,
Its empty joys,
Of these I shall not hear ;
Call me no more, I cannot come ;
I'm gone to be at rest, at home.

Earth undesired,
And not for heaven meet ;
For one so tired
What's left but slumber sweet,
Beneath a grassy mound of trees,
Or at the bottom of the seas ?

Yet let me have,
Once in a thousand years,
Thoughts in my grave,
To know how free from fears
I sleep, and that I there shall lie
Through undisturbed eternity.

And when I wake,
Then let me hear above
The birds that make
Songs not of human love :
Or muffled tones my ears may reach
Of storms that sound from beach to beach.

But hark ! what word
Breathes through this twilight dim ?
“ Rest in the Lord,
Wait patiently for Him ;
Return, O soul, and thou shalt have
A better rest than in thy grave.”

My God, I come ;
But I was sorely shaken :
Art Thou my home ?
I thought I was forsaken :
I know Thou art a sweeter rest
Than earth's soft side or ocean's breast.

Yet this my cry !—
“ I ask no more for heaven,
Now let me die,
For I have vainly striven.”
I had, but for that word from Thee,
Renounced my immortality.

Now I return ;
Return, O Lord, to me ;
I cannot earn
That Heaven I'll ask of Thee ;
But with Thy Peace amid the strife,
I still can live in hope of Life.

The careful day,
The feverish day is over ;
Strength ebbed away,
I lie down to recover ;
With sleep from Him I shall be blest,
Whose word has brought my sorrows rest.

VI.—PROOFS.

THE man that can and will
In the rough waters swim,
And calmly keep his courage still—
We know the proof of him.

The man by praise unbought,
And free from haste and whim,
Who speaks aloud his inward thought—
We know the proof of him.

The man who hails the morn,
While yet with dazzling rim
The day's new monarch is unborn—
We know the proof of him.

The man who not for gold
His way will wind and trim,
But rich or poor is just and bold—
We know the proof of him.

The man who will not plead
His weary head and limb,
When love is at its sorest need—
We know the proof of him.

The man who hates excess,
Yet fills up to the brim
His every cup of kindness—
We know the proof of him.

The man who fears no cry
Of party-bigot grim,
But meekly stands, and sturdily—
We know the proof of him.

The man whose laughter rings
A puzzle to the prim ;
Yet who no witty poison flings—
We know the proof of him.

The man who plunging dives
Where others only skim,
And so at real truth arrives—
We know the proof of him.

The man who brightly shines,
Not flickering and dim,
But steady as the heavenly signs—
We know the proof of him.

This man for our behoof,
In body stout or slim,
Hath manfully wrought out the proof—
That God hath wrought in him.

THE RIVULET.

1871.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH.

I—LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.

LIFT up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
Now breathes a softer air,
Now shines a milder sky ;
The early trees put forth
Their new and tender leaf ;
Hushed is the moaning wind
That told of winter's grief.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky ;
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
O, note the varying signs
Of earth, and air, and sky ;
The God of Glory comes
In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
To succour and to smite.

He comes the wide world's king,
He comes the true heart's friend,
New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end ;

He comes to fill with light
 The weary, waiting eye :
 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh.

II.—WHERE IS THY GOD?

WHERE is thy God, my soul ?
 Is He within thy heart ;
 Or ruler of a distant realm
 In which thou hast no part ?

Where is thy God, my soul ?
 Only in stars and sun ;
 Or have the holy words of truth
 His light in every one ?

Where is thy God, my soul ?
 Confined to Scripture's page ;
 Or does His Spirit check and guide
 The spirit of each age ?

O Ruler of the sky,
 Rule Thou within my heart ;
 O, great Adorner of the world,
 Thy light of life impart.

Giver of holy words,
 Bestow Thy holy power ;
 And aid me, whether work or thought
 Engage the varying hour.

In Thee have I my help,
 As all my fathers had ;
 I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
 And serve Thee when I'm glad.

III.—GRACIOUS SPIRIT.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal ;
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would truthful be ;
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear ;
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would tender be ;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour ;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made ;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail ;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—
 I myself would holy be ;
 Separate from sin, I would
 Choose and cherish all things good ;
 And whatever I can be
 Give to Him who gave me Thee.

IV.—DISMISS ME NOT.

DISMISs me not Thy service, Lord,
 But train me for Thy will ;
 For even I in fields so broad
 Some duties may fulfil ;
 And I will ask for no reward,
 Except to serve Thee still.

How many serve, how many more
 May to the service come ;
 To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
 Thou dost appoint for some :
 Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
 Thy little ones at home.

All works are good, and each is best,
 As most it pleases Thee ;
 Each worker pleases when the rest
 He serves in charity :
 And neither man nor work unblest
 Wilt Thou permit to be.

O ye who serve, remember One
 The worker's way who trod ;
 He served as man, but now His throne,
 It is the throne of God :
 The sceptre He hath to us shewn
 Is like a blossoming rod.

Firm fibres of the tree of life
 Hath each command of His,
 And each with clustering blossoms rise
 At every season is ;
 Bare only, like a sword of strife,
 Against love's enemies.

Our Master all the work hath done
 He asks of us to-day ;
 Sharing His service, every one
 Share too His sonship may.
 Lord, I would serve and be a son ;
 Dismiss me not, I pray.

V.—OFT WHEN OF GOD WE ASK.

OFT when of God we ask
 For fuller, happier life,
 He sets us some new task
 Involving care and strife :
 Is this the boon for which we sought ?
 Has prayer new trouble on us brought ?

This is indeed the boon,
 Though strange to us it seems ;
 We pierce the rock, and soon
 The blessing on us streams ;
 For when we are the most athirst,
 Then the clear waters on us burst.

We toil as in a field,
 Wherein, to us unknown,
 A treasure lies concealed,
 Which may be all our own :
 And shall we of the toil complain
 That speedily will bring such gain ?

We dig the wells of life,
 And God the waters gives ;
 We win our way by strife,
 Then He within us lives ;
 And only war could make us meet
 For peace so sacred and so sweet.

VI.—O, BREAK MY HEART.

O, BREAK my heart ; but break it as a field
 Is by the plough up-broken for the corn :
 O, break it as the buds, by green leaf sealed,
 Are, to unloose the golden blossom, torn :
 Love would I offer unto love's great Master,
 Set free the odour, break the alabaster.
 O, break my heart ; break it, victorious God,
 That life's eternal well may flash abroad :
 O, let it break as when the captive trees,
 Breaking cold bonds, regain their liberties :
 And as thought's sacred grove to life is springing,
 Be joys, like birds, their hope Thy victory singing.

VII.—THE WORLD WAS DARK.

THE world was dark with care and woe,
 With brawl and pleasure wild,
 When in the midst, His love to show,
 God set a child.

The sages frowned, their beards they shook,
 For pride their heart beguiled ;
 They said, each looking on his book,
 "We want no child."
 The merchants turned towards their scales,
 Around their wealth lay piled ;
 Said they, " 'Tis gold alone prevails ;
 We want no child."

The soldiers rose in noisy sport,
Disdainfully they smiled,
And said, "Can babes the shield support ?
We want no child."

The merry sinners laughed or blushed,
Alas, and some reviled ;
All cried, as to the dancee they rushed,
"We want no child."

The old, the afflicted, and the poor,
With voices harsh or mild,
Said, "Hope to us returns no more ;
We want no child."

And men of grave and moral word,
With consciences defiled,
Said, "Let the old truth still be heard ;
We want no child."

Then said the Lord, "O world of care
So blinded and beguiled,
Thou must become for thy repair
A holy child."

And unto thee a Son is born,
Thy second hope has smiled ;
Thou mayst, though sin and trouble worn,
Be made a child."

VIII.—O LORD, THOU ART NOT FICKLE.

O LORD, Thou art not fickle ;
Our hope is not in vain ;
The harvest for the sickle
Will ripen yet again.

But though enough be given
For all the world to eat,
Sin with thy love has striven
Its bounty to defeat.

Were men to one another
As kind as God to all,
Then no man on his brother
For help would vainly call.

On none for idle wasting
Would honest labour frown ;
And none, to riches hastening,
Would tread his neighbour down.

O, is there one in twenty
With his own lot content,
Though God has bread and plenty
To all the nations sent ?

Till heart to heart is plighted
In faith on heaven above,
Earth's harvests must be blighted
For want of mutual love.

No man enough possesses
Until he has to spare ;
Possession no man blesses
While self is all his care.

For blessings on our labour,
O, then, in hope we pray,
When love unto our neighbour
Is ripening every day.

John Mason Neale.

1818—1866.

DR. NEALE, to whose labours as a translator of ancient hymns, especially from the vast stores of the Eastern Church, we owe so much, was born in London, on the 24th of January, 1818. His parents were remarkable for their intellectual endowments—his father—the Rev. Cornelius Neale—having been a Major Wrangler, Second Chancellor's Medallist, and Fellow of St. John's College. His mother, to whom, as he said just before his death, he owed more than he could express, was the daughter of John Mason Good, a man of mark in his day. Like most of the men who became leaders in the Anglican Revival, Neale was brought up in an Evangelical atmosphere, in which he gained that religious fervour which marked his whole career, though it assumed so different an ecclesiastical and theological form. He was educated first at Sherborne Grammar School, and later in a more private way by the Rector of Shepperton, the Rev. William Russell, and Professor Challis. In 1836 he took a scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was reckoned the best man of his year. His ability, however, was almost entirely classical—he hated mathematics; and since these were necessary to obtain classical honours, he had to be content with an ordinary degree. A year later the coveted honours might have been his,

since the University changed the regulation, making the Mathematical Tripos unnecessary to aspirants for classical honours. He gained, however, such distinctions as were not barred by the hated Mathematics. The Seatonian prize he won no fewer than eleven times.

During Neale's Cambridge days the Anglican Movement was stirring Oxford life to its very depths ; but its influences reached the sister University, and found there no more congenial spirit than in John Mason Neale, who soon became one of the founders of the Ecclesiological Society. In 1842 he married Miss Webster, and in the following year was presented to the Incumbency of Crawley in Surrey. Affection of the lungs prevented his institution to that living, and sent him to Madeira as the only chance of saving his life. In 1846 he was made Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead. Here the outward history of his life ends, for he remained at East Grinstead till his death. As his close friend Dr. Littledale has said—"he spent nearly half his life in the position of Warden of an obscure almshouse on a salary of £27 a year." But in this quiet place his labours were incessant, and their influence reached out in different ways. We have tried again and again to discover in Dr. Neale's original verse lines worthy of the angust name of poetry ; but we have not succeeded. "Songs and Ballads for the People" is poor doggerel inspired by a bitter partisan spirit. The "Hymns for Children" are not picturesque enough, not quick enough in movement for their purpose. His best original work is in "Sequences, Hymns, and other Ecclesiastical Verses" and "Hymns for the Sick," from which we give

what seem to us the best specimens of his original writing in verse.

It is on his Translations that Neale's fame will ultimately rest. Indeed at the present moment it is from these the Church at large has almost exclusively drawn. His original hymns have passed, with a few exceptions, only into Hymnals edited by men who revered the writer, or who belonged to his particular school of ecclesiastical and theological thought. Indeed, Dr. Neale's capacity for translation amounted almost to genius. The Rev. Gerard Moultrie gives an amusing instance which shows his facility in such work: "Dr. Neale was invited by Mr. Keble and the Bishop of Salisbury to assist them with their new Hymnal, and for this purpose he paid a visit to Hursley Vicarage. On one occasion Mr. Keble, having to go to another room to find some papers, was detained a short time. On his return Dr. Neale said, 'Why, Keble, I thought you told me that the "*Christian Year*" was entirely original.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'it certainly is.' 'Then how comes this?' and Dr. Neale placed before him the Latin of one of Keble's hymns. Keble professed himself utterly confounded. He protested that he had never seen the 'original,' no, not in all his life. After a few minutes Neale relieved him by owning that he had just turned it into Latin in his absence."

From the Latin Neale has given us "*Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*," and "*Hymns chiefly Mediæval on the Joys and Glories of Paradise*," and from the Greek, "*Hymns of the Eastern Church*." In these Dr. Neale is at his best, since he seems to have needed some flame at which he could kindle

his torch. We have spoken of his *Translations*, but they were more—they were not mere rendering in English of what had previously been in Latin or Greek. In turning these from the one language to the other they had passed through Dr. Neale's own mind, and took a certain colour therefrom. This was markedly so in the case of the “Hymns from the Eastern Church,” which are adaptations rather than translations. In this department he had no predecessors nor examples, and it is no small triumph that in a work so new and difficult he should have so succeeded that nearly every section of the Church has welcomed his versions, and that they have become amongst the most favourite hymns of recent days.

W. GARRETT HORDER.

ORIGINAL HYMNS.

JOHN MASON NEALE.

I.—EVENING.

(FROM "HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.")

1 THESS. iv. 13; REV. xxi. 4.

GOD hath two families of love,
In earth below, and heaven above :
One is in battle, sharp and sore ;
And one is happy evermore.

The holy Church on earth must fight
Against the devil and his might ;
The Church in heaven with war hath done ;
And yet the two are only one.

For they who loved their Saviour here,
And died in God's true faith and fear,
Have join'd the glorious Church on high,
And reign with it beyond the sky.

We thank Thee, Saviour, for the grace
By which they reach'd that blessed place ;
By which they dwell in endless day,
And sin and sorrow flee away :

In Thee, with all Thy Saints, they rest,
And never more can be distrest ;
Oh, teach us so to live, that we
May follow them, as they did Thee ;

To think on all their faith and love,
 Until Thou callest us above,
 To see Thee as Thou art, and bow
 Before Thy throne, as they do now.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

II.—THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

(FROM "HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG.")

ACTS xii. 15.

THEY whose course on earth is o'er,
 Think they of their brethren more ?
 They before the Throne who bow,
 Feel they for their brethren now ?

Yea, the dead in Christ have still
 Part in all our joy and ill ;
 Keeping all our steps in view,
 Guiding them, it may be, too.

We by enemies distrest,
 They in Paradise at rest ;
 We the captives,—they the freed,—
 We and they are one indeed :

One in all we seek or shun ;
 One, because our Lord is One ;
 One in Home, and one in love ;
 We below, and they above.

Those whom many a land divides,
 Many a mighty sea besides,
 Have they with each other part ?
 Have they fellowship in heart ?

Each to each may be unknown,
 Wide apart their lot be thrown ;
 Differing tongues their lips may speak,
 One be strong, and one be weak :

Yet in Sacrament and prayer
 Each with other hath a share ;
 Hath a share in tear and sigh,
 Watch, and Fast, and Litany.

With each other join they here
 In affliction, doubt, and fear ;
 That hereafter they may be
 Join'd, O Lord, in bliss with Thee.

Now our hearts and voice we raise,
 And we share in Angels' praise :
 Rendering worship, thanks, and love,
 To the Trinity above !

III.—LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF A CHURCH.

(FROM "HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG.")

EXOD. xxxi. 1-6; ISA. lx. 19.

O LORD of Hosts, Whose glory fills
 The bounds of the eternal hills,
 And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
 To dwell in temples made with hands :

Grant that all we, who here to-day,
Rejoicing, this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine Own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

Endue the creatures with Thy grace
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place :
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

To Thee they all belong ; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea ;
And when we bring them to Thy throne,
We but present Thee with Thine own.

Endue the hearts that guide with skill ;
Preserve the hands that work from ill ;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect ;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessèd Trinity !

IV.—AT A FUNERAL.

(FROM "SEQUENCES, HYMNS, ETC.")

WHY march ye forth with hymn and chant
Ye veteran soldiers jubilant,
As though ye went to lay to rest
Some warrior that had done his best ?
— Because we do but travel o'er
The road the Victor trod before ;
Himself knows well the way we go :
The Son of Man is Lord also
Of the grave-path.

Commit your loved one to the surge,
 Without a wail, without a dirge ?
 To the wild waves' perpetual swell,
 To depths where monstrous creatures dwell ?
 — Yes; for we lay him but to sleep
 Where those blest Feet have calmed the deep :
 Little we reck its ebb and flow :
 The Son of Man is Lord also
 Of the Ocean.

Leave him with thousand corpses round,
 Thus buried in unhallowed ground,
 Interred in that same scene of strife
 Where man and steed gasped out their life ?
 — Yes: for our King and Captain boasts
 His own elect, His glorious hosts ;
 His Victors, crowned o'er many a foe :
 The Son of Man is Lord also
 Of the Battle.

Why, as across the dewy grass,
 Ye through the evening Church-yard pass,
 Why welcome in your bells a guest,
 With chimings, not of woe, but rest ?
 — Where'er their twilight warblings steal,
 We do but ring a Sabbath peal ;
 And, till the glorious Sunday glow,
 The Son of Man is Lord also
 Of the Sabbath.

V.—THE MINISTRATION OF ANGELS.

(FROM "HYMNS FOR THE SICK.")

THEY slumber not, nor sleep,
 Whom Thou dost send, O God of light,
 Around Thine Own the livelong night
 Their watch and ward to keep :

They leave their seats on high,
They leave the Everlasting Hymn,
Where Cherubim and Seraphim
Continually do cry :

They come to guard the bed
Whereon, while others wake and weep,
Thou givest Thy beloved sleep,
And hover round their head.

Nor less they haste to soothe
Their Vigils, who, like me, distrest,
Nor wake to strength, nor sleep to rest,
And make the rough ways smooth.

So peradventure now,
My eyes, if loos'd from flesh, might see
Such an immortal Company,
As ne'er to Monarch bow ;

And this familiar room
Might seem the Gate of Paradise ;
And in its sorrow joy might rise,
And glory in its gloom.

Thy Holy Name be blest,
God in Three Persons, both by those
That after toil in Thee repose,
And those by grief opprest !

HYMNS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.

1862

JOHN MASON NEALE.

I.—FIERCE WAS THE WILD BILLOW

(FROM "S. ANATOLIUS.")

FIERCE was the wild billow;
Dark was the night;
Oars labour'd heavily;
Foam glimmer'd white;
Trembled the mariners;
Peril was nigh;
Then said the God of God,
—“Peace! It is I!”

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,—
Darkness must fly,—
Where saith the Light of Light,
—“Peace! It is I!”

Jesu, Deliverer!
Come Thou to me:
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over Life's sea!
Thou, when the storm of Death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth!
—“Peace! It is I!”

II.—THE DAY IS PAST AND OVER.

(FROM "S. ANATOLIUS.")

This little hymn, which, I believe, is not used in the public service of the Church, is a great favourite in the Greek Isles. Its peculiar style and evident antiquity may well lead to the belief that it is the work of our present author. It is, to the scattered hamlets of Chios and Mitylene, what Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn is to the villages of our own land; and its melody singularly plaintive and soothing.—J. M. N.

THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee, that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu! keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night!
The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee, that sinless
The hours of sin may be.
O Jesu! make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!
The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesu! keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!
Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I;
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry:
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night!"

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
 O God ! for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go :
 Lover of men ! O hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all.

III.—CHRISTIAN ! DOST THOU SEE THEM ?

(FROM "S. ANDREW OF CRETE.")

CHRISTIAN ! dost thou *see* them
 On the holy ground,
 How the troops of Midian
 Prowl and prowl around ?
 Christian ! up and smite them,
 Counting gain but loss :
 Smite them by the merit
 Of the Holy Cross !

Christian ! dost thou *feel* them,
 How they work within,
 Striving, tempting, luring,
 Goading into sin ?
 Christian ! never tremble !
 Never be down-east !
 Smite them by the virtue
 Of the Lenten Fast !

Christian ! dost thou *hear* them
 How they speak thee fair ?
 "Always fast and vigil ?
 Always watch and prayer ?
 Christian ! say but boldly :
 "While I breathe I pray : "
 Peace shall follow battle,
 Night shall end in day.

" Well I know thy trouble,
 O My servant true ;
 Thou art very weary,—
 I was weary too :
 But that toil shall make thee,
 Some day, all Mine own :
 But the end of sorrow
 Shall be near My Throne."

IV.—'TIS THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.
 ("FROM S. JOHN DAMASCENE.")

'T IS the Day of Resurrection :
 Earth ! tell it out abroad !
 The Passover of gladness !
 The Passover of God !
 From Death to Life Eternal,—
 From this world to the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.
 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of Resurrection-Light :
 And, listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own—*All Hail!*—and hearing,
 May raise the victor strain !
 Now let the Heav'ns be joyful !
 Let earth her song begin !
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein :
 Invisible and visible
 Their notes let all things blend —
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,—
 Our joy that hath no end.

V.—ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID?

(FROM "S. STEPHEN THE SABAITE.")

A RT thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me"—saith One—"and coming,
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,
And His Side."

Is there Diadem, as Monarch,
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of Thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away!"

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

VI.—O HAPPY BAND OF PILGRIMS.

(FROM "S. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM.")

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
 If onward ye will tread
 With Jesus as your Fellow
 To Jesus as your Head !
 O happy, if ye labour
 As Jesus did for men :
 O happy, if ye hunger
 As Jesus hunger'd then !
 The Cross that Jesus carried
 He carried as your due :
 The crown that Jesus weareth
 He weareth it for you.
 The Faith by which ye see Him,
 The Hope, in which ye yearn,
 The Love that through all troubles .
 To Him alone will turn,—
 What are they, but vaunt-couriers
 To lead you to His Sight ?
 What are they, save the effluence
 Of Uncreated Light ?
 The trials that beset you,
 The sorrows ye endure,
 The manifold temptations
 That Death alone can cure,—
 What are they, but His jewels
 Of right celestial worth ?
 What are they but the ladder,
 Set up to Heav'n on earth ?
 O happy band of pilgrims,
 Look upward to the skies ;—
 Where such a light affliction
 Shall win you such a prize !

MEDIÆVAL HYMNS AND SEQUENCES.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN MASON NEALE.

HORA NOVISSIMA.

(From "BERNARD OF CLUGNY.")

(SELECTED PASSAGES.)

I.

THE world is very evil ;
The times are waxing late :
Be sober and keep vigil ;
The Judge is at the gate :
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom.
Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed ;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead ;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

II.

O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest :
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distress !
Strive, man, to win that glory ;
Toil, man, to gain that light ;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight :

Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satiate,
The full, yet craving still.
That fulness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shalt gain.

* * * *

- Jerusalem demands them :
They paid the price on earth,
And now shall reap the harvest
In blissfulness and mirth :
The glorious holy people,
Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
The King, the Crucified :
The sacred ransomed number
Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watchword
Of Jesus Nazarene :
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,
Where soul-like odours play,
Draw out the endless leisure
Of that long vernal day :
And through the sacred lilies,
And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought people
Go wandering far and wide.
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are tun'd to praise,
What time, now safe for ever,
On former sins they gaze :

The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
Of Him Who pardoned all.

III.

Brief life is here our portion ;
Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, *is there*.
O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !
That we should look, poor wand'lers,
To have our Home on high !
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky !
To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace ;
For all, for all who mourn their fall,
Is one eternal place :
And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground :
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound.
Their grief is turned to pleasure ;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know :
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,

But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown :
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope :
But He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

IV.

For thee, O dear dear Country !
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep :
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
O come, O onely Mansion !
O Paradise of Joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy ;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall :
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks ;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays :
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced :

Thy Saints build up its fabrie,
And the corner-stone is Christ.
The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise :
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise :
Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man, they sing :
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring :
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of His Court :
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
Upon the Roek of Ages
They raise thy holy tower :
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower :
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile :
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl thine own :
The Lamb is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone :
The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
And He the Architect.

The only art thou needest,
 Thanksgiving for thy lot :
 The only joy thou seekest,
 The Life where Death is not :
 And all thine endless leisure
 In sweetest accents sings,
 The ill that was thy merit,—
 The wealth that is thy King's !

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed :
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there !
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare !

And when I fain would sing them
 My spirit fails and faints,
 And vainly would it image
 The assembly of the Saints.

They stand, those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng :
The Prince is ever in them ;
The daylight is serene :
The pastures of the Blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the Throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast ;

*And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white !*

O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn !
O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim !
O thirst, for ever ardent,
Yet evermore content !
O true, peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent !
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim :
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter,—
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious !
The glory of the Elect !
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect :
Even now by faith I see thee :
Even here thy walls discern :
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn :
Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory ;
In me is all my woe !
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,

Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise :
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device :
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart :
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art,
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou City of the Angels !
Thou City of the Lord !
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord !
And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes :
The lily-beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below.
And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state ;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow !
O state that fears no strife !
O princely bow'rs ! O land of flow'rs !
O realm and home of Life !

Thomas Hornblower Gill.

1819.

MR. GILL was born at Birmingham, on the 10th of February, 1819. His parents belonged to English Presbyterian families who had become Unitarian. He was sent to King Edward's Grammar School, then presided over by Dr. Jeune, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. Here he distinguished himself, and would have passed to the University of Oxford, had not religious tests, then imposed upon all who entered, barred the way. He did not, however, give up study, but in private devoted himself chiefly to historical and theological subjects, and followed the life of a student-recluse. He published "The Papal Drama," an historical essay (1866), and "The Triumph of Christ," Memorials of Franklin Howard, a record of spiritual experiences very much like his own. In verse he published "The Fortunes of Faith" (1841), and "The Anniversaries," poems in commemoration of great men and great events (1858), in which his love of history, his intense patriotism, his strong Protestantism, and his deep religiousness found impetuous expression. The poems for September the 3rd and December the 9th are especially worthy of note, the former being the date of Cromwell's victories at Dunbar and Worcester, and of his death; the latter being the date of Milton's birth. From this volume I quote here the Birthday Ode to the Duke of Wellington.

WELLINGTON.

The predictions of Merlin and other British bards assured their countrymen
of the return of King Arthur in greater might and glory than before,

Not idly, eldest sages of our land,
Rang forth the rapture of your prophet-lyre,
“Arthur shall come again ! from Arthur’s hand
Deliverance still his Britain shall require !
A stately pillar of strong, steadfast fire
Arthur upon her darkened hour shall blaze :
His awful sword shall quell her foeman’s ire,
Stroke upon stroke, and her dimmed glory raise
To an imperial glow far in those latter days.”

On rolled the ages : lo ! the hero woke.
Her Arthur wore his conqueror’s robe unrent,
Whether with scanty band forlorn he broke
The thronging squadrons of the Orient,
Or the calm patience of his valour lent
To pluck from the fierce Gaul that Spanish prey.
Each laurelled leader down before him went ;
From strength to strength he passed, a wondrous way,
Till Victory’s faint, dim dawn flamed into fair, full day.

Within the impenetrable lines he stayed,
And lo ! the fiery, rushing foe recoiled ;
Anon of tented field he trial made,
And constant victory on her wooer smiled.
He smote the ruthless smiters sore, he spoiled
The spoilers utterly ! their feet no more
Stained the Hesperian fields so long defiled ;
Back o’er the Pyrenees their rout he bore,
And on the fields of France his robe of victory wore.

But O ! it gleamed most glorious on that plain
Where lay the robe of the world’s victor rent ;
There war’s great master wrought his best in vain,
There France her furious valour vainly lent ;
There with the brazen-throated roar was blent
The tramp of her on-rushing cuirassiers ;
But lo ! that deadly rain was idly spent ;
On rode, back reeled those fiery cavaliers ;
Calm round their Arthur stood the unbroken islanders !

Then on *they* rushed—but theirs no backward spring !
 At length *they* smote—but theirs no broken blow !
 O shivered army ! O discrownéd king !
 O world-bestrider shrunken and laid low !
 O Time ! thou canst not match this overthrow.
 O crownéd Britain ! with thine Arthur vie ; !
 Confront his glory with thy heart's great glow !
 Yes, raise his honours as his trophies high !
 The measure of his meed make thine own majesty !

O pure-eyed Peace ! let fall almost a smile
 Upon this most white-handed warrior !
 Wrong not his greatness with the guilty style,
 The gloomy glory of a conqueror !
 O wondrous sword, ne'er drawn but in just war,
 Ne'er laid aside till bright with Victory's beam !
 O gracious sword, that saints may least abhor !
 O mighty sword, that men most glorious deem !
 O drawn but to o'ercome ! O drawn but to redeem !

The statutes of his England well he kept,
 That faithful, glorious servant : at her word
 His sword awoke ; at her command it slept.
 Not once the gale of his great glory stirred
 The calm of his obedience ; most preferred,
 The splendour of his faithfulness he wore.
 Still, still the hand she felt, the voice she heard
 Of her true servant ; still with him he bore
 The humbleness that made his majesty the more.

O Fairy Land ! no Arthur thus sublime
 Walks through thy golden fields. O Latter Days !
 How the dim glory of that Olden Time
 Faints 'neath the splendour of your steadfast blaze !
 Britain ! outsing those old prophetic lays !
 Behold thine Arthur more than come again !
 Thy song, thy soul unto his stature raise ;
 The mighty name lift on a mighty strain,
 And with thine Arthur still the ages entertain !

But it is by his hymns Mr. Gill will be longest remembered. Many influences combine to make them

remarkable. To his Unitarian environment in early life are due their freedom of spirit and ethical earnestness, whilst his Puritan ancestry and the Evangelical influences that reached him later in life gave them spiritual fervour. These diverse influences have made him what Dr. J. Freeman Clarke calls—"a more intellectual Charles Wesley." This is a true description, save that he has not the ease in versification of the Methodist singer. There is a certain mannerism, too, which prevents him, save in a few of his best hymns, reaching the highest point of excellence. To the more balanced judgment of the critic Mr. Gill's hymns have something of the quaintness of George Wither or John Mason, but touched with the warmer feeling of Isaac Watts. In them his distaste for all antiquarian and sacerdotal conceptions of Christianity is very evident, whilst beyond this is a keen discernment of the spirit as opposed to the letter of scripture. Here and there much subtlety of thought is discernible, which renders them somewhat *caviare* to the ordinary reader, but very precious to the more thoughtful. There is, however, what is all too rare in hymns, distinctiveness of thought and style.

"The Golden Chain of Praise," in which one hundred and sixty of his hymns are included, was first issued in 1869, an enlarged edition with ninety new hymns was issued in 1894. This is the whole of his work as a hymn-writer, except certain pieces in "The Anniversaries," which might be classed as hymns, and a few published in 1883 under the title "Luther's Birthday."

W. GARRETT HORDER.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN OF PRAISE.

1869.

THOMAS H. GILL.

I.—SWEET SUBJECTION.

DEAR Lord and Master mine,
Thy happy servant see !
My Conqueror ! with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to Thee !

I love Thy yoke to wear,
To feel Thy gracious bands,
Sweetly restrainèd by Thy care
And happy in Thy hands.

No bar would I remove ;
No bond would I unbind ;
Within the limits of Thy love
Full liberty I find.

I would not walk alone
But still with Thee, my God,
At every step my blindness own
And ask of Thee the road.

The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast ;
The conflicts that Thy strength employ,
Make me divinely blest.

Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true !
My Guardian and my Guide Divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through !

My Conqueror and my King,
 Still keep me in Thy train,
 And with Thee Thy glad captive bring
 When Thou return'st to reign !

II.—THE DIVINE RENEWER.

THE glory of the spring how sweet !
 The newborn life how glad !
 What joy the happy earth to greet
 In new, bright raiment clad ;

The blessed vernal airs to hail
 In their renewing power,
 The new song of each nightingale,
 The new birth of each flower !

Divine Renewer ! Thee I bless ;
 I greet Thy going forth :
 I love Thee in the loveliness
 Of Thy renewèd earth.

But O ! these wonders of Thy grace,
 These nobler works of Thine,
 These marvels sweeter far to trace,
 These new-births more divine !

These sinful souls Thou hallowest,
 These hearts Thou makest new,
 These mourning souls by Thee made blest,
 These faithless hearts made true :

This new-born glow of faith so strong,
 This bloom of love so fair ;
 This new-born ecstasy of song
 And fragrancy of prayer !

Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine !
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine !

Grant me the grace of the New Birth,
The joy of the New Song !
The vernal bloom, the vernal mirth
In my new heart prolong !

Still let new life and strength upspring,
Still let new joy be given !
And grant the glad new song to ring
Through the new earth and Heaven !

III.—WE ARE SEEKING THE LORD.

O SAINTS of old ! not yours alone
These words most high shall be :
We take the glory for our own ;
Lord ! we are seeking Thee.

Not only when ascends the song,
And soundeth sweet the Word ;
Not only 'midst the Sabbath throng
Our souls would seek the Lord.

We mingle with another throng
And other words we speak :
To other business we belong :
But still our Lord we seek.

We would not to our daily task
Without our God repair,
But in the world Thy presence ask,
And seek Thy glory there.

Would we against some wrong be bold
 And break some yoke abhorred ?
 Amidst the strife and stir behold
 The seekers of the Lord !

Yes, we who every yoke would break,
 Who every soul would free ;
 The world our calling doth mistake :
 Lord ! we are seeking Thee.

O ! mean may seem the work we do ;
 O ! vile the name we earn :
 But Thou hast eyes to look us through :
 Thy seekers, Lord, discern !

We lose, we lack that men may gain :
 We suffer and we smile ;
 But why this joy amidst the pain ?
 We seek our Lord the while.

When on Thy glorious works we gaze,
 We fain would seek Thee there :
 Our gladness in their beauty raise
 To joy in Thee, First Fair !

O everywhere, O every day,
 Thy grace is still outpoured ;
 We work, we watch, we strive, we pray :
 Behold Thy Seekers, Lord !

IV.—THE GLORY OF THE LATTER DAYS.

OUR God ! our God ! Thou shonest here,
 Thine own this latter day :
 To us Thy radiant steps appear :
 We watch Thy glorious way.

Thou tookest once our flesh ; Thy face
Once on our darkness shone ;
Yet through each age New Births of Grace
Still make Thy glory known.

Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord ;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy Word.

Doth not the Spirit still descend
And bring the heavenly fire ?
Doth not He still Thy Church extend
And waiting souls inspire ?

Come, Holy Ghost ! in us arise ;
Be this Thy mighty hour !
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power !

Pour down Thy fire in us to glow,
Thy might in us to dwell ;
Again Thy works of wonder show,
Thy blessed secrets tell !

Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong
On Thy celestial wing,
And grant us grace to look and long
For our returning King.

He draweth near, He standeth by,
He fills our eyes, our ears ;
Come, King of Grace, Thy people cry,
And bring the glorious years !

V.—NEW YEAR HYMN.

BREAK, New-born Year, on glad eyes break !
Melodious voices move !
On, rolling Time ! thou can'st not make
The Father cease to Love.

The parted year had wingèd feet ;
The Saviour still doth stay :
The New Year comes ; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.

Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er ;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams ;
Our sins are swelling evermore ;
But pardoning grace still streams.

Lord ! from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight !
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright !

Then we may bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If Thou wouldest take us home.

O ! golden then the hours must be ;
The year must needs be sweet :
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

Charles D. Bell.

1819.

CHARLES DENT BELL, D.D., Hon. Canon of Carlisle, was born on the 10th of February, 1819, at Ballymagnigan, County Derry, Ireland. He was educated at the Academy, Edinburgh, the Royal School, Dungannon, and Trinity College, Dublin. He was Vice-Chancellor's prizeman for English Verse 1840-1-2, B.A. 1842, M.A. 1852, B.D. and D.D. 1878. Ordained deacon in 1843, and priest in 1844, he held curacies at Hampton-in-Arden, Reading, and Hastings, and was Incumbent of St. John's Chapel, Hampstead, from 1854 to 1861, Vicar of Ambleside, and Rural Dean 1861, Hon. Canon of Carlisle 1869, Vicar of Rydal with Ambleside 1872, Rector of Cheltenham 1879, and Surrogate of Cheltenham 1884. His principal volumes of Verse are "Voices from the Lakes" (1876); "Songs in the Twilight" (1881); "Songs in Many Keys" (1884); "Poems Old and New" (1893).

It is somewhat difficult to represent Canon Bell's poetry within necessary limits, owing to its variety, and to the length of many of its best examples. His poems of nature, "The Rosy Dawn," "Spring," and the "Ambleside" group are refreshing, as nature is refreshing. He could scarcely have lived in the Wordsworth country for so long as he did without coming under the influence, if not of

Wordsworth, at least of the conditions which influenced Wordsworth. The nature poems are, however, freer from Wordsworthian influences than are the blank verse narrative poems which provoke disadvantageous comparison with those of the master poet. In the "Dream of Pilate's Wife" we have a dramatic study which won commendation from Whittier, but which, beginning strongly, scarcely sustains its power to the end. One of Canon Bell's best poems is "In the Escorial," a poem describing the burial of Alfonso XII., December 10th, 1885. There is true dignity and fine pictorial power in this poem. The subject of death is one which finds felicitous treatment at Canon Bell's hands, as the poems "Before" and "After," "Dying Words," and the Rondeaux in the following pages evidence.

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS OLD AND NEW.

CHARLES D. BELL.

I.—GOD'S FURNACE.

"I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

ISA. xlvi, 10.

MY God a Furnace hath of fire,
Its chambers all with flame aglow,
'Tis fann'd in love, and not in ire,
And on the coals He oft doth blow ;
A Furnace kindled with His breath,
Cruel, and keen, and sharp as death.

Why doth He thus His fires prepare,
And fan them till they fiercely burn,
To scathe us with their angry glare,
Whichever way we move or turn ?
That He may plunge His people in,
And cleanse them throughly from their sin.

He treats us as the goldsmith treats
The ruddy gold he prizeth well,
Who makes it pass thro' savage heats,
And melts it in his crucible ;
And this he does because he knows
'Tis destined for a monarch's brows.

God's fires burn up the seeds of ill
Which lurk within the secret heart ;
God's fires melt down the hardest will,
And sever dross and gold apart ;
Thro' all the spirit's depths they run,
Until their cleansing work is done.

Oft at white heat the furnace stands,
Ready the evil to consume,
To shrivel up sin's strongest bands,
With fires as fierce as those of doom ;
For some He heats it seven times more
Than He has heated it before.

But in the furnace fires so keen,
God doth not leave us all alone,
And tho' His presence is not seen,
There walks beside us His dear Son,
Who comforts us and doth sustain,
And takes from suffering half its pain.

And when His fires have wrought their aim
And sullen hardness all is gone,
God takes us from the burning flaine,
To place us on His Anvil stone,
And there with patience wondrous kind,
He moulds and shapes us to His mind.

We shrink indeed from all the pain,
The furnace blast, the hammer's blow,
We pray to 'scape them, but in vain,
For God knows well it must be so ;
That if we would be clean and pure,
The searching flame we must endure.

We need the frequent hammer's stroke,
One blow doth not accomplish all,
It is not thus that hearts are broke,
Oft and again the sledge must fall ;
And 'tis our fault that we require
God's Anvil, and God's Furnace fire.

But let us thank Him for the pain
That separates the gold from dross,
That purges us from soil and stain,
E'en tho' it be at our sore loss ;
Why should we quail, when God desires
To make us perfect thro' His fires ?

II.—BEFORE.

WE watched beside her thro' the night—
Thro' night unto the morning grey,
Till on the casement smote the light,
And sudden flashed the day.

She kept all thro' a silence deep,
With closed and heavy-lidded eye,
And murmurs as of one asleep,
And now and then a sigh.

Oh, passing sweet she was and fair,
A fragrant lily in its prime,
That fed on honey'd dew and air,
Had blossomed for a time !

Her two white hands extended were
Upon the little snowy bed ;
The rippling of her golden hair
With glory touch'd her head.

The little lamp we lit at night,
Which faintly burnt with dull red glow,
Scarce broke the darkness with its light,
Or showed the bed of snow.

It stood upon a table near,
It flickered low, it flickered high ;
We wondered, with a strange sad fear,
Which life should soonest die.

One now threw back the window pane,
The close-drawn curtains were withdrawn ;
There came a smell of fresh'ning rain
From off the fragrant lawn.

And in the dim and dewy grove,
The sweet birds piped from every bush ;
'Midst glistening boughs sang songs of love—
Sweetest of all, the thrush.

We did not speak or move the while,
Fast held in wonder to our place,
Watching a rare and radiant smile
Transfigure all her face,

But hushed, and awed, and very still,
We prayed in thrilling silence near ;
And down our faces flowed at will,
Unchecked, the burning tear.

When all at once, as we stood there,
There rose a sudden, startling cry,
That stayed our weeping, checked our prayer,
As came it ringing by.

She started forward on the bed,
She raised her trembling hands on high ;
All paleness from the face had fled,
Now flushed with ecstasy.

Her eyes were lifted up to heaven,
Her parted lips did gently stir ;
We felt Christ, and the Spirits seven,
Communion held with her.

Her look of rapture grew and grew,
As tho' before her wondering sight
There stretched the way she must pass thro',
All lined with angels bright.

Our hearts were filled with deep'ning awe,
We dared not move, or speak a word ;
We knew she saw what no one saw,
And heard what no one heard.

So for a space the rapture lay
Upon her glowing cheek and brow ;
And dawnings of a brighter day
Seemed breaking on her now.

The arms relaxed, a shadow stole
O'er quivering lip, and cheek, and brow ;
We knew full well the golden bowl
Was being broken now.

I clasped her gently to my breast,
And held her closely there, until
The aching head had sunk to rest,
The tossing arms were still.

The glory soon was past and gone,
The light went slowly from her eyes,
Though still beneath their lashes shone
A look of sweet surprise.

We knew that she had passed away,
So deep the awe upon her face ;
We knew her ransom'd spirit lay
Fast clasped in Christ's embrace ;

Who called her to His home above,
And drew her to His happy side ;
Where now they walked in perfect love,
The Bridegroom and His Bride.

III.—AFTER.

I HID my face, I spake no word,
I fell upon the bed and wept ;
And there, while nothing moved or stirred,
Shaken by grief I slept.

I slept at first a restless sleep,
With throbbing heart and aching head ;
For even slumber's self did keep
Some memories of the dead.

I dreant. The sorrow passed away,
I wept no more, no longer sighed,
Though in the chamber where she lay,
And where that morn she died.

Methought I saw her after death,
And knowing well that she was dead ;
And yet no terror choked my breath,
Or bowed my wondering head.

I saw her now a spirit bright,
Freed from the weak and mortal frame,
And clad in raiment all of light,
Which flashed like lambent flame.

The form that lay there stilled in death,
That bent before his cruel power,
Was but the fair and outward sheath
That held the fragrant flower.

She met my gaze with such a look,
That to my very soul did thrill ;
And all my quivering pulses shook
And all my heart stood still.

A yearning love was in my eye,
I felt that she was leaving me ;
I cried, "Oh, let me also die,
That I may go with thee ! "

While thus I spake, a voice I heard,
Come ringing down the heavens afar ;
And sweeter sounded every word,
Than song of Morning Star.

She turned to hear the voice that spoke,
And glowing rapture filled her eye ;
And as upon her ear it broke,
Her glance was raised on high.

She passed at once upon the way
That leads through depths of dazzling light,
To worlds where everlasting day,
Place never gives to night.

I saw her gliding up on high,
Where burning suns in glory move ;
I saw her mounting thro' the sky
Drawn by the force of love.

Her path lay thro' the star-strewn skies,
By argent moon, keen, bright, and clear ;
Orb after orb flashed on her eyes,
Globed each in silver sphere.

Thus held she on her upward way,
Where gleam the golden gates afar ;
At length beneath her feet there lay,
Both sun, and moon, and star.

And still she kept her upward flight,
Until she reached the happy place,
Where God dwells in the perfect light,
And shows His awful face.

Thro' Heaven's door there poured a flood
Of melody and thrilling song ;
And, bathed in glory, there she stood,
Close to the shining throng.

And One stepped forth to meet her there,
A crown upon His kingly brow,
With dazzling eyes and radiant hair,
And face with love aglow.

He took her to the Fountain's brink,
Whence flow the living rills of light ;
And, stooping down, I saw her drink
The waters pure and bright.

I heard the six-winged Seraphim,
As they beheld her forward come,
Pause in their loud adoring hymn,
To bid her welcome home.

Christ led her then beneath the shade
Of the green mystic Tree of Life,
Whose fragrant leaves fall not, nor fade,
Whose boughs with fruit are rife.

She plucked with joy the blushing flowers,
That grew in happy gardens there,
And never wither as do ours,
But bloom for ever fair.

And there I saw the streets of gold,
And sea of glass that burned with fire,
And starry gates their doors unrolled,
As He led her ever higher.

I heard the holy angels cry,
One to another, as they sang,
In strange delicious melody,
That thro' the heavens rang.

I heard her voice amongst the choir,
And knew it well from all the rest ;
And as she struck her golden lyre,
Methought it sounded best.

And still she moved 'midst rainbow dyes,
Along the crystal floor of heav'n,
Full in the Day of Paradise,
Which never wanes to ev'n.

And so Christ led her ever on,
Thro' bending ranks of angels bright,
Until she stood before the throne,
There lost within God's light.

So passed she from my straining eyes ;
And then I woke with sudden start,
Full of a sweet, tho' sad surprise,
And throbings of the heart.

Alas ! I woke to weary day,
To see her lying on the bed,
Where white, and calm, and still she lay,
One of the blessed dead.

But from my aching heart had gone
The bitter anguish and the pain ;
I said, "O God, Thy will be done,
I ask her not again.

"I would not, if I could, dear Lord,
Recall her to this world of woe ;
Nor might I, could I speak the word,
Draw her from Thee below.

"No ! Let her live before Thy face,
And follow Thee thro' pastures fair ;
Patient I'll tarry here a space,
Then seek her with Thee there."

IV.—DYING WORDS.

"When I am dead, think of me as in the next room. It is the same house, only one is to the back, and the other to the front."—LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY.

D EAREST, when from thy sight I've passed away,
And from my glass has run out all the sand,
When you no more shall see me day by day,
Or feel the loving pressure of my hand,
And I have gone into the shadowy land,
I ask for this,—you will not say me nay,—
That memories of me be free from gloom,
Oh, "think of me as in the other room!"

Sorrow not overmuch, nor greatly weep,
Mourning because I am amongst the dead ;
Rather believe I only am asleep,
And dreaming sweetly on a painless bed,
Where God has smoothed the pillow for my head ,
And bright-winged angels watch around me keep.
Oh, speak not of me in the silent tomb,
But "think of me as in the other room."

"The other room"—the house is just the same ;
The chambers vary as regards the place—
One lieth to the front, where all afame
The sky is glowing with the sun's bright face ;
The other, to the back, has dimmer grace,
Set also in a smaller, meaner frame :
But is not God in both, dear love ? with Whom,
"I pass from this into the other room."

I know, belov'd, my loss will make you sad,
I know full well you cannot choose but grieve ;
But think of all the blessedness we've had.
O home, more happy than I could conceive !
O God, who in my lot such bliss did weave !
O love, for twelve sweet years which made me glad !
Why should dark sorrow all your life consume
When I but pass "into the other room" ?

True, often in the gathering shades of night,
When sitting by our dear hearth all alone,
Your heart will ache, because you think the light,
The bloom, from off your life has passed and gone
And left it joyless, colourless, and wan,
Bereaved of all you say did make it bright.
But let your mind its calm and peace resume,
And "think of me as in the other room."

And when you feel awear'y of the strife
With sin and sorrow, falsehood, wrong and pain,
Wishing for one who used to cheer your life,
Whose joy it was to comfort and sustain,
And help you bear the pressure and the strain,
Whose dearest thought is this—she is your wife,
'Twill touch with light the clouds that darkly loom,
To "think of me as in the other room."

And when a silence broods o'er stair and hall,
Unbroken by a voice you loved to hear,
And when I answer not, although you call,
Yet still believing I am very near,
This one sweet thought will check the rising tear,
And hold it on the cheek before it fall,—
I may step any time from out the gloom,
Being so near you in "the other room."

"The other room," beloved, not far away,
For though removed a little from your sight,
I shall be ever near you, day by day,
And when the evening darkens into night;
And surely it will be a strange delight,
Which all my pain and grief will overpay,
To know that through your life this hope shall bloom
—We meet again within "the other room."

RONDEAUX.

CHARLES D. BELL.

I.—WORKS DEATH SUCH CHANGE?

WORKS Death such change upon our dead,
Doth it such awe around them spread,
That, would they suddenly appear,
Trembling, we would recoil in fear,
Though on their breast had lain our head ?
Why should their light and ghostly tread
Thus thrill us with a nameless dread,
If still we hold them all so dear ?
Works Death such change ?
We kissed their cold lips on the bier,
And weeping wished the spirit here ;
And shall the wish be all unsaid,
If some night, rising near our bed,
They stand within the moonlight clear ?
Works Death such change ?

II.—I WOULD NOT SHRINK

I WOULD not shrink if some dear ghost,
One of the dead's unnumbered host,
Should rise in silence of the night,
Shrined in an aureole of light,
And pale as snowdrift in the frost.
No ! if the brother loved and lost
For me the silent river crossed,
For me left worlds all fair and bright,
I would not shrink !
Oh, if I gauge my heart aright,
Dear would the dead be to my sight ;
A vision from the other coast,
Of one on earth I cherished most,
Would be a measureless delight :
I would not shrink !

III.—HE DOES NOT COME.

H E does not come, although I pray
From sombre eve to morning grey;
Either my voice he cannot hear
In that untroubled happier sphere,
Or cannot force to me his way.
Ah, they but mock us when they say,
The dead revisit realms of day,
Or ever to our sight appear,—
He does not come !
Yet eager was he to obey
What on his heart I pleased to lay ;
And if he heard, he would stand here
Before me in the moonlight clear,
Though only for an hour his stay,—
He does not come !

IV.—BEFORE HE PASSED.

B EFORE he passed from mortal view,
To where he sleeps beneath the yew,
He said, “Weep not; to thee I'll come,
If spirits ever leave that home
Through whose dark gates I go from you.”
How firm his promise well I knew ;
So as he spake life sweeter grew,
And flowered again my heart in bloom,
Before he passed !
Alas! the sweet hope is not true ;
He may not tread the avenue
That leadeth from the nether gloom ;
Else would he come to this dear room.
I heard his vow,—God heard it too,
Before he passed !

Anna Lætitia Waring.

1820.

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING was born at Neath in Glamorganshire in 1820. She is the daughter of Elijah Waring, and niece of Samuel Miller Waring, who wrote a few hymns of merit.

In 1850 she published a little book "Hymns and Meditations," by A. L. W., which contained nineteen hymns. This was enlarged from time to time as new editions were called for, until the tenth, issued in 1863, contained just twice as many hymns as the edition of 1850. In 1858 she published "Additional Hymns," and in 1871 contributed verses to the *Sunday Magazine*. All her verse that she cares to preserve is now issued under the same title as her small collection of 1850, "Hymns and Meditations."

Miss Waring's last volume impresses us as the work of a writer who only wrote when moved to do so, or when she had a message to deliver. The second part of her title—"Meditations"—is best descriptive of her verse, which is more meditative than hymnic. The substance is often better than the form. Every now and then she gives us a happy thought charmingly phrased, such as—

"a heart at leisure from itself
To sooth and sympathise,"

so often quoted as to have become well nigh proverbial; but the value of her verse lies in its

quiet thoughtfulness and a certain restfulness very precious in an age of hurry and strife like ours. The defect of her verse lies in the form rather than the substance or spirit. Here and there the accent is faulty, and this has made slight alterations necessary when her verses have been set to music. This, however, is but a slight matter, and probably arises from a want of sensitiveness to sound on the part of the writer. And yet in some few instances her verse is well nigh perfect in form, the very sound of the words being exquisitely suited to the sentiment. The best instance of this is in the following :

Tender mercies, on my way
Falling softly like the dew,
Sent me freshly every day,
I will bless THE LORD for you.

Though I have not all I would,
Though to greater bliss I go,
Every present gift of good
To Eternal Love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,
Well of joy for which I long,
Let the song I sing to Thee
Be an everlasting song.

Had she attained a similar compactness and perfection of expression in her other hymns Miss Waring would have been one of the greatest of modern hymnists ; but, in spite of their faultiness of form, her hymns remind one, in their quiet restfulness, of Longfellow's well-known lines :—

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

W. GARRETT HORDER.

HYMNS AND MEDITATIONS.

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING.

1.—FATHER, I KNOW THAT ALL MY LIFE.

"My times are in Thy hand."—PSALM xxxi. 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.
I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.
I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.
So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
 In my cup of blessing be,
 I would have my spirit filled the more
 With grateful love to Thee—
 More careful—not to serve Thee much,
 But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,
 That call for patient care ;
 There is a cross in every lot,
 And an earnest need for prayer ;
 But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
 Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
 There are no bonds for me,
 For my inmost heart is taught “the truth”
 That makes Thy children “free” ;
 And a life of self-renouncing love
 Is a life of liberty.

II.—MY HEART IS RESTING, O MY GOD.

MY heart is resting, O my God,—
 I will give thanks and sing ;
 My heart is at the secret source
 Of every precious thing.
 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
 No hand but Thine shall fill—
 For the waters of the earth have failed,
 And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
 And here all day they rise—
 I seek the treasure of Thy love,
 And close at hand it lies.
 And a “new song” is in my mouth
 To long-loved music set—

Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known—
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see ;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest—
A calm assurance for to-day,
That to be poor is best ;
A prayer reposing on His truth
Who hath made all things mine,
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

I will give thanks for suffering now,
For want and toil and loss—
For the death that sin makes hard and slow
Upon my Saviour's cross—
Thanks for the little spring of love
That gives me strength to say,
“If they will leave me part in Him,
Let all things pass away.”

Sometimes I long for promised bliss,
But it will not come too late—
And the songs of patient spirits rise
From the place wherein I wait ;
While in the faith that makes no haste
My soul has time to see

A kneeling host of Thy redeemed,
In fellowship with me.

There is a multitude around
Responsive to my prayer;
I hear the voice of my desire
Resounding everywhere.
But the earnest of eternal joy
In every prayer I trace;
I see the glory of the Lord
On every chastened face.

How oft, in still communion known,
Those spirits have been sent
To share the travail of my soul,
Or show me what it meant!
And I long to do some work of love
No spoiling hand could touch,
For the poor and suffering of Thy flock
Who comfort me so much.

But the yearning thought is mingled now
With the thankful song I sing;
For thy people know the secret source
Of every precious thing.
The heart that ministers for Thee
In Thy own work will rest;
And the subject spirit of a child
Can serve Thy children best.

Mine be the reverent, listening love
That waits all day on Thee,
With the service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see—
The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,

Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care—
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.

"Thou art my portion," saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

III.—GO NOT FAR FROM ME, O MY STRENGTH.

GO not far from me, O my strength,
Whom all my times obey ;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away ;
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress :
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

While many sympathizing hearts
For my deliverance care,
Thou, in Thy wiser, stronger love,
Art teaching me to bear—
By the sweet voice of thankful song,
And calm, confiding prayer.

Thy love has many a lighted path,
No outward eye can trace,

And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee, 'mid the storm,
As in a secret place.

O Comforter of God's redeemed,
Whom the world does not see,
What hand should pluck me from the flood
That casts my soul on Thee ?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me ?

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

Oh, blessed are the eyes that see,
Though silent anguish show
The love that in their hours of sleep
Unthanked may come and go ;
And blessed are the ears that hear,
Though kept awake by woe.

Happy are they that learn, in Thee,
Though patient suffering teach
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech—
Peace that no pressure from without,
No strife within, can reach.

There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died ;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified ;

And it is *fellowship* with Him
That keeps me near His side.

My heart is fixed, O God, my strength—
My heart is strong to bear;
I will be joyful in Thy love,
And peaceful in Thy care.
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
According to His prayer.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,
How blest soe'er it be—
Yet may the chastened child be glad
His Father's face to see;
And oh, it is not hard to bear
What must be born in Thee.

It is not hard to bear by faith,
In Thy own bosom laid,
The trial of a soul redemed,
For Thy rejoicing made.
Well may the heart in patience rest,
That none can make afraid.

Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore—
Borne onward—sin and death behind,
And love and life before—
Oh, let my soul abound in hope,
And praise Thee more and more!

Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say—
“Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away;
And let the storm that speeds me home,
Deal with me as it may.”

IV.—THE CRY OF THE LOST ANSWERED.

THAT was the Shepherd of the flock ; He knew
 The distant voice of one poor sheep astray ;
It had forsaken Him, but He was true,
 And listened for its bleating night and day.
Lost in a pitfall, yet alive it lay,
 To breathe the faint sad call that He would know ;
But now the slighted fold was far away,
 And no approaching footstep soothed its woe.
A thing of life and nurture from above
 Sunk under earth where all was cold and dim,
With nothing in it to console His love,
 Only the miserable cry for Him.
His was the wounded heart, the bleeding limb
 That safe and sound He would have joy'd to keep ;
And still, amidst the flock at home with Him,
 He was the Shepherd of that one lost sheep.
Oh ! would He now but come and claim His own,
 How more than precious His restoring care !
How sweet the pasture of His choice alone,
 How bright the dullest path if He were there !
How well the pain of rescue it could bear,
 Held in the shelter of His strong embrace !
With Him it would find herbage anywhere,
 And springs of endless life in every place.
And so He came and raised it from the clay,
 While evil beasts went disappointed by.
He bore it home along the fearful way
 In the soft light of His rejoicing eye.
And *thou* fallen soul, afraid to live or die
 In the deep pit that will not set thee free,
Lift up to Him the helpless homeward cry,
 For all that tender love is seeking thee.

Edward Hayes Plumptre.

1821—1891.

OF few men of our century could it be more truly said than of Dr. Plumptre “*Nihil tetigit non ornavit.*” This is the more remarkable when we remember the number of subjects he touched with his pen—Theology—Speculative, Exegetical, Homiletical, Translation—of the Hebrew Scriptures, of the Greek Classics, and of Dante, Biography, and Poetry including hymn writing. In each of these departments, if he did not give proof of actual genius, he certainly showed a fine taste, and the results of a finished scholarship. The part he took as a member of the Old Testament Company of Revisers is known only to those who were his co-workers, but his separately published works on the Prophets show both ample knowledge and poetic imagination. His translations of Sophocles and Æschylus still hold their place as worthy renderings of those great poets, his Dante is noteworthy not only as a translation—in parts extremely happy—but in the highest degree valuable for its introductory life and its exhaustive notes, whilst his Life of Bishop Ker has become, and is likely long to remain, the standard work on the subject.

He was born in London on the 6th of August, 1821. He was educated first at King's College, London, and afterwards at University College, Oxford. At his graduation in 1844 he took a double-first. Soon

after he was elected a Fellow of Brasenose. He was ordained in 1846, and rapidly came to the front both as a Theologian and a Preacher. Amongst the more important posts he held were the following: Assistant Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, Select Preacher at Oxford, Professor of Pastoral Theology at King's College, London, Dean of Queen's College, Oxford, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Professor of New Testament Exegesis at King's College, London, Boyle Lecturer, Grinfield Lecturer on the Septuagint, Examiner in the Theological Schools at Oxford, Member of the Old Testament Revision Company, Rector of Pluckley, 1869, Vicar of Bickley, 1873, and Dean of Wells from 1881 to his death in 1891.

He married the sister of Frederick Denison Maurice. This, and similarity of pursuits and tastes, brought him into very close connection with Julius Charles Hare (who had married another sister of Maurice's), which led to Dr. Plumptre writing introductory sketches to the "Guesses at Truth" by Two Brothers (Julius Charles and Augustus William Hare), and the "Victory of Faith" by the former of these.

Dr. Plumptre's published poetical work is comprised in three volumes: "Lazarus and Other Poems" (1864); "Master and Scholar" (1866); "Things New and Old" (1884). A fourth book, "Cornua Altaris; Thoughts for the Church's Year," was announced in 1884, but never published. This would probably have contained a selection from two voluminous note-books filled with poems chiefly on Scripture subjects, which Dr. Plumptre was kind enough to place at the disposal of the present writer, and from which he drew the greater part of

the poems bearing Dr. Plumptre's name in "The Poets' Bible" (1883).

His poetic work is such as we should expect from the nature, the culture, and the pursuits of such a man. Though his lifework lay chiefly in the theological region, he did not, as so many have done, regard theology apart from life by the daylight of the metaphysical thinker. He always saw the form and heard the voice of Prophet and Evangelist whilst he analysed their words. When too little was known of them from the history for this to be the case, he constructed ideal biographies, as in the case of several of the Prophets. So that the imagination was never quite shut out even from his most serious exegetical work. Then his classical training gave him great mastery of verse-forms, whilst his large classical and Biblical scholarship furnished vast stores of knowledge which he was able—easily—to cloth in poetic form. His more important poems, such as "Lazarus," "Jesus Barabbas," and others on Scripture characters are full of information, and are really studies with the added charm of being wrought into poetic form and touched with the colours of an imagination guided by the knowledge of the accurate scholar. The same remarks apply to his poems on Roger Bacon, Milton at Chalfont St. Giles, John Bunyan, etc. These may all be read as Biographic Vignettes, with the assurance that beneath every allusion there is the solid basis of fact. In his shorter poems on Scripture themes the accuracy of the scholar is everywhere present, and they are, therefore, as valuable to the seeker for truth as for the lover of poetry. In his hymns, Dr. Plumptre's thought is

often better than the form of its expression. Here the scholar outweighs the poet. Indeed, the lyric is the element in which Dr. Plumptre is most deficient. With one or two exceptions, notably, "Rejoice, ye pure in heart," the most widely used of all, his hymns do not, as they should, sing themselves. The greatest poets can make bricks without straw. This Dr. Plumptre cannot do. He must always have a basis of fact, and then he will not quite transfigure it as a Master would do; but he will show all its points in a lovely light. He is a scholar first and a poet afterwards. This to a generation fascinated by Impressionism may seem but faint praise. It is not intended to be. There are diversities of gifts in poetry as in everything else, and at the risk of being reckoned a Philistine, I shall say that I have found more pleasure in some of Dr. Plumptre's verse, although he does "keep one foot firm on fact ere hazarding the next step," than in many a poet who is bold enough to disregard firm foothold on the earth.

W. GARRETT BORDER.

LAZARUS AND OTHER POEMS.

1865.

EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE.

THREE CUPS OF COLD WATER.

I.

THE princely David, with his outlaw-band,
Lodged in the cave Adullam. Wild and fierce,
With lion-like faces, and with eagle eyes,
They followed where he led. The danger pressed,
For over all the land the Philistines
Had spread their armies. Through Rephaim's vale
Their dark tents mustered thick, and David's home,
His father's city, Bethlehem, owned them lords.
'Twas harvest, and the crops of ripening corn
They ravaged, and with rude feet trampled down
The tender vines. Men hid themselves for fear
In woods or caves. The brave undaunted few,
Gathering round David, sought the mountain hold.
The sun was hot, and all day long they watched
With spear in hand and never-resting eye,
As those who wait for battle. But at eve
The eye grew dim, the lips were parched with thirst,
And from that arid rock no trickling stream
Of living water gushed. From time-worn skins
The tainted drops were poured, and fevered lips
Half-loathing drank them up. And David's soul
Was weary; the hot simoom scorched his veins;
The strong sun smote on him, and, faint and sick,
He sat beneath the shadow of the rock:
And then before his eyes a vision came,
Cool evening, meadows green, and pleasant sounds
Of murmuring fountains. Oft in days of youth,
When leading home his flocks as sunset fell,
That fount had quenched his thirst, and dark-eyed girls,
The pride and joy of Bethlehem, meeting there,

Greeted the shepherd boy, their chieftain's son
(As, bright and fair with waving locks of gold
Exulting in the flush of youth's full glow,
He mingled with their throng), and gazing, rapt
With wonder at his beauty, gave him drink.
And now the words came feebly from his lips,
A murmur half in silence, which the ear
Of faithful followers caught : "Ah ! who will bring
From that fair stream, which flowing by the gate
Of Bethlehem's wall makes music in the ear,
One drop to cool this tongue ?" They heard, the three,
The mightiest of the thirty, swift of foot
As are the harts upon the mountains, strong
As are the lions down by Jordan's banks ;
They heard and darted forth ; down rock and crag
They leapt, as leaps the torrent on its course,
Through plain and vale they sped, and never stayed,
Until the wide encampment of the foe
Warned them of danger nigh. But not for fear
Abandoned they their task. When evening fell,
And all the Philistines were hushed in sleep,
And over all the plain the full, bright moon
Poured its rich lustre, onward still they stole,
By tent fires, creeping with hushed breath, and feet
That feared to wake the echoes, till at last
They heard the babbling music, and the gleam
Of rippling moonlight caught their eager eye,
And o'er them fell the shade of Bethlehem's gate.
They tarried not. One full delicious draught
Slaked their fierce thirst, and then with anxious haste
They filled their water-urn, and full of joy,
They bore it back in triumph to their lord.
With quickened steps they tracked their path again
O'er plain and valley, up o'er rock and crag,

And as the early sunlight kissed the hills
They stood before him. He had won their hearts
By brave deeds, gentle words, and stainless life,
And now they came to give him proof of love,
And pouring out the water bade him drink.
But lo ! he would not taste. He heard their tale
(In few words told, as brave men tell their deeds),
And lifting up his hands with solemn prayer,
As though, he stood, a priest, before the shrine,
He poured it on the earth before the Lord.
“Far be it from me, God, that I should drink,
The slave of selfish lust, forgetting Thee,
Forgetting these my brothers. In Thine eyes
This water fresh and cool is as the blood
Of hero-souls who jeopardized their lives.
That blood I may not taste. As shrink the lips
From the hot life-stream of the Paschal Lamb,
So shrinks my soul from this. To Thee, O Lord,
To Thee I pour it. Thou wilt pardon me
For mine unkingly weakness, pardon them
For all rough deeds of war. Their noble love
Shall cover all their sins ; for Thou hast claimed,
More than all blood of bulls and goats, the will
That, self-forgetting, lives in deeds like this.”

So spake the hero-king, and all the host
Looked on and wondered ; and those noble three,
The mightiest of the thirty, felt their souls
Knit closer to King David and to God.

II.

THROUGH wastes of sand the train of camels wound
Their lingering way. The pilgrims, hastening on
To Mecca's shrine, were grieved and vexed at heart,
Impatient of delay. The scorching sand

Lay hot and blinding round them, and the blast
Of sultry winds, as from a furnace mouth
Brought blackness to all faces. Whirling clouds
Of white dust filled their eyes, and, falling flat,
Crouching in fear, they waited till it passed.
Then, lifting up their eyes, there met their gaze
One fierce, hot glare, a waveless sea of sand.
No track of pilgrims' feet, nor whitening bones
Of camels or of asses, marked their way.
They wandered on, by sun and moon and stars
Guessing their path, not knowing where they went,
But Mecca's shrine they saw not. Day by day,
Their scant stores scantier grew. Their camels died;
No green oasis met their yearning eyes,
No rippling stream brought gladness to their hearts;
But glittering lakes that sparkled in the light,
Girt with the soft green tufts of feathery palm,
Enticed them, hour by hour, to wander on,
And, as they neared them, turned to wastes of sand.
They thirsted, and with looks of blank despair
Beheld the emptied skins. One only, borne
By Ka'ab's camel, met their wistful gaze,—
Ka'ab, the rich, the noble, he who knew
The depths of Islam,¹ unto Allah's will
Resigning all his soul. And now he showed
How out of that submission flows the strength
For noblest acts of love. That priceless store
He claimed not as his own: the "mine" and "thine"
Of selfish right he scattered to the winds,
And to his fellow-pilgrims offered all.
They shared it all alike. To Ka'ab's self
And Ka'ab's slave an equal portion came.
"Allah is great," he cried, about to drink
With thankful adoration, when a wail

Of eager eraving burst from parchèd lips,
 And upturned eyes with fevered anguish watched
 The precious life-draught. Ka'ab heard that cry,
 His eye beheld that anguish, and his heart
 Was stirred with pity. Tasting not a drop,
 With calm and loving look he passed the cup
 To those poor dying lips, and bore his thirst,
 As martyrs bear their flames. His soul had learnt,
 Not Islam's creed alone that God is great:
 A mightier name was written on his heart,
 "God, the compassionate, the merciful;
 And yielding up his will to God's, the three,
 Compassion, mercy, greatness, were as one.

So ends the tale. And whether death came soon
 As sleep's twin-brother, with the longed-for rest,
 And clear bright streams in Paradise refreshed
 The fevered thirsts of earth; or if the dawn
 Revealed the distant gleam of Mecca's shrine,
 And led those pilgrims on to Zemzem's fount,
 We know not. This we know, that evermore,
 Like living water from the flinty rock,
 Gladdening the hearts of Hagar's sons, as once
 God's angel helped the mother and her child,
 The memory of that noble deed flows on,
 And quiekins into life each fainting heart,
 And through long ages, in each Arab's tent
 It passed into a proverb—"Ka'ab's deed
 Of noble goodness:—There is none like that."²

III.

THE setting sun fell low on Zutphen's plain;
 The fight was over, and the victory won,
 And out of all the din and stir of war
 They bore the flower of Christian chivalry

The life-blood gushing out. He came, the pure,
The true, the stainless, all youth's fiery glow,
All manhood's wisdom, blended into one,
To help the weak against the strong, to drive
The Spaniard from a land which was not his,
And claim the right of all men to be free,
Free in their life, their polity, their faith.
He came, no poor ambition urging on,
But loyalty and duty, first to God,
And then to her the Virgin Queen who ruled
His guileless heart, and of a thousand good
Found him the best. We wonder that he bowed
Before so poor an idol, knowing not
That noble souls transfer their nobleness
To that whereon they gaze, and through the veils
Of custom or of weakness reach the heart
That beats, as theirs, with lofty thoughts and true.
And now that life was ebbing. Men had hoped
To see in him the saviour of the state
From thickening perils, one in open war
To cope with Alva, and in subtle skill,
Bating no jot of openness and truth,
To baffle all the tortuous wiles of Spain :
And some who knew him better hoped to see
His poet's spirit do a poet's work,
With sweetest music giving voice and shape
To all the wondrous thoughts that stirred the age,
Moving the world's great heart, attracting all,
The children at their play, the old man bent
By blazing hearths, to listen and rejoice.

And now his sun was setting. Faint and weak
They bore him to his tent, and loss of blood
Brought on the burning thirst of wounded men,
And he too craved for water. Brothers true,

Companions of his purpose and his risk,
Brought from the river in their helmet cup
The draught he longed for. Yet he drank it not ;
That eye had fallen on another's woe,
That car was open to another's sigh,
That hand was free to give, and pitying love,
In that sharp pain of death, had conquered self.
The words were few and simple : " Not for me ;
I may not taste : He needs it more than I :"
Few as all noblest words are, pearls and gems
Of rarest lustre ; but they found their way,
More than all gifts of speech or poet's skill,
To stir the depths of England's heart of hearts,
And gave to Sidney's name a brighter life,
A nobler fame through all the immortal years,
Than Raleigh's friendship, or his own brave deeds,
Or counsel's wise, or Spenser's silver notes,—
A trumpet-call to bid the heart awake,
A beacon-light to all the rising youth,
Fit crown of glory to that stainless life,
The perfect pattern of a Christian knight,
The noblest hero of our noblest age.

IV.

AND one day they shall meet before their God,
The Hebrew, and the Moslem, and the flower
Of England's knighthood. On the great white throne
The Judge shall sit, and from his lips shall flow
Divinest words : " Come, friends and brothers, come ;
I speak as one whose soul has known your pangs ;
Your weariness and woe were also mine ;
The cry, ' I thirst,' has issued from these lips,
And I too would not drink, but bore the pain,
Yielding my will to do my Father's work,
And so that work was finished ; so I learnt

The fullest measure of obedience, learnt
 The wide deep love embracing all mankind,
 Passing through all the phases of their woe
 That I before their God might plead for all.
 And thus through all the pulses of their life
 I suffer when they suffer ; count each deed
 Of Mercy done to them as done to Me,
 And one with them in sorrow and in joy,
 Rejoicing in their likeness to My life,
 And bearing still the burden of their sins
 For which I once was offered. I was there,
 The light of each man's soul, in that wild cave,
 On that parched desert, on that tented field ;
 That self-forgetting love I owned as Mine,
 And ye who, true to that diviner Light
 Which triumphed over nature, freely gave
 That water to the thirsty, gave to Me.

* * * * *

¹ Islam—resignation, submission to the will of God—was proclaimed by Mahomet as the one essential religion, which had been inherited from the patriarchs, preached by the prophets, and revived by himself as its new and greatest apostle. Comp. Koran, ch. ii. and iii. (Sale's *Translation*) ; or ch. xci. and xcvi. (Rodwell's).

"They who set their face with resignation Godward and do what is right, their reward is with the Lord."

"When his Lord said to Abraham, 'Resign thyself to Me,' he said, 'I resign myself to the Lord of the Worlds.'"

"And this to his children did Abraham bequeath, and Jacob also, saying, 'O, my children ! truly God has chosen a religion for you ; so die not unless ye also be Muslims'" (*sc.*, resigned). (Rodwell, xci.)

² The story is given by Kallius in his notes to Rostgaard's translation of the collection of proverbs known as *Arabum Philosophia Popularis*, p. 57. The current form of the proverb is that Arabs, in speaking of any one whose nobleness they wish to praise, describe him as "more generous than Kalab." See also Pocock, *Hist. Arab.*, p. 344.

MASTER AND SCHOLAR.

1866.

EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE.

GILBOA.

I.

SO life is ending, and its visions pass
Before the inward eye,
Like soft dew falling on the tender grass,
When all around is dry.

Through the dark night I see the ruby flush
Of childhood's earliest day ;
Through war's wild din, and battle's torrent rush,
I hear the children play.

Yet once again I live that time of might,
When I, and one with me
Who bore my shield, were conquerors in the fight,
And made the aliens flee.

From crag to crag we clambered, hand in hand,
And leapt from rock to rock ;
Till from the height we looked on all the land,
And dared the battle's shock.

I feel the faintness of that noontide heat,
The thirst that fired the brain ;
I taste the golden stream that trickled sweet,
And brought life back again :

The fear of death is on me as of old,
When Saul in sternness strove
An iron mantle round his heart to fold,
And crush a father's love ;

I stood as one condemned to shameful death,
And offered up my life,
As Isaac bowed of old, with calmest breath,
To meet the glittering knife :

When shrill and loud from warriors old and young
There rose the awe-struck cry ;
Their strong resolve through hill and forest rung,
“ This day shall no man die ! ”

So with my father many a month passed on,
I smote the craven foe ;
And year by year the crown of victory won,
Requiting blow for blow :

And robes of scarlet from each plundered town,
We brought for Israel’s maids ;
The ruby circlet, and the golden crown,
Rich harvest of our raids.

So grew my soul to manhood’s kingly noon,
And all men sang my praise ;
Yet darker far than night without a moon,
Was fame’s full daylight blaze.

I craved for one whose heart should beat as mine,
My hopes and thoughts to share ;
A soul to live with me the life divine,
And half grief’s burden bear.

I sought for one to be my friend and guide,
My glory and my joy ;
When lo ! there stood in brightness by my side,
The minstrel shepherd-boy.

11.

YES, there he stood, and life’s deep-hidden fountains
Welled from my soul in one abounding flood ;
The sun shone brighter on the hoary mountains,
A sweeter music murmured through the wood.

It was not for the flush of youthful beauty,
The golden locks that flowed like sunlight down ;
Through eye's wild flash there gleamed the star of duty,
And on his brow Truth set her kingly crown.

Strong arm was his to smite the tyrant stranger,
Voice soft as maiden's, stirring men to tears,
A soul that knew no fear of death or danger,
Wide thoughts of wisdom ripening with the years :

Forth from his lips there flowed the song of gladness,
His hand brought music from the soulless lyre ;
And lo ! the spell chased all the clouds of madness,
Wrath passed away as wax before the fire.

Of warriors old he sang, our father's glory,
The wonders of the nobler days of old ;
And strong, deep music thrilled through all the story,
Stirring all hearts to deeds of prowess bold.

He sang the marvels of the earth and heaven,
The starry night, the cloud-built tent of God,
The wild, dark storm on wings of tempest driven,
The snow-clad heights where never man has trod :

And new light streamed o'er mountain and o'er river,
New voices mingled with the streamlet's song ;
Men's hearts rose up to meet the Eternal Giver,
The slave found freedom, and the weak grew strong.

And oh ! my heart clave to him as he chanted
The hymns that made the brain and spirit thrill ;
I found the prize for which my soul had panted,
The friend and guide of thought, and heart, and will.

I track that love throughout life's varied chances ;
And still my heart is with him to the last,
Though all our glory wane as his advances,
His the bright future, ours the failing past.

III.

'Tis well, 'tis well, I grudge him not the glory,
 His people's love unpriced ;
Long line of kings, great names renowned in story,
 The far-off, coming Christ.

I gave him, in that first bright hour of meeting,
 My robe, and sword, and shield ;
And oftentimes since in every secret greeting,
 In forest or in field,

That sacrifice of self on true love's altar,
 I, of free choice, renewed ;
Nor shall my spirit fail or purpose falter,
 With woman's varying mood.

I trust he loves me still, but love's requiting, . . .
 What need for that to bless ?
Though he should stand a foe against me fighting,
 I should not love him less ;

Though from his hand should dart the spear to slay me,
 I could not him deny ;
No other love have I whereon to stay me,
 And when that fails I die :

I dream that he will give a little weeping
 Above my fameless grave ;
I trust my orphaned child to his true keeping
 From shame and death to save :

So, though my lineage from the earth shall perish,
 Yet faithful to the end,
He still, through kingly state and strife, may cherish
 The memory of his friend.

* * * * *

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

1884.

EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE.

CHALFONT ST. GILES.¹

(FROM THOMAS ELWOOD TO WILLIAM PENNINGTON,
A.D. 1665.)

YES, he is with me now, that blind old man,
Y Of whom I oft have told thee. I have sought
To save him from the city's tainted air ;
And so from out the streets, whose midnight hush
Is broken by the plague-cart's bell, while death
With sweeping scythe mows down the grass of life,
I brought him hither. But a few green fields
Divide us, and at morn, and noon, and eve,
We meet as friends familiar, I to hear,
And he to speak. From pale lips eloquent
Flow golden words, and from the treasured store,
Like a wise scribe, he brings forth new and old ;
Remembered words of poets and of sage
Float, like a strain of music, to his ears ;
And so from out the dark clouds of the night
The moon looks forth upon his lonely path,²
And leads him o'er wild moor and dreary waste,
Until the day-star rises. And his joy,
When o'er him comes the breath of new-mown fields,
The fragrance of the eglantine and rose,
Or the rich sweetness which the summer rain
Draws from the bosom of the parchèd earth,
Shines, like a sunbeam o'er that sightless face,
An' sound, by some strange mystery of the sense,
Seems half-transmuted into subtler waves,

And tells of form and colour. Not for him
The golden sunset and the roseate dawn ;
And yet the breath of morning, and the songs
Of lark that chants his anthems high and clear,
Bring to his soul the brightness and the glow.
He cannot see the lightning's fiery flash,
But every peal of solemn thunder sweeps
With sudden glory to the inward eye ;
And lo ! his soul mounts upward to the Throne
Whence issue voices mighty as the surge
Of many waters, and the emerald arch
Spans the wide vault, and thousand angels wait,
Each in his order, or go to and fro,
Serving their Master. So each varying tone,
When the soft breeze, from out the pine-tree tops,
Calls the low murmur as of distant seas,
Or pattering of the raindrops on the eaves
Tells of the spring-tide shower, or babbling brook,
From pebbly depths and shallows in its course,
Makes clearest music,—all alike for him
Are but the notes of one vast symphony
That rises up from Nature to her God ;
And each fair scene is present to his thoughts,
As once it was to sight that now is quenched.
But man is more than Nature, and his soul
Soars to yet loftier empyrean heights,
When from the ivory keys the expert's touch
Creates its wondrous world of melody,
The solemn chants which fill the lofty choir,
The madrigals which speak of youth and joy,
The rushing flood of some o'erflowing strain
That pours unbidden, man's will powerless
To start, or guide, or check it. This his hands
Work for themselves, and I but sit and hear,

Wrapt in that cloud of music, and borne on
To heights before unknown ; and yet my voice,
That too has power to stir the depths of life,
Or ringing out Great Homer's trumpet tones,
Or following Virgil's calmer, statelier tread,
Or the dread vision of the Florentine,
Or in our English speech, with psalm and hymn,
And hallelujah, such as Levites sang
Before their God, the Lord of Sabaoth,
Kindling his spirit, till the wind that sweeps
With mighty rushing wakes his soul to hear
The echoes of the anthems of the stars,
The music of the mountain and the flood.

* * * * *

¹ Chalfont St. Giles is memorable in English literature as the place of Milton's retirement during the great Plague of London, A.D. 1665. Thither he was taken by Thomas Elwood, one of the early disciples of William Penn, from whom this narrative of his life there is supposed to come in a letter to one of the brotherhood of Friends.

² "Then the remembrance of early reading came over his dark and lonely path like the moon emerging from the clouds."—Hallam : *History of Literature*, iv., p. 425, ed. 1839.

HYMNS.

EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE.

1.—REJOICE, YE PURE IN HEART.

REJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

Bright youth and snow-crown'd age
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

Yes onward, onward still,
With hymn and chant and song,
Thro' gate, and porch, and columned aisle
The hallow'd pathways throng.

With all the angel-choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Hallelujahs loud,
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense-cloud.

With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

Yes, on, through life's long path,
 Still chanting as ye go,
 From youth to age, by night and day,
 In gladness and in woe.

Still lift your standard high,
 Still march in firm array,
 As warriors through the darkness toil,
 Till dawns the golden day.

At last the march shall end,
 The wearied ones shall rest,
 The pilgrims find their Father's house,
 Jerusalem the blest.

Then on, ye pure in heart,
 Rejoice, give thanks, and sing ;
 Your festal banner wave on high,
 The Cross of Christ your King.

Praise Him who reigns on high,
 The Lord whom we adore,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God for evermore.

II.—THINE ARM, O LORD.

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
 Was strong to heal and save ;
 It triumphed o'er disease and death,
 O'er darkness and the grave :
 To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
 The palsied and the lame,
 The leper with his tainted life,
 The sick with fevered frame ;

And, lo, Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight ;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light.
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

Though love and might no longer heal
By touch, or word, or look ;
Though they who do Thy work must read
Thy laws in Nature's book :
Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Come, cleanse the leprous taint ;
Give joy and peace where all is strife,
And strength where all is faint.

Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death,
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine Almighty breath :
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give Wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

James Drummond Burns.

1823—1864.

THIS "sweet singer" was born in Edinburgh on the 18th of February, 1823. His father held the privilege of burgess-freeman, whereby this his eldest son inherited the right of being one of the hundred and eighty boys in residence in George Heriot's Hospital—an endowment answering in Scotland to Christ's Hospital of London. So early as his twelfth year he was passed to the Rector's class of the High School, though he continued a resident in the great hospital. Dr. Carson, the then rector, was a ripe scholar and effective teacher. He "took" to young Burns. In his sixteenth year (November 1837) he was transferred to the University, as one of Heriot's bursars. Sir William Hamilton and "Christopher North" (John Wilson) became his most stimulating instructors. He graduated M.A. Having completed the usual course of Presbyterian students, he proceeded, in November 1841, to the Theological Hall of the "Kirk" of Scotland, then illustrious through Welsh and Thomas Chalmers. He speedily won distinction as Essayist and strenuous debater. His first two "sessions" in the Hall were the last two of what is known in ecclesiastical history as the "Ten Years' Conflict," and the summer of 1843 saw the national Church rent into unequal halves. He threw in his lot with the

"Free Church of Scotland," and followed his old professors, and the new, to its New College. In 1845 Dr. Chalmers persuaded him to go as temporary "supply" to the vacant congregation of Dunblane—a Scottish shrine through saintly Archbishop Leighton—and this issued in his becoming its first minister. It was an arduous post, and the young pastor was of a delicate constitution and of foreboding though not at all gloomy temperament, as witness his pathetic sonnet on reaching his twenty-fifth year (p. 430). He broke down after about two years of laborious and consecrate service. He left Dunblane for Madeira. There he did noble work among the invalids and native converts. In leisure hours he cultivated an unmistakable poetic gift that had revealed itself in his early boyhood. He is found again in Dunblane in 1848, but only to complete the resignation of his church and to return to Madeira. His further stay there was brief, as a universal blight of the island's vines and other calamities scattered his congregation. In 1853 he returned to England, and, after occasional service elsewhere, was finally settled, on the 22nd of May, 1855, as minister of the Presbyterian Church of Hampstead. His fine intellect, his ripened culture, his accurate and varied scholarship, and his lovable nature found expression in sermons of an exceptionally high order, and as a corollary in a considerable body of literary work. For details on these the reader is referred to Dr. James Hamilton's *Life and Remains*—a fascinating book. Here we have only to do with him as a poet. His poetry is found (*a*) in two small volumes respectively designated "The Evening Hymn : A Book of Prayers and Hymns for

Family Use," and "Heavenly Jerusalem, or Glimpses within the Gates"; (β) a volume entitled "The Vision of Prophecy and other poems": First Edition 1854; Second 1858 (enlarged). His prose is steeped in poetry, and often surprises with exquisitely wrought word-painting—*e.g.*, his description of the earthly and heavenly rainbow is worthy of Ruskin. All too soon and sorrowfully his constitutional weakness reasserted itself. In 1859 he had married inestimably, and three children brightened his home. But he had to give way. Amidst manifold tokens of his congregation's affection and thoughtfulness he removed to Mentone. At first there were gleams of hope of recovery, but they were speedily quenched. He died on the 27th of November, 1864, and was buried in Highgate Cemetery.

Two things have militated against Burns' adequate recognition as a poet of more than common genius: (α) The error in judgment of giving the leading place in title-page and book to his long blank verse poem of the "Vision of Prophecy," inasmuch as while it has felicitous lines and haunting images, it lacks inspiration as a whole; (β) "The inclusion of a number of weak and poor pieces that your chance dipper into the volume was sure to hap on. But from HUGH MILLER onward, he has been accepted as a genuine Maker (in the old sense). His splendid tribute to Wordsworth (pp. 94-116, 1858) confirms the impression left throughout, that he was his master in observation and love of Nature. His unique place as a hymn writer is recognised in Julian's Dictionary of Hymnology (*s.v.*). We give examples in our selections. We shall be disappointed if these and our other selections do no

send readers to the complete volumes. I close our necessarily compressed notice with Dr. Julian's well-put estimate: "His poems are distinguished by vivid colouring and poetic imagination, along with directness, delicacy of execution, pensive sweetness and tenderness. Included are twenty-seven hymns and meditations, some of which rank among the very best of our modern hymns for beauty, simplicity of diction, and depth of religious feeling. His hymns and prayers alike are characterised by reverence, beauty, simplicity, and pathos." Very humble was his own self-estimate, before his volume of 1854-58:—

"No laurel leaves, no sweet unfading flowers
Bloom in the garden of these simple lines;
They are but rushes woven in random hours,
Like those some lonely shepherd-boy entwines.
The while his fingers plait the scentless wreath,
He finds some pleasure in his idle skill;
At even, he leaves it withering on the heath,
Or strews its fragments on the moorland rill."

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

POEMS.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

I.—THE VESPER HOUR.

(IN MADEIRA.)

A ROSY light the Eastern sky is steeping,—
The ripple on the sea has died away
To a low murmur,—and the ships are sleeping
Each on its glassy shadow in the Bay :
The young moon's golden shell over the hill
Trembles with lustre, and the trees are still.

The air grows clearer, and her amice blue
The gentle Twilight hath about her cast,
And from her silver urn she sprinkles dew :
Silence and Sleep, twin sisters, follow fast
Her soundless sandals, and where'er she goes
Day-wearied Nature settles to repose.

Hark ! the clear bell from that tall convent-tower
Hath sounded,—and, or e'er its echoes die,
Another chime hath rung the vesper hour,—
A farther and a fainter makes reply ;
Till far and near the soft appeal to prayer
With music fills the undulating air.

Ye sweet-voiced bells, ring on ! Though at your call
I may not breathe in prayer a creature's name,
Yet on my heart more touching memories fall,
And ye remind me of a holier claim,—
His, whose undrooping eye alone can keep
Watch over His belovèd as they sleep,

II.—THE CHILD SAMUEL.

HUSH'D was the evening hymn,
The temple-courts were dark ;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark ;
When suddenly a voice divine,
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,—
The priest of Israel—slept ;
His watch, the temple-child,—
The little Levite—kept ;
And what from Eli's sense was seal'd
The Lord to Hannah's son reveal'd.

Oh give me Samuel's ear !
The open ear, O God !
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word ;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh give me Samuel's heart !
A lowly heart that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates,
By day and night—a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

Oh give me Samuel's mind !
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resign'd
To Thee, in life and death ;
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

III.—HUMILITY.

O ! LEARN that it is only by the lowly
 The paths of peace are trod ;
 If thou would'st keep thy garments white and holy,
 Walk humbly with thy God.

The man with earthly wisdom high uplifted
 Is in God's sight a fool ;
 But he in heavenly truth most deeply gifted
 Sits lowest in Christ's school.

The lowly spirit God hath consecrated
 As His abiding rest ;
 And angels by some patriarch's tent have waited,
 When kings had no such guest.

The dew that never wets the flinty mountain,
 Falls in the valley free ;
 Bright verdure fringes the small desert-fountain,
 But barren sand the sea.

Not in the stately oak the fragrance dwelleth
 Which charms the general wood,
 But in the violet low, whose sweetness telleth
 Its unseen neighbourhood.

The censer swung by the proud hand of merit
 Fumes with a fire abhorred ;
 But Faith's two mites, dropped covertly, inherit
 A blessing from the Lord.

Round lowness a gentle radiance hovers,
 A sweet unconscious grace ;
 Which even in shrinking, evermore discovers
 The brightness on its face.

Where God abides, Contentment is and Honour,
Such guerdon Meekness knows ;
His peace within her, and His smile upon her,
Her saintly way she goes.

Through the straight gate of life she passes stooping,
With sandals on her feet ;
And pure-eyed Graces, hand in hand come trooping,
Their sister fair to greet.

The angels bend their eyes upon her goings,
And guard her from annoy ;
Heaven fills her heart with silent overflowings
Of its perennial joy.

The Saviour loves her, for she wears the vesture
With which He walked on Earth ;
And through her child-like glance, and step, and gesture,
He knows her heavenly birth.

- He now beholds this seal of glory graven
On all whom He redeems ;
And in His own bright City, crystal-paven,
On every brow it gleams.

The white-robed saints, the throne-steps singing under,
Their state all meekly wear ;
Their praise wells up from hidden springs of wonder
That grace has brought them there.

IV.—THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE FLOCK.

NOT always, Lord, in pastures green
The sheep at noon Thou feedest,
Where in the shade they lie
Within Thy watchful eye :
Not always under skies serene
The white-fleeced flock Thou leadest.

On rugged ways, with bleeding feet,
They leave their painful traces ;
Through deserts drear they go,
Where wounding briars grow,
And through dark valleys, where they meet
No quiet resting-places.

Not always by the waters still,
Or lonely wells palm-hidden,
Do they find happy rest,
And, in Thy presencee blest,
Delight themselves, and drink their fill
Of pleasures unforbidden.

Their track is worn on Sorrow's shore,
Where windy storms beat ever—
Their troubled course they keep,
Where deep calls unto deep ;
So going till they hear the roar
Of the dark-flowing river.

But wheresoe'er their steps may be,
So Thou their path be guiding,
O be their portion mine !
Show me the seeret sign,
That I may trace their way to Thce,
In Thee find rest abiding.

Slowly they gather to the fold,
Upon Thy holy mountain,—
There, resting round Thy feet,
They dread no storm nor heat,
And slake their thirst where Thou hast rolled
The stone from Life's full fountain.

V.—THE BIRD AND THE BEE.

THE bird is your true Poet. I have seen him,
When the snow wrapped his seeds, and not a crumb
Was in his larder, perch upon a branch,
And sing from his brave heart a song of trust
In Providence, who feeds him though he sows not,
Nor gathers into barns. Whate'er his fears
Or sorrows be, his spirit bears him up;
Cares ne'er o'ermaster him, for 'tis his wont
To stifle them with music. Out of sight
He buries them in the depths of his sweet song,
And gives them a melodious sepulture.

He teaches me philosophy,—yea, more,
He leads me up to Faith. Your busy Bee
No favourite is of mine. There is no music
In that monotonous hum. To me it seems
A trumpet, which the little Pharisee
Sounds, that the common people of the field
May well regard his industry, and mark
How he improves the sunshine. Even that song
Dies with the flowers; for when the dreary days
Of Winter come, he folds his wing to lie
In his luxurious halls, and there amidst
His magazines of daintiest food, and vaults
Brimming with luscious amber-coloured wine,
The spiritless sluggard dreams away his hours;
Or if he wake, 'tis but to gorge himself
In solitude, with the rich cloying fare
Of an exclusive feast. His hospitality
No stranger ever shares. Heedless he sees
His mates of Summer droop and starve before
His frozen gates. He revels deep within;
Without they die: yet the small misanthrope
Shall guard his treasures with a surly sting!

SONNETS.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

I.—PRESENTIMENT.

HAST thou not felt when journeying to the place
Whence some clear prospect might before thee lie,—
Some gleam of beauty,—to reward the eye,
For long dull leagues of dreary interspace,
A strange desire to mend thy lagging pace,
Which still grew stronger as the scene drew nigh,
Till one could fret at the necessity
Which bound him in the senses' strict embrace ?
Such is the inward yearning of the soul
Towards the vision of the Infinite
When Time's thick folded mists at last unroll ;
It strives to cast aside each earthly bond,
And scale the ridge between it and the light
Of God that sleeps on blessed lands beyond.

II.—REASON AND FAITH.

Psalm lxxiii. 16, 17.

HOW many are the mysteries that lie
Along life's winding way, and vex the mind
With restless speculation, vague and blind :
In vain doth Reason hold her torch on high,
To trace the round of calm Infinity,
In all its sapphire clearness ; in the gloom
She gropes, until she stumbles o'er a tomb ;
Earth's roof of cloud to her is all the sky.
But Faith, while in the temple-court she keeps
Her midnight watch, sees up the azure deeps
God's name in starry cipher written fair,—
The vision of His Wisdom, Power, and Love,
Serenely thronged these drifting mists above,
Revealed unto the upward gaze of Prayer.

III.—MY FIRST BIRTHDAY IN A FOREIGN LAND.

(WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE.)

BEHIND my wandering steps, the busy hands
Of Time build up the moments into years,
And noiselessly, from these fast-dropping sands,
The temple of my mortal life he rears.
Alas ! to me too surely it appears
A weak devoted structure, which commands
No prospect of continuance, and stands
On a most tottering base. But Thou these fears,
O God, canst turn to hopes, that when the frail
Tent of the spirit shrivels into dust,
One of the many mansions shall be mine,
Eternal in the Heavens. So through the vale
Of Life I go my way with lowly trust,
Contented heart, and will resigned to Thine !

IV.—MEMORY OF A DEAR FRIEND.

MY grief pursues me through the Land of Sleep,
It winds into the secret of my dreams,
And shapes their shadowy pomp. When Fancy seems
To charm my fever'd spirit into deep
Forgetfulness, the restless Thought will creep
From its dim ambush, startling that repose,
And glooms and spectral terrors round me close,
Like iron walls I may not overleap.
And then I seem to see thy face again,
But not, belovèd ! as thou wert and art,
And, with thy sweet voice tingling in my brain,
From this great agony of fear I start,
To feel the slow throb of habitual pain,
And undull'd anguish grasping at my heart.

V.—IMAGINATION.

NOT seldom will the sun, when westering slow,
 Turn his bright eye upon a fronting train
Of clouds, and from the mists and falling rain
Weave suddenly his broad and gorgeous bow.
The stainless air puts on a purple glow,
 The beautcous secrecies of light are plain,
And from these stripes the swimming vapours gain
More splendour than the orient skies can show.
Such is Imagination, and the power
 Which peoples Nature with its glorious dreams ;
Which sprinkles everywhere its golden shower,
 And to the fine-eyed poet, in what seems
His vacant but his visionary hour,
 Tints every cloud with mild auroral gleams.

VI.—BY THE SEA-SIDE.

RUN in, glad waves, scoop'd in transparent shells,
 Which catch soft lights of emerald ere they break ;
Let the small ripple fret the sand, and make
The faintest chime of music, such as dwells
Far down within the sea-conch's murmuring cells,—
 While, hovering o'er the spray, the white birds wet
Their wings, and shouting fishers draw the net
To land, and far sails glitter on the swells.
'Tis bliss to rest, the while these soft blue skies
 Breathe over Earth their benison of peace,
To feel these lovely forms enchant the eyes,
 And grow into the mind by slow degrees,—
Till, breathless as a woodland pool, it lies,
 And sleeps above its sleeping images.

VII.—EVENING PICTURE.

OVER the hill-edge ripples the warm light,—
One level ray along the sprouting vines
Gleams like a seraph's spear. The dusky lines
Of the far woods grow shapeless on the height,
Where the slow mists fold up their fleeces white,
Now flecked with purple. O'er that cloud of pines
The sky to clearest spirit of air refines,
And a star settles trembling on the sight.
Cool winds are rustling downwards to the seas,
To worn, home-faring men benignly given.
From the soft glooms of church-encircling trees,
Fast darkening in the shadows of the even,
The small bells sprinkle pensive cadences,
And Earth is peacefully atoned with Heaven !

VIII.—GREAT BRITAIN.

(FROM SONNETS ON FINDING THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.)

DESPOND not, Britain ! Should this sacred hold
Of Freedom, still inviolate, be assailed,
The high, unblenching spirit which prevailed
In ancient days is neither dead nor cold :
Men are still in thee of heroic mould,—
Men whom thy grand old sea-kings would have hailed
As worthy peers, invulnerably mailed,
Because by duty's sternest law controlled.
Thou yet shalt rise, and send abroad thy voice
Among the nations, battling for the right,
In the untrusted armour of thy youth ;
And the oppressed shall hear it and rejoice,
For on thy side is the resistless might
Of Freedom, Justice, and Eternal Truth !

Cecil Frances Alexander.

1823—1895.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, second daughter of Major John Humphreys, of Miltown House, Co. Tyrone, Ireland, was born in the year 1823. Her principal volumes of verse are: "Verses for Holy Seasons" (1846); "Hymns for Little Children" (1848); "Narrative Hymns for Village Schools" (1853); "Poems on Subjects in the Old Testament" (Part I., 1854; Part II., 1857); "Hymns Devotional and Descriptive" (1858); and "The Legend of the Golden Prayers, and other Poems" (1859); besides which she contributed to numerous hymn-books and collections of sacred verse, including the "Lyra Anglicana" and "Hymns Ancient and Modern." She married Dr. Alexander, afterwards Bishop of Derry, in the year 1847, and died on the 12th of October, 1895.

Though chiefly known as a writer of hymns for children, Mrs. Alexander's verse displays powers which under greater restraint would have been even more successful upon a higher plane. A sense of the sublime, and an eye for the picturesque, and especially for colour, associated with an easy command of language, and an ear for rhyme and rhythm, are constantly in evidence; and in her lyric, "The Burial of Moses," have produced a poem which does not seem to fall short of the great subject of which

it treats. This is high praise indeed, but the poem bids fair to become a classic. Though not written especially for children, it appeals alike to young and old. A little child of six years of age known to the writer, after hearing it read, declared with enthusiasm that it was the grandest poem she had ever heard. Older critics will scarcely challenge the use of the word "grand" in this connection. Unfortunately in others of her poems Mrs. Alexander did not exercise the same restraint. "The Lonely Grave," the opening stanzas of which include the following picturesque verse—

The strange-shaped flowers of gorgeous dyes,
Unmoved by any wandering breeze,
Look out with their great scarlet eyes,
And watch him from the giant trees—

begins well, but it is much too long, and, like others of Mrs. Alexander's longer poems, becomes tedious before it concludes. Some of her hymns and shorter poems, however, have attained wide acceptance, securing a position which they seem well qualified to retain.

ALFRED H. MILES.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

I.—EVERY MORNING THE RED SUN.

EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright ;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night ;
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away :
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long,
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song :
There's a place where Angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him ;
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim :
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His Face.

Who shall go to that fair land ?
All who do the right :
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white ;
For that Heaven so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

II.—THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

THREE is a green hill far away
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin ;
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly, has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

HYMNS AND SACRED POEMS.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

I.—EARTH AND HEAVEN.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away !

Oh, for the pearly gates of Heaven,
Oh, for the golden floor,
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore !

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint ;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !

Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a robe washed bright,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night !

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher ;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.

Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord !
Oh, by Thy life laid down,
Oh, that we fall not from Thy grace
Nor cast away our crown.

II.—TOUCHED WITH A FEELING OF OUR INFIRMITIES.

WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
 Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercèd hand,
 Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
 And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
 Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain,
 Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
 Can wash away the blot.

Jesus, Thy blood can wash us white ;
 Thy hand bring sure relief;
Thy heart is touched with all our joys,
 And feeleth for our grief.

Uplift Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
 Unseal that cleansing tide ;
We have no shelter from our sin
 But in Thy wounded side.

III.—THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab,
over against Beth-Peor : but no man knoweth of his
sepulchre unto this day."—DEUT. xxxiv. 6.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale of the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave ;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever pass'd on earth ;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun ;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves ;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On grey Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight ;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car ;
They show the banners taken ;
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honour'd place
With costly marble dress'd,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This, the most gifted poet
That ever breath'd a word.
And never earth's philosopher,
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour,—
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state, while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave ?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again—O wondrous thought!—
Before the Judgment Day;
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod;
And speak of the strife, that won our life,
With the Inearnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land !
O dark Beth-Peor's hill !
Spcak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

IV.—RUTH.

IN the land of Bethlehem Judah
Let us linger, let us wander;
Ephrath's sorrow, Rachel's pillar,
Lieth in the valley yonder;
And the yellow barley harvest
Floods it with a golden glory.
Let us back into the old time,
Dreaming of her tender story,
Of her true heart's strong devotion,
From beyond the Dead Sea water,
From the heathen land of Moab—
Mahlon's wife, and Mara's daughter.

On the terebinth and fig-tree
Suns of olden time are shining,
And the dark leaf of the olive
Scarcely shows its silver lining;
For still noon is on the thicket,
Where the blue-neck'd pigeons listen
To their own reproachful music;
And the red pomegranates glisten.
As a queen a golden circlet,
As a maid might wear a blossom,
So the valley wears the cornfields
Heaving on her fertile bosom:
And the round grey hills stand o'er them,
All their terraced vineyards swelling,
Like the green waves of a forest,
Up to David's royal dwelling

Lo ! the princely-hearted Boaz
Moves among his reapers slowly,
And the widow'd child of Moab
Bends behind the gleaners lowly ;
Gathering, gleaning as she goeth
Down the slopes, and up the hollows,
While the love of old Naomi,
Like a guardian angel, follows ;
And he speaketh words of kindness,
Words of kindness calm and stately,
Till he breaks the springs of gladness
That lay cold and frozen lately ;
And the love-flowers, that had faded
Deep within her bosom lonely,
Slowly open as he questions,
Soon for him to blossom only,—
When that spring shall fill with music,
Like an overflowing river,
All his homestead, and those flowers
Bloom beside his hearth for ever.
Mother of a line of princes,
Wrought into that race's story,
Whom the Godhead, breaking earthward,
Mark'd with an unearthly glory.

Still he walks among the reapers :
The long day is nearly over,
And the lonely mountain partridge
Seeks afar his scanty cover ;
And the flocks of wild blue pigeons,
That had glean'd behind the gleaner,
Find their shelter in the thicket ;
And the cloudless sky grows sheener

With a sudden flush of crimson,
Steeping in a fiery lustre
Every sheaf-top in the valley,
On the hill-side every cluster.

Slowly, slowly fade, fair picture,
Yellow lights and purple shadows,
On the valley, on the mountain,
And sweet Ruth among the meadows.
Yet delay, true heart, and teach us,
Pausing in thy matron beauty,
Care of elders, love of kindred,
All unselfish thought and duty.
Linger, Boaz, noble-minded !
Teach us, haughty and unsparing,
Tender care for lowlier station,
Kindly speech, and courteous bearing.
Still each softest, loveliest colour,
Shrine the form beloved and loving,
Heroine of our hearts' first poem,
Through our childhood's dreamland moving ;
When the great old Bible open'd,
And a pleasant pastoral measure,
As our mothers read the story,
Fill'd our infant hearts with pleasure.

W. Walsham How.

1823.

WILLIAM WALSHAM How was born at Shrewsbury on the 13th of December, 1823, and was a son of William Wybergh How, solicitor and banker of that town. He was educated at Shrewsbury and Wadham College, Oxford, matriculating in 1840, and going into residence in 1841. Originally intending to follow the legal profession, he changed his views while at Oxford, and proceeded after graduating to the Divinity School at Durham, where he studied under Dr. Jenkyns. He was ordained in 1846, and accepted a Curacy at Kidderminster, and subsequently at (Holy Cross) Shrewsbury. In 1851 he was appointed Rector of Whittington, near Oswestry, where he remained until 1879, when he was presented with the living of St. Andrews Undershaft, and made Bishop Suffragan of East London, with the title of Bishop of Bedford. Here he had charge of the three popular rural deaneries of Hackney, Stepney, and Spitalfields, Tottenham being added at a later date. He was select preacher at Oxford 1868-9, examining chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield 1878-9, and lecturer on pastoral work at Cambridge 1883, and special preacher 1884. He was made D.D. of Oxford in 1886, and was translated to the See of Wakefield on its creation in 1888.

An anonymous volume of verse, published many years ago, was Mr. How's first appeal to the public as a poet. Of this a new and enlarged edition appeared in 1886, which volume, with a book of fifty-four hymns, published while Bishop of Bedford, forms the main substance of his poetic work. The Bishop's poems show a true feeling for nature, a keen sympathy with suffering and sorrow, power of pathos, and sense of humour. The first is abundantly demonstrated in "Shelsley Beauchamp and the First Spring Day," the second in "Poetry and the Poet," the third in "The Boy Hero" and "Gentleman John," and the fourth in "The Three Prelates" and "A Puzzling Question." Of the shorter poems which are alone available for quotation in a work like this, "Converse," p. 448, shows the observation of the poet's eye; "Stars and Graves," p. 447, the poet's mind grappling with the problems of life and death; "Pasce Verbo, Pasce Vita," p. 449, the practical nature of his religion; and "A Starlit Night by the Sea-Shore," p. 450, his sense of the brotherhood of human relationships. Some of the Bishop's hymns have become universal favourites, and others deserve much wider use than they have received.

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS.

W. WALSHAM HOW.

I.—STARS AND GRAVES.

1847.

“ Solemn before us
Veiled, the dark portal,
Goal of all mortal :—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent.”

GOETHE. *Tr. CARLYLE.*

THE poet scanned with mighty awe
The mystery of Man ;
He spake the strange things that he saw,
And thus it ran :—
“ The silent stars are overhead,
The silent graves below :
A dream between—how quickly fled !—
Is all we know.”
He pointed up—he pointed down—
The witnesses were there.
O'er the between a veil was thrown
He could not tear.
The Preacher saw the hand he raised,
And heard the words he spake ;
And in his soul with grief amazed
A fire outbreak.
“ Poet,” he cried, “ the things we see
They are not all we know ;
The web of thy philosophy
I rend it so !”—
He pointed with his eager hand
Behind and then before,—
And there, and there, for ever stand
Two wonders more.

"The silent stars sing out with mirth,
 The graves with grass are green :—
 Christ cometh twice upon the earth ;—
 We live between ! "

II.—CONVERSE.

(PENMAENMAWR.)

1867.

TWO friends sat wrapped in converse low and grave,
 Heart opened unto heart, hand linked in hand,
 Hearing, yet hearing not, the pulsing wave
 Beat on the shadowy strand ;
 Gazing in frequent pause with dreaming eye
 O'er the wide silver sea into the West ;
 Making sweet silences, when faint words die,
 And loving hearts take rest ;
 Sweet silences, that strangers never know,
 Between the murmured words, that, like a dream,
 Wander amid the past scenes dim and low,—
 Oh, how far off they seem !
 "Words following silence, silence following words,
 So sped the golden sunset, till the land
 Grew dimmer, and the last white flock of birds
 Flashed on the glimmering sand.
 Then all at once upstreamed in rippling flow
 Of silent rosy waves a second sea,
 Surging across all heaven, a trancing show
 Of gorgeous pageantry.
 The feathered cloudlets filled the plains of air,
 Ranged by the soft wind's delicate marshalling,
 Till you could fancy angel armies there,
 Nought seen but burnished wing.

Then more low converse till the last rose paled :—
 But oh ! if earth may bear such peace and love,
 What shall the converse be when earth has failed
 And spirits meet above ! ”

III.—“PASCE VERBO, PASCE VITA.”

—ST. BERNARD.

LO ! this one preached with fervent tongue ;
 The world went forth to hear ;
 Upon his burning words they hung,
 Intent, with ravished ear.

Like other lives the life he led,
 Men spake no word of blame :
 And yet, unblest, unprofited,
 The world went on the same.

Another came, and lived, and wrought,
 His heart all drawn above ;
 By deeds, and not by words, he taught
 Self-sacrificing love.

No eager crowds his preaching drew ;
 Yet one by one they came ;
 The secret of his power they knew,
 And caught the sacred flame.

And all around, as morning light
 Steals on with silent wing,
 The world became more pure and bright
 And life a holier thing.

Ah ! Pastor, is thy heart full sore
 At all this sin and strife ?
 Feed with the Word, but ah ! far more
 Feed with a holy life.

IV.—A STARLIT NIGHT BY THE SEA-SHORE

[Suggested by Matthew Arnold's "Self-dependence."]

O GREAT Stars, aflame with awful beauty !
O great Sea, with glittering heaving breast !
Stars, that march all calm in lines of duty ;
Sea, that swayest to stern law's behest ;—
Mighty in your unimpassioned splendour,
Ye are filling all my puny soul
With the longing this vexed self to render
Wholly to calm Duty's sure control.
It were restful so to let the ruling
Of the mightier law sway all the life,
Eager will and passionate spirit schooling,
Till unfelt the pains of lesser strife.
Yet, O Stars, your quivering shafts unheeding
On these tangled human sorrows smite ;
Merciless Stars ! that on hearts crushed and bleeding
Pour the sharp stings of your bleak cold light.
Yet, O Sea, that glittering breast is heaving,
All unconscious of the life it rears,
Shouting in the mirth of its bereaving,
Laughing o'er a thousand widows' tears.
No ! I ask not for a life high lifted
O'er the changeful passions of mankind,
Undistracted, self-contained, and gifted
With a force to feebler issues blind.
Rather fill my soul to overflowing
With the tide of this world's grief and wrong ;
Let me suffer ; though it be well knowing
Suffering thus, I am not wholly strong.
Let what grandeur crown the life of others,
Let what light on lone endurance shine ;
I will set myself beside my brothers,
And their toils and troubles shall be mine !

HYMNS.

W. WALSHAM HOW.

I.—JESUS AT THE DOOR.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—REV. iii. 20.

O JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.

Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
Oh, shame, thrice shame, upon us,
To keep Him standing there !

O Jesu, Thou art knocking ;
And lo ! that Hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy Brow encircle,
And tears Thy Face have marred.

O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait !

O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate !

O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low—
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so ? "

O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door :
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

II.—O GOD, ENSHRINED.

"And when I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead."—
REV. i. 17.

O GOD, enshrined in dazzling light
 Above the highest sphere,
 My soul is filled with awe to feel
 That Thou art present here.

Thine Eye is as a lamp of fire,
 And in its searching flame
 I see myself, all stained with sin,
 And bow my head with shame.

But, O my God, Thy Son hath died !
 And from the dust I rise,
 And from myself and all my sin
 To Thee I lift mine eyes.

My sins are dark, but over all
 Thy burning love I see ;
 And all my soul is full of praise,
 And worships only Thee.

III.—OFFERTORY.

"All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee."—1 CHRON. xxix. 14.

WE give Thee but Thine own,
 Whate'er the gift may be :
 All that we have is Thine alone,
 A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
 As stewards true receive,
 And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
 To Thee our first-fruits give,

Oh ! hearts are bruised and dead ;
 And homes are bare and cold ;
 And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
 Are straying from the fold !

To comfort and to bless,
 To find a balm for woe,
 To tend the lone and fatherless,
 Is Angels' work below.

The captive to release,
 To God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and peace,—
 It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe Thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be,—
 Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
 We do it unto Thee.

IV.—THE NEW JERUSALEM.

“The kingdom of God is within you.”—ST. LUKE xvii. 21.

THE City paved with gold,
 Bright with each dazzling gem !
 When shall our eyes behold
 The new Jerusalem ?
 Yet lo ! e'en now in viewless might
 Uprise the walls of living light !

The kingdom of the Lord !
 It cometh not with show :
 Nor throne, nor crown, nor sword,
 Proclaim its might below.

Though dimly scanned through mists of sin,
 The Lord's true kingdom is within !

The gates of pearl are there
In penitential tears :
Bright as a jewel rare
Each saintly grace appears :
We track the path saints trod of old,
And lo ! the pavement is of gold !

The living waters flow
That fainting souls may drink ;
The mystic fruit-trees grow
Along the river's brink :
We taste e'en now the water sweet,
And of the Tree of Life we eat.

Not homeless wanderers here
Our exile songs we sing ;
Thou art our home most dear,
Thou city of our King !
Thy future bliss we cannot tell,
Content in Thee on earth we dwell.

Build, Lord, the mystic walls !
Throw wide the unseen gates !
Fill all the golden halls,
While yet Thy triumph waits !
Make glad Thy Church with light and love,
Till glorified it shines above !

William Alexander.

1824.

THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D. D.C.L., Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, was born at Londonderry on the 13th of April, 1824. He was educated at Tunbridge School, and at Exeter and Brasenose Colleges, Oxford, where he graduated with classical honours in 1847. He won the sacred poem prize in 18— with his poem "The Death of Jacob," and was appointed to recite the congratulatory ode to Lord Derby on his installation as Chancellor in the Sheldonian Theatre in 18—. He competed unsuccessfully for the chair of Poetry at Oxford in 1867. Having held several appointments, he was nominated to the Deanery of Emly in 1864, and appointed Bishop of Derry and Raphoe in 1867. He was select preacher at Oxford 1870-2 and 1882, Cambridge 1872-92, Dublin 1879. He was also Bampton lecturer 1876.

Dr. Alexander's poetic work is comprised in the volume "St. Augustine's Holiday and other Poems," published in 1887. His verse is picturesque, and shows a love of Nature as she reveals herself to spiritual insight. Even the more illusive aspects of natural phenomena, the changes that pass the ordinary eye without observation, are full of spiritual significance to the poet's mind, and these subtleties of observation he seems able, by a corresponding delicacy of treatment, to recall and perpetuate. "A

Sea Gleam" and "Very Far Away" will evidence this. A love of the legend and some power of narrative are shown in the title poem and others of the volume, but the delicacy of perception and touch already referred to forms perhaps the chief charm of the poet's verse.

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

I.—A SEA GLEAM.

TWAS a sullen summer day ;
Skies were neither dark nor clear,
Heaven in the distance sheer
Over sharp cliffs sloped away—
Ocean did not yet appear.
Not as yet a white sail shimmer'd,
Not with full expanse divine
Did the great Atlantic shine ;
Only very far there glimmer'd
Dimly one long tremulous line.
In the hedge were roses snow'd
Or blush'd o'er by summer morn,
Right and left grew fields of corn,
Stretching greenly from the road—
From the hay a breath was borne.
Not of small sweet wild rose twine,
Not of young corn waving free,
Not of clover fields thought we ;
Only to that dim bright line
Looking, cried we, "'Tis the Sea."
In life's sullen summer day
Lo ! before us dull hills rise,
And above, unlovely skies
Slope off with their bluish grey
Into some far mysteries.
Love's sweet roses, hope's young corn,
Green fields whisper'd round and round
By the breezes landward bound
(Yet, ah ! scalded too and torn
By the sea winds), there are found.

And at times in life's dull day,
 From the flower, and the sod,
 And the hill our feet have trod
 To a brightness far away,
 Turn we saying, "This is God."

II.—VERY FAR AWAY.

O NE touch there is of magic white,
 Surpassing southern mountain's snow,
 That to far sails the dying light
 Lends, where the dark ships onward go
 Upon the golden highway broad
 That leads up to the isles of God.

One touch of light more magic yet,
 Of rarer snow 'neath moon or star
 Where, with her graceful sails all set,
 Some happy vessel seen afar,
 As if in an enchanted sleep
 Steers o'er the tremulous stretching deep.

O ship! O sail! far must ye be
 Ere gleams like that upon ye light :
 O'er golden spaces of the sea,
 From mysteries of the lucent night,
 Such touch comes never to the boat
 Wherein across the waves we float.

O gleams more magic and divine,
 Life's whitest sail ye still refuse,
 And flying on before us shine
 Upon some distant bark ye choose.
 —By night or day, across the spray,
 That sail is very far away.

III.—CHRIST ON THE SHORE.

N the silence of the morning,
Of the morning grey and clouded,
Mist enshrouded,
On the shore of Galilee,
Like a shape upon a column,
Sad and solemn
Christ is standing by the sea,
In the silence of the morning.
On the waters cold and misty,
Like a rock, its dark back lifting
Through the drifting
Vapours, heaves the fisher's boat.
Still through grey-fog hood and mantle
That most gentle
Watcher looketh where they float
On the waters cold and misty.
Hearts are waiting, eyes are weeping,
Comes a voice, a susurration ;
Tribulation
Melteth, melteth like the mist ;
Yet, like music rich and olden
Hiding golden
Words, that sweet voice hideth Christ
From the hearts that wait, and weep Him
In another morning silence,
When a greyer fog falls dreary
And we weary
With the sea's beat evermore,
Cometh One, and pale and wounded,
Mist-surrounded,
Looketh from another shore
In another morning silence.

Other waters cold and misty
 On the wet sands grandly singing,
 Bear a swinging
 Little bark call'd Life by men ;
 While the bark is swinging slowly,
 That most Holy
 Watcher looks : light silvers then
 On the waters cold and misty.
 Hearts are waiting, eyes are weeping,
 Falls a voice, O sweet but broken !
 Falls a token
 Light bedimm'd with blinding mist.
 Take us where there are no ocean's
 Wild commotions ;
 Where we shall not know, O Christ !
 Weary hearts, or tear-wet eyelids.

IV.—A FINE DAY IN HOLY WEEK.

THERE is a rapturous movement, a green growing
 Among the hills and valleys once again,
 And silent rivers of delight are flowing
 Into the hearts of men.
 There is a purple weaving on the heather,
 Night drops down starry gold upon the furze,
 Wild rivers and wild birds sing songs together,
 Dead nature breathes and stirs.
 Is this the season when our hearts should follow
 The Man of Sorrows to the hills of scorn ?
 Must not our pilgrim grief be scant and hollow
 On such a sunny morn ?
 Will not the silver trumpet of the river
 Wind us to gladness against our will ?
 The subtle eloquence of sunlight shiver
 What sadness haunts us still ?

If I might choose these notes should all be duller,
 That silver trump should fail in Passion week ;
 The mountain-crowning sky wear one pale colour,
 Pale as my Saviour's cheek.

And day and night there should be one slow raining,
 With mournful splash, upon the moor and moss,
 And on the hill one tree, its bare arms straining ;
 Bare as my Saviour's cross.

Nay, if my heart were sorrowful exceeding,
 Its pulses big with that divinest woe,
 These natural things would only set it bleeding
 To think it should be so—

To think that guilty and degraded Nature
 Could look as joyful as she looketh now,
 When the warm blood has dropp'd from her Creator
 Upon her branded brow.

V.—THE BIRTHDAY CROWN.

IF aught of simple song have power to touch
 Your silent being, O ye country flowers,
 Twisted by tender hands
 Into a royal brede,

O hawthorn, tear thou not the soft white brow
 Of the small queen upon her rustic throne,
 But breathe thy finest scent
 Of almond round about.

And thou, laburnum, and what other hue
 Tinct deeper gives variety of gold,
 Inwoven lily, and vetch
 Bedropp'd with summer's blood,

I charge you wither not this long June day !
 Oh, wither not until the sunset come,
 Until the sunset's shaft
 Slope through the chestnut tree ;

Until she sit, high-gloried round about
With the great light above her mimic court—
 Her threads of sunny hair
 Girt sunnily by you.

What other crown that queen may wear one day,
What drops may touch her forehead not of balm,
 What thorns, what cruel thorns,
 I will not guess to-day.

Only, before she is discrown'd of you,
Ye dying flowers, and thou, O dying light,
 My prayer shall rise—“O Christ !
 Give her the unfading crown.

“ The crown of blossoms worn by happy bride,
The thorny crown o'er pale and dying lips,
 I dare not choose for her—
 Give her the unfading crown ! ”

SONNETS.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

ST. JOHN AT PATMOS.

I.

WHAT be his dreams in Patmos? O'er the seas
Looks he toward Athens, where the very fall
Of Grecian sunlight is Platonical?
Or, peradventure, towards the Cyclades,
The Delian earth-star, ray'd with laurel trees—
From ribbon'd baskets where Demeter threw
Flowers the colour of the country blue
Oat-garlanded in Paros—or where bees
Humming o'er Amalthea, who fed Zeus
With goat-milk, goldenly the forest starr'd,
While rosy purple apples full of juice
Laugh'd in the grassy horn—where, Naxosward,
Flush'd Dyonsus, driven o'er the brine,
Ivied the mast, and cream'd the crimson wine.

II.

Not fancies of the soft Ionian clime,
Nor thoughts on Plato's page, that greener grow
Than do the plane-trees by the pleasant flow
Of the Ilissus in the summer time,
Came to the Galilean with sweet chime.
Blanch'd in the blaze of Syrian summers lo!
He gazes on Gennesareth, aglow
Within its golden mountain cup sublime.
The sunset comes. Behind the Roman tower
The dark boat's circled topsails shift and swell,
The tunick'd boatmen dip their nets an hour,
And the sun goeth down on Jezreel.
Quench'd is the flickering furnace of the dust,
The mountains branded as with red gold dust.

III.

But ere heaven's cressets burn along its plain,
The Master comes. And as a man, all night
Lull'd in a room full fronting ocean's might,
First waking sees a whiteness on his pane,
A little dawning whiteness, then again
A little line insufferably bright
Edging the ripples, orbing on outright
Until the glory he may scarce sustain ;
And as a mighty city far-off kenn'd
Although the same, from each new height and glen
Looks strangely different to the merchantmen,
Who in long files towards its ramparts wend ;—
So to St. John's deep meditative eye,
That Nature grew to God's own majesty.

William Josiah Irons.

1812—1883.

WILLIAM JOSIAH IRONS was the son of Joseph Irons, preacher and hymn-writer (1785-1852). Joseph Irons was a personal friend of the Rev. John Newton, and attended his ministry at St. Mary-Woolnoth, of which parish William Josiah Irons became rector in 1872. After the death of Newton, Joseph Irons seceded from the Church of England, and became the pastor of a Nonconformist Church at Sawston, and later of one meeting at the Grove Chapel, Camberwell, London. He was a powerful preacher, and sometimes addressed his congregation in eloquent and poetical blank verse. For the use of his own people he published a book of original hymns, which was used as a supplement to the psalms and hymns of Dr. Watts. This book, first published in 1816 under the title "Zion's Hymns," was enlarged from time to time, until in 1827 it contained six hundred and eleven original hymns. Many of these hymns are vigorous and expressive, but their strong Calvinistic flavour has limited their use, and very few have passed into other collections. The following hymn may be taken as a sample, though many are less pronounced in doctrine :—

The God of heav'n maintains
His universal throne ;
In heav'n, and earth, and hell, He reigns,
And makes His wonders known.

His counsels and decrees
 Firmer than mountains stand ;
 He will perform whate'er He please,
 And none can stay His hand.

All worlds His will controls,
 And His eternal mind
 Fixes the destiny of souls ;
 Takes this, leaves that behind.

Jacob by grace He sav'd,
 Nor gives a reason why ;
 But Esau's heart He left deprav'd ;
 And who shall dare reply ?

What, if the potter take
 Part of a lump of clay,
 And for himself a vessel make,
 And cast the rest away ?

Who shall resist his will ?
 Or say, " What doest thou ? "
 Jehovah is a sovereign still,
 And all must to Him bow.

My soul shall still adore
 My God in all His ways ;
 His sov'reignty I can't explore,
 But I will trust His grace.

Besides his hymns Joseph Irons published
 "Nymphas. Bride and Bridegroom communing.
 A Paraphrastic Exposition of the Song of Solomon
 in Blank Verse" (1840); "Judah, the Book of
 Psalms paraphrased in Spiritual Songs for Public
 Worship" (1847); and "Calvary," a poem in blank
 verse.

William Josiah Irons was born at Hoddesdon,
 Herts, on the 12th of September, 1812, and was
 educated privately, and at Queen's College, Oxford,

where he graduated B.A. in 1833. Two years later he took Holy Orders, and became Curate of St. Mary Newington. In 1837 he was appointed Incumbent of St. Peter's, Walworth, and afterwards successively Vicar of Barkway, Incumbent of Brompton, Rector of Waddingham, and Rector of St. Mary-Woolnoth (1872). He received the degree of D.D. in 1854. He was Bampton Lecturer in 1870, and in this connection produced his most important prose work, the "Bampton Lectures" on "Christianity as taught by St. Paul." He was also Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral. He published many sermons, letters, and pamphlets in connection with the ecclesiastical controversies of his time, and many of his hymns were first published in sheet form, and afterwards collected into his own and other hymn-books.

Of hymnological works he published a "Metrical Psalter" in 1857, to which he added an "Appendix" in 1861; also "Hymns for use in Church" (1866), and "Psalms and Hymns for the Church" (1873). The first two of these books contained hymns by various writers, but the "Psalms and Hymns for the Church" contained only original hymns and translations. Several editions of this work were called for, and additions were made from time to time, until the edition of 1883 contained three hundred and eight original hymns.

According to Julian, "the principal object of this last work was to supply special hymns on the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, and for Advent and Lent, together with special hymns for the Festivals; and this to a great extent Dr. Irons was enabled to accomplish. His versions of individual psalms are directly from the Hebrew line for line.

Many of Dr. Irons' hymns are very fine, and deserve much wider use than they have obtained. Julian places them in the very front rank of modern hymns, and with good reason. Few modern writers have produced so many really fine hymns, and it is to be regretted that modern compilers have not made more extensive use of them.

ALFRED H. MILES.

PSALMS AND HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH.

1883.

WILLIAM JOSIAH IRONS.

I.—EVENING HAS COME,

EVENING has come, once more the veil of night
Is drawn around us by the hand Divine ;
Yet both alike, the darkness and the light,
The evening and the morning, Lord, are Thine.

Sweet is the silent hour which Thou hast given,
For nature asks some pause, as in distress ;
Eternal life is only known in heaven,
There man can live and know no weariness.

And yet, in all the unconscious world around,
There is no pause, only the spirit waits,
Like traveller for some mountain-city bound,
Tarrying before the dawn without the gates.

Our moral life stands still awhile, as though
Probation were suspended all night long :
Thought comes at times and says it is not so—
Some work goes on, that we may rise more strong.

O Lord, we live and move and rest in Thee !
The darkness is not dark if Thou be there ;
When “the day dawns and all the shadows flee,”
Then shall true life begin in purer air :

And we shall know Thee, dwelling evermore
In light no eye hath seen, nor yet can see ;
And FATHER SON and SPIRIT there adore,
One glorious GOD, Eternal TRINITY,

II.—HAIL, HOLY REST!

HAIL, holy rest! calm herald of that day
When all the toils of time shall pass away;
First gift of God, as life on earth began,
We welcome thee, O Sabbath made for man!

Lord of the Sabbath, lift our hearts to Thee,
That in Thy light we now may all things see;
By Thee created, loved, redeemed, and blest,
In Thee alone is everlasting rest.

Now on the way to our eternal home,
To thee, true Sabbath of our souls, we come;
In all our path, though countless mercies shine,
The glory and the brightness, Lord, are Thine.

If in the cool of day we find Thee near,
Thy voice awakes no dark foreboding fear;
We hear Thy step in every rustling breeze,
Thy shadow glances from the waving trees.

Our land enjoys her Sabbaths, Lord, and still
Thy "peace on earth" breathes soft from vale to hill
Yet lives the hope, wherever man hath trod,
"A rest remaineth for the sons of God!"

Rest, rest for laden souls whose prayers arise,
And in Thy name find access to the skies;
Rest in absolving love, while we confess,
Since Thou canst cleanse from all unrighteousness.

And most before Thine altar as we bow,
And in Thy presence feel Thy mercy now;
The Father, Son, and Spirit we adore,
And find "this is our rest for evermore."

*III.—LO, SIGNS IN SUN, AND MOON,
AND STARS.*

L O, signs in sun, and moon, and stars,
And on the earth distress and fear,
With sound of elemental wars,
Telling “the Son of Man” is near.
Things quickly coming on the earth,
Find their dread augury in the sky ;
O children of the heavenly birth,
“Look up, redemption draweth nigh.”
Behold the early fig-trees’ bloom,
And verdure spangling all the land :
The future bursting from the womb,
Saying, “the Kingdom is at hand.”
For when we see that rising day,
No warning voices shall be stilled,
Nor shall His Israel pass away,
“Until Christ’s words be all fulfilled.”
Then help us, Lord, to know Thy signs,
Mark every line the evening bears,
Ready to meet Thy bright designs,
“Lest that Day take us unawares.”
So, “Son of Man,” while tarrying here,
Watch we the clouds with steadfast eyes,
Until Thy glory shall appear,
“The Sun of Righteousness arise.”

IV.—CLOUDS AROUND THE MOUNTAINS.

CLOUDS around the mountains breaking,
Bring the morning’s solemn sigh ;
Murky lights the distance streaking,
Warn us of the reddening sky.
Be ye ready,
For the Day of God is nigh.

Through the earth and o'er the ocean,
Angel armies go before;
Voices, in the dread commotion,
Echo—"time shall be no more."
Be ye ready,
For the Judge is at the door.

Lo the Son of Man appearing,
With the starry sign unsurled;
Heaven is gazing, earth is fearing,
At the terrors round Him hurled.
Be ye ready,
For "He comes to judge the world."

Now, O Saviour, new-create us!
By Thy grace touch every heart;
Now from sinners separate us,
Let us not from Thee depart.
Make us ready,
To be with Thee as Thou art.

Saints and angels high in glory
Brighter crowns than ours will wear;
May we cast ourselves before Thee,
Praising Thee that we are there!
In their anthems,
All Thy ransomed ones may share.

"Come, ye blessed!" THINE own greeting,
And our FATHER's loving call;
With the SPIRIT's voice repeating,
"Blessèd," blessed are they all,
Who in glory,
At their Father's footstool fall.

*V.—MOTHER MINE, WHY HAST THOU
BORNE ME?*

[From the Greek.—A meditation of S. Gregory, Naz.]

MOTHER mine, why hast thou borne me,
Given me toilsome thorny life ?
Was thine own lot clear from sorrow—
Didst thou succumb in the strife ?
Was it love that brought me hither,
In men's varying paths to roam,
Tilling fields, or crossing ocean,
Chasing, fighting for their home ?
Would'st thou I had poet's glory ?
Wore the athlete's laurel-crown ?
Say'st thou, "God shall be thy portion,"
Though earth's sorrows cast thee down ?—
Yet disease and powerless effort
Force the agonising tear ;
Joyful might I quit these sufferings,
Mother mine, why am I here !
Even when to God aspiring,
Words relieve not half my mind ;
Sacred glimpses flash upon me,
God the Trinity I find ;
Yet how quickly all escapes me,
Like the lightning from the sky,
Shining round us brightly, swiftly,
Vanished ere we fix our eye.
Could I hold Thee, Lord,—that vision,
TRINAL Good of heaven and earth !—
Then I might rejoice in being,
And no longer blame my birth :
Save, O save me, Word Eternal !
Raise me hence to life above :
There, pure minds shall circle round Thee,
Where no cloud shall hide Thy love.

VI.—IS NOT THIS OUR KING AND PROPHET?

“**I**S not This our King and Prophet ?”—

I Ring Hosannas, wave the palm,

Let the children from the temple

 Echo back the people’s psalm ;

“Blessèd is the Son of David,”

 Blessèd is the Christ of God,

Welcome to the hill of Sion,

 Deck the pathway, strew the sod !

“ Meek and lowly One,” He cometh,

 And the anthem greets His ears ;

Lo the city lies before Him,

 But He sees it through His tears ;

Looking from the Mount of Olives,

 Towers and marble temple rise ;—

Is thy peace, O well-loved Salem,

 “Hid for ever from thine eyes” ?

Sees He now, in solemn vision,

 Calvary “without the gate” ?

Israel fallen—“house and city

 Left unto her desolate ” ?

Yes, O Saviour all-enduring !

 Thou wast watching every heart—

Which would love Thee, which forsake Thee,

 Which would do the traitor’s part.

Pity, Lord, man’s hollow praises,

 Then or now, which greet Thee thus ;

“By Thy Cross, and by Thy Passion,”

 O have mercy yet on us !

Now Thou reignest with the Father

 And the Spirit evermore ;

Lord, look down upon Thy servants,

 Who repent, and would adore.

VII.—*O SILENT NIGHT.*

O SILENT Night, O darkness of the dead !
A few hours since, and Jesus full of grace
Sat with His chosen, blessed the mystic Bread,
And poured the Cup, and joined the Hymn of praise !
Where now are they who sat around ?—Is John
Tending the lonely Mother in His stead ?
Is Judas, who betrayed the Holy One,
“Gone to his place”? and have the rest all fled ?
Is Peter weeping ?—are “His brethren” gone ?
What was that word—“the Shepherd I will smite,
The sheep shall all be scattered far” to-night ?—
He saw, He knew it all, and He is Dead.

VIII.—*HE LOVED HIS OWN UNTO THE END*

HE loved His own unto the end,”
And asked their love ;
He said, “I call you each My friend,
And not My servant ; and I send
One from above,
Who shall reveal such grace and truth to you
As in My sojourn here ye never knew.”

“But why depart ?” they cry, “why will
To leave us here ?
Thou sayest that Thou dost love us still :
Can it be love if thus Thou fill
Our cup of fear ?

O Master, Master, should’st Thou now depar
All sorrow needs must overwhelm our heart !

Yet it is love : He said, “I go ;
For could I stay,
Your earth-bound thoughts would never know
Love’s fullest mysteries, which flow
From Me alway ;

My human heart might linger with you yet,
But now affections must on heaven be set.

"You could not know Me more, unless
 My Spirit came
And taught the ways of righteousness,
How sin and judgment to confess,
 How learn to blame
All clinging to inferior things of earth,
Blind to the glory of your heavenly birth.

"My peace I leave with you, but not
 As this world gives ;
My Spirit comes to you, yet what
He teaches shows no earthly lot :
 He ever lives,
The world must learn. I hear the Father's call
Away from earth !—Awhile I leave you all.

"Arise ! let us go hence." He rose,
 And, as He spake,
Calmly He moved, as one who knows
The coming onset of his foes.
 The night winds shake
With distant sounds, as through the olive grove
"Let us depart" is echoed from above.

IX.—PAUSE NOW, AND THINK.

Pause now, and think, O Christian soul !
 Is Christ a shadowy name ?
Say, wilt thou give to Him that whole
 Being, for which He came ?
Ask of thyself : " Whose Son is He ?"
 Is He of earth or heaven ?
And art thou a co-heir to be
 Of hopes that He has given ?

Pause now, and think, O Christian soul !
What is the Christ to thee ?
A dim idea, to console
In some extremity ?
A Name to win thee man's respect,
The praise of flesh and blood ?
If so, thou art not His elect,
And not the child of God.

For God on high claims all our love,
"Him only shalt thou serve,"
His mansions wait for thee above,
If here thou wilt not swerve.
On earth He sent His Son to show
The one true heavenward way,
And thou must follow Him to know
God's everlasting day.

Dwell thou in God, and God in thee,
So mayest thou know the Son :
The I in them, and Thou in Me,
"That they in Us be one."
His penitents begin that joy,
His saints that bliss fulfil ;
And angels there find sweet employ,
Obedient to His Will.

O pausc, then, doubtful Christian soul !
Think what a heaven is thine,
If thou wilt break from earth's control,
And own thy Christ divine.
Nor hesitate to make thy choice,
Nor "tempt thy God," Who still
Waits, with the angels to rejoice
Over man's conquered will.

X.—O ALL-SURPASSING SPLENDOUR!

O ALL-SURPASSING Splendour!—one alone
Of earthly race hath seen that vision fair;
The present God, the rainbow round the throne,
And the elect, descending through the air,
His Tabernacle,—He their glorious light;
For in His presence there can be no night.

“All New,”—a higher world than had been made
In the past-workings of omnipotence,
Wills without sin,—Earth’s precious stones displayed
Tell faintly some Divine magnificence
Of that regenerate sphere, the pure abode
For sons and daughters of the Immortal God.

Those gates of pearl, those walls of burning light,
Those twelve foundations, with apostles’ names,
That golden pavement, burnished clear and bright,
Those mystic cherub wings with outspread flames,
The Tree of Life, by God’s own river laved,
Sustaining all the “nations of the saved.”

Ah, we sink down oppressed,—we cannot bear
The contact now of that high element!
We must be changed, and pass this lower air,
To learn Thy wonders, God Omnipotent.
Lord of our world to come, Thy piercing light
Transfigures all things to our longing sight.

And as we look through the dim-vistaèd years,
Watching Thee from Thy pure Incarnate Birth;
Vision on vision of Thy form appears,
Thou Who art fairer than the sons of earth;
And if we faint,—it is but for Thy sake,
To “Jesus only” would our souls awake.

Aubrey de Vere.

1814.

THE general poetry of Mr. Aubrey de Vere is represented in Vol. IV. of THE POETS AND THE POETRY OF THE CENTURY, where it is introduced by a biographical and critical article from the pen of Mr. Mackenzie Bell. For biographical and bibliographical particulars the reader is referred to that article, while his attention is here invited to some of the religious verse which entitles Mr. de Vere to representation among the Sacred Poets.

Reverence and awe—essential characteristics of the devotional spirit—are strongly marked in Mr. de Vere's religious verse; and short as some of his religious poems are, they seem to reproduce the very atmosphere of devotion from which they evidently sprung. Take, for example, the following lines on “The Divine Presence”:

All but unutterable Name !
Adorable, yet awful sound !
Thee can the sinful-nations frame
Save with their foreheads to the ground ?

Soul-searching and all-cleansing Fire ;
To see Thy countenance were to die :
Yet how beyond the bound retire
Of Thy serene immensity ?

Thou mov'st beside us, if the spot
We change—a noteless, wandering tribe ;
The orbits of our life and thought
In Thee their little arcs describe.

In the dead calm, at cool of day,
 We hear Thy voice, and turn, and flee :—
 Thy love outstrips us on our way !
 From Thee, O God, we fly—to Thee.

A Wordsworthian and a poet of nature, Mr. de Vere carries the devotional spirit with him among the hills and valleys of his love, and quite naturally, when most at home with nature, is nearest to nature's God. Witness the lines on "Spring" and "Spring Thoughts," given in the following pages. The parallels of nature and life, too, which are so perennial a source of inspiration to the poet, are tenderly present to his eyes and thoughts, as evidence the following "Lines" :—

The lights o'er yonder snowy range,
 Shine yet intense, and tender ;
 Or, slowly passing, only change
 From splendour on to splendour.

Before the dying eyes of day
 Immortal visions wander ;
 Dreams prescient of a purer ray,
 And morn spread still beyond her.

Lo ! heavenward now those gleams expire,
 In heavenly melancholy,
 The barrier-mountain, peak, and spire,
 Relinquishing them slowly.

Thus shine, O God ! our mortal powers,
 While grief and joy refine them—
 And when in death they fade, be ours
 Thus gently to resign them !

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS.

AUBREY DE VERE.

I.—SPRING.

ONCE more, through God's high will and grace,
Of hours that each its task fulfils,
Heart-healing Spring resumes its place
The valley through, and scales the hills.

Who knows not Spring? who doubts when blows
Her breath, that Spring is come indeed?
The swallow doubts not; nor the rose
That stirs, but wakes not; nor the weed.

Once more the cuckoo's call I hear;
I know, in many a glen profound,
The earliest violets of the year
Rise up like water from the ground.

The thorn, I know, once more is white;
And far down many a forest dale,
The anemones in dubious light
Are trembling like a bridal veil.

By streams released that surging flow
From craggy shelf, through sylvan glades,
The pale narcissus, well I know,
Smiles hour by hour on greener shades.

The honey'd cowslip tufts once more
The golden slopes;—with gradual ray
The primrose stars the rock, and o'er
The wood-path strews its milky way.

I see her not—I feel her near,
 As charioted in mildest airs
 She sails through yon empyreal sphere,
 And in her arms and bosom bears
 That urn of flowers, and lustral dews,
 Whose sacred balm, on all things shed,
 Revives the weak, the old renews,
 And crowns with votive wreaths the dead.

II.—SPRING THOUGHTS.

WHOM feels not, when the Spring once more
 Stepping o'er Winter's grave forlorn
 With winged feet, retreads the shore
 Of widowed earth, his bosom burn ?
 As ordered flower succeeds to flower,
 And May the ladder of her sweets
 Ascends, advancing hour by hour
 From scale to scale, what heart but beats ?
 Some Presence veiled, in fields and groves,
 That mingles rapture with remorse ;
 Some buried joy beside us moves,
 And thrills the soul with such discourse
 As they, perchance, that wondering pair
 Who to Emmaus bent their way,
 Hearing, heard not. Like them our prayer
 We make—"The night is near us—Stay!"
 With Paschal chants the churches ring :
 Their echoes strike along the tombs :
 The birds their hallelujahs sing :
 Each flower with floral incense fumes.

Our long-lost Eden seems restored ;
 As on we move with tearful eyes
 We feel through all the illumined sward
 Some upward-working Paradise.

III.—SENSE, FAITH, AND GLORY.

THREE worlds there are :—the first of Sense—
 That sensuous earth which round us lies ;
 The next of Faith's Intelligence :
 The third of Glory in the skies.

The first is palpable, but base :
 The second heavenly, but obscure ;
 The third is star-like in the face—
 But ah ! remote that world as pure !

Yet, glancing through our misty clime,
 Some sparkles from that loftier sphere
 Make way to earth ; then most what time
 The annual spring flowers appear.

Amid the coarser needs of earth
 All shapes of brightness, what are they
 But wanderers, exiled from their birth,
 Or pledges of a happier day ?

Yea, what is Beauty, judged aright,
 But some surpassing, transient gleam ;
 Some smile from heaven, in waves of light,
 Rippling o'er life's distempered dream ?

Or broken memories of that bliss
 Which rushed through first-born Nature's blood
 When He who ever was, and is,
 Looked down, and saw that all was good ?

IV.—MARTHA AND MARY.

“O SISTER ! leave you thus undone
The bidding of the Lord ;
Or call you this a welcome ? Run,
And deck with me the board.”

Thus Martha spake : but spake to one
Who answered not a word :

For she kept ever singing,
“There is no joy so sweet,
As musing upon one we love
And sitting at His feet !”

“O Sister ! must thy hands alone
His board and bath prepare ?
His eyes are on you ! raise your own :
He'll find a welcome there !”
Thus spake again, in loftier tone,
That Hebrew woman fair.

But Mary still kept singing,
“There is no joy so sweet,
As musing upon Him we love
And resting at His feet.”

Coventry Patmore.

1823—1896.

COVENTRY PATMORE, born at Woodford, Essex, on the 23rd of July, 1823, takes his place among the general poets in Vol. V. of THE POETS AND THE POETRY OF THE CENTURY, where examples of his best work are introduced by a critical and biographical article from the pen of Dr. Garnett. "The Angel in the House," the work with which the poet's name is most popularly associated, is dealt with in that connection, and the particulars there given need not be repeated here. In "The Unknown Eros" volume, published in 1877, there are, however, a number of poems dealing with national and religious subjects, which entitle the poet to representation in any work dealing with the sacred poetry of his time. Of these the poem "The Toys," given in the following pages, is perhaps the choicest example, as it is not marred, as some of the other poems in that volume are, by "religious and political controversy," conducted in a "polemical spirit." It is only necessary to place Mr. Patmore's appeals to patriotism side by side with those of Wordsworth to see how they fall short of the dignity with which it is possible to treat religiously political themes. "The Toys" has no such drawback. It is human, and as such has an infinitely wider basis of appeal than that of the religious

sectary or the political partisan. It is written by a father who has learnt something of the fatherhood of God from his own fatherly relationship, and who realises that "Like as a father pitith his children, so the Lord pitith them that fear Him." Coventry Patmore died on the 26th of November, 1896.

ALFRED H. MILES.

THE TOYS.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

MY little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd ;
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed.
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own ;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with
careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.

So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said :
Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,

How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,—
Then, Fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'l leave Thy wrath, and say,
“I will be sorry for their childishness.”

Francis Turner Palgrave.

1824.

IN VOL. V. OF THE POETS AND THE POETRY OF THE CENTURY a selection of the general poetry of Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave is given, with a prefatory notice by Mr. H. J. Gibbs. The general selection there presented is here supplemented by examples of Mr. Palgrave's religious verse, to which a few bibliographical and other particulars may be added.

The eldest son of Sir Francis Turner Palgrave, the historian, the subject of this sketch, was born at Great Yarmouth on the 28th of September, 1824, and was educated at the Charterhouse School and Balliol College, Oxford. He graduated in 1847, taking a first in Classics, and was elected to a fellowship at Exeter College. In 1885 he succeeded Professor Shairp in the Chair of Poetry at Oxford. He was Vice-Principal, under Dr. Temple (afterwards Bishop of London and later Archbishop of Canterbury), of Kneller Hall Training College for Schoolmasters from 1850 to 1855, and afterwards successively Secretary to Lord Granville and Assistant Secretary to the Committee of the Privy Council on Education.

Mr. Palgrave published "Idyls and Songs" (1854); "Hymns" (1867); "Lyrical Dreams" (1871); "A Lyric Garland" (1874); "The Vision

of England" (1881); "Amenophis and other Poems" (1892). Besides these original works Mr. Palgrave has also edited the "Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough, with a Memoir" (1862); "The Golden Treasury" (1864); "Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets" (1865); "Scott's Poems" (1866); "The Children's Treasury of Lyrical Poetry" (1875); "Chrysomela: a Selection from the Poems of Herrick" (1877); "Keats" (1884), and "Wordsworth" (1885); besides a volume of original "Essays on Art" (1866); and two stories, "Preciosa" (1852), and "Five Days' Entertainment at Wentworth Grange" (1868).

The following selections are taken from the volume "Amenophis and other Poems, Sacred and Secular" (1892), a volume which contains a number of pieces "printed (with revision) from the series published in 1870," together with others which "appeared dispersedly."

ALFRED H. MILES.

AMENOPHIS AND OTHER POEMS.

1892.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

I.—AT EPHESUS.

. . . Vidi un veglio solo
Venir dormendo con la faccia arguta.

OF those that saw Him, when
On common earth He trod
The life of man with men,
I only, only, breathe,

Who lean'd upon His breast, and knew that He was God.

As some strange thing that lies
Surviving all his kind,
I, 'neath the radiant skies,
Crawl baby-weak once more,

Stranded upon my hundred years of life, and blind.

And as that beast could tell
Of old incredible shapes
That peopled lake and dell ;
Seas, where rocks climb the sky,

And azure ice-hills where the parch'd Sahara gapes : —

So John can testify,
Alone of living men,
By seeing of the eye
And hearing of the ear,

That very God as man breathed, died, and rose again.

It was the time foreshown ;
Like a new sun o'er earth,—
Beyond all wonders known
Wonder most wonderful,—

The Well-Belovèd came, the Babe of heavenly birth.

He did the deeds, He spoke
 The words past human wit :
 Then gently slipp'd the yoke
 Of flesh, and went to God ;—
 And we our treasure found, only when losing it.

Yet, though the Word withdrew,
 The Paraclete remain'd ;
 Christ's nearness oft we knew ;
 Enough to guide our life
 From thought of how He spoke, and how He loved, we gain'd.

And once, 'tis said, o'er one
 As though born out of time
 The glory-vision shone,
 Journeying Damascus-way ;
 Who lived in Christ, and died in some far westward clime,

Of breathing witnesses
 Survives now none but I ;
 Who heard the Master bless
 The bread and wine of life ;
 Saw Him and touch'd, betwixt the sepulchre and the sky.

—But though the faith of Sight
 By natural law must fail,
 A heavenlier higher light
 Upon the soul will dawn ;
 The unseen outshine the seen ; the faith of Faith prevail.

The things of sense are much ;
 But more the things of mind :
 What we but see or touch
 Less real, durable, true,
 Than that invisible all-sustaining Life behind :

As one of Athens taught
In his own ethnic way,
That all things here were nought
But shadowy images
Of forms that in the eternal Wisdom living lay.

When these dim eyes are closed,
Children! Remember well
The word that John imposed
With his last lips on you,—
To walk henceforth by faith, and grasp the invisible.

What if no more the Lord
Before the last dread day
Be seen, yet shall His word
Its might and music keep;
Shall find fit echo in the heart of heart for aye.

As, in due transit, by
The milestone-years ye go,
Though star-like fix'd on high
The cross and He thereon
Down Time's gray avenue further, fainter, show:—

If then the Lord delays,
O yet ye need not fear,
Faint hearts of latter days!
Time cannot touch the love
To which a thousand years but one brief hour appear.

As age on age unrolls,
If faith her light withdraw
From present-bounded souls
Who only dare believe
What they themselves have seen, or hold or Nature's law;

Or those who will not raise,
 E'en as they cry for light,
 Their heads o'er life's hot haze,
 Nor care to see the stars,
 Mute witnesses for God, nor dawning after night :—

Yet oft in that dark hour
 When first the unseen is felt,
 The Word will come in power,
 The so-far-off draw nigh,
 Christ's living love the long doubt-frozen bosom melt.

—O living Love, so near
 On earth, so near above,
 In Thy good time appear,
 Take all Thy children home,—
 Who love, yet know Thee not;—who, faithful, bow, and love!

—My little children true !
 Before these lips are dumb
 They leave this word for you,—
 Love one another ! And
 Again, Love one another! . . . Enough ; He calls ; I come.

II.—AN INCIDENT AT MENDRISIO.

April 23, 1886.

"Αφετε τὰ παιδία ἐρχεσθαι πρός Με—

I T was the Day, the sad, the good,
 The Day thrice-blest, when He,
 The Love uniting God with Man,
 Hung on the Tree :—

And where within the transept wide
 A vacant space was made,
 With reverent touch the village hands
 His Image laid ;

Not such as old Donato wrought :
 Yet this rude craftsman's heart
With deeper passion stamp'd the wood
 Than finer art.

And all the Italian throng was there,
 Bronze-wrinkled crone, and maid,
Fathers with sons ; the lame, the blind,
 Where Christ was laid.

They knelt for prayer ; they kiss'd for love
 Their Saviour's riven Side,
The Hands, the Feet, the bleeding Heart
 For us Who died.

But in the throng what part has she,
 The little maiden sweet,
Who climbs and trembles to the Cross
 With fervent feet ?

Like her, the Blessed Virgin Child
 Who climb the Temple-stair,
God-given, given back to God,
 Pure, sacred, fair.

—With kisses fast and close, herself
 Upon the Face she throws ;
The innocent breath with love is warm,
 Sweet as the rose.

Ah, darling ! though thine infant heart
 Outrun thy knowledge dim,
E'en on God's throne that eager love
 Is dear to Him.

III.—ON THE LOVE OF CHILDREN.

TO that green hill, the shepherds' haunt,
Why speed the children's feet?
And who the Youth that sits alone,
The clamorous flock to greet?

His hands are laid above their heads,
Their faces at His knee:
His looks are looks of love; yet seem
Something beyond to see.

The simple townsmen cross the hill
And bid the throng away,
“Nor press around the stranger youth,
Nor by the fold delay.”

As one who smiles and wakes, He lifts
A child upon His knee:
“God’s kingdom is of such as these;
So let them come to Me.”

—Ah, Lord and Christ! Thy perfect heart
No fond excess could touch!
But man’s best strength is feebleness,
And we may love too much!

Yet maim’d the man, or poor in blood,
Who glows not with delight
Whene’er the little ones go by
In casual daily sight;

Or when the child at mother’s knee,
His altar, lisps a prayer,
And perfect faith, and utter love,
And Christ Himself, is there

Or when the little hands are clasp'd
To beg some baby grace,
And all the beauty of the dawn
Comes rose-red o'er the face ;

Or when some elder one from sport
Her smaller sister wiles,
And two bright heads o'er shade the book ;
Half study, and half smiles.

—Ah, Lord and Christ ! Thy perfect heart
No fond excess could touch !
Yet when that innocence we see,
How can we love too much ?

They twine around our heart of hearts ;
Their spell we seek in vain ;—
Go, ask the linnet why he sings,—
He can but sing again !

To winter-life their bloom and breath
Renew a later spring,
O dewy roses of the dawn,
Fresh from God's gardening !

Earth's treasures waste with use ; but Thine,
O Lord ! by lessening grow ;
From love's pure fount the more we take,
The more the waters flow.

How should we prize the things unseen,
Not prizing what we see ?
How turn away Thy little ones
Without forbidding Thee ?

The Shepherd wills not we should stint
Or count our kisses o'er ;
Nor bids us love His lambs the less,
But Him Who loves them, more.

IV.—HYMN TO OUR SAVIOUR.

CHRIST Who art above the sky
C Teach me how to live and die !
Thou hast sent me here to be
Born of human-kind like Thee :
Born to walk the flinty road
Which Thy crimson'd footsteps trod ;
Clear mine eyes to track them right,
Leading upwards to the light.
Pure as snow from taint of wrong,
Thou hast known temptation strong ;
Tried and burst the snares that lie
Set to lure us from the sky :
Thou wilt aid me firm to stand
When the tempter is at hand ;
Thou wilt draw my thoughts to Thee,
And the demon-sin will flee.
When I slip, my frailty spare ;
Saviour, save me from despair !
By the mercy-gate Thou art,
Vision of the Bleeding Heart,
Gazing with thorn-circled face
Human-eyed on all the race :
If I kneel before the gate,
Thou wilt never cry "Too late !"
If in vain my strength has toil'd ;
Hopes defeated ; purpose foil'd ;
If the light of life be dim,
Waning mind, and wither'd limb ;
If my dear ones leave me lone,
Be Thou here when all are gone ;
Thou hast known what anguish is,
Thou canst turn my tears to bliss.

In the day of doubt and gloom,
 Let Thy mercy-message come,
 O'er my fever'd soul below
 Falling soft as snow on snow ;
 " Though the mother smile no more
 " On the baby that she bore ;
 " Bride by bridegroom be forgot,
 " Yet will I forsake thee not."

Though far off in light, by me
 Nearer than earth's nearest be :
 By the love that brought Thee down ;
 By the bitter cross and crown ;
 By Thy shepherd-care to save
 All Thy flock from font to grave ;
 Aid me here to live and die,
 Christ Who art above the sky !

V.—CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

Σὺν Χριστῷ—πολλῷ μᾶλλον κρεῖσσον.

HOPE of those that have none other,
 Left for life by father, mother,
 All their dearest lost or taken,
 Only not by Thee forsaken ;
 Comfort Thou the sad and lonely,
 Saviour dear, for Thou canst only.

When hell's legions darken o'er us,
 Wiles and smiles of sin before us,
 When the wrongs we wrought uncaring
 Smite us with the heart's despairing ;
 Souls in sorrow lost and lonely,
 Help us, Lord ! for Thou canst only.

By the days of earthly trial,
 By Thy friend's foreknown denial,

By Thy cross of bitter anguish,
Leave not Thou Thy lambs to languish :
Fainting in life's desert lonely
Thou canst lead the wanderers only.

Sick with hope deferr'd, or yearning
For the never-now-returning,
When the glooms of grief o'er shade us,
Thou hast known, and Thou wilt aid us !
To Thine own heart take the lonely,
Leaning on Thee, only, only.

VI.—THE GARDEN OF GOD.

CHRIST in His heavenly garden walks all day,
And calls to souls upon the world's highway;
Wearied with trifles, maim'd and sick with sin,
Christ by the gate stands, and invites them in.

—“How long, unwise, will ye pursue your woe ?
Here from the throne sweet waters ever go :
Here the white lilies shine like stars above :
Here in the red rose burns the face of Love.

“ ’Tis not from earthly paths I bid you flee,
But lighter in My ways your feet will be :
’Tis not to summon you from human mirth,
But add a depth and sweetness not of earth.

“ Still by the gate I stand as on ye stray :
Turn your steps hither : am not I the Way ?
The sun is falling fast ; the night is nigh :
Why will ye wander ? Wherefore will ye die

“ Look on My hands and side, for I am He :
None to the Father cometh, but by Me :
For you I died ; once more I call you home :
I live again for you : My children, come ! ”

VII.—A HYMN OF REPENTANCE.

WHEN low on life's horizon, sunk from heaven,
 The sun goes down, and night collects on high,
 And grisly shapes of sin, as clouds storm-driven,
 In sad procession move against the sky,
 Lord, who can bear to die ?

But Thou say'st, No ;

Not so ; not so :—

Though in death's twilight terror take thee,
 I will not leave thee or forsake thee.

They pass, the sins of youth, once loved, now loathèd,
 In Passion's purple hues and folly dyed ;
 The sins of age, with leper whiteness clothèd ;—
 The lust, the lie, the selfishness, the pride :
 Who may such sight abide ?

But Thou say'st, No ;

Not so ; not so :—

Though dark remorse and shame o'ertake thee,
 I will not leave thee or forsake thee.

O Lord and Judge, when from Thy mouth the sentence
 Flames, and with prostrate knee and downcast eyes
 We sigh before the Throne our late repentance,
 How should the spirit hope for wings to rise
 To Heaven's own Paradise ?

But Thou say'st, No ;

Not so ; not so :—

To Him Who bled for man betake thee ;
 He will not leave thee or forsake thee.

Thrice-holy Child, Who, pure from pure proceeding,
 By Mary's side in gifts and graces grew ;
 Thou Who for our sake once hung pale and bleeding,
 Wilt Thou exact from me the penance due,
 Whose sins Thy death renew ?

But Thou say'st, No ;
 Not so ; not so ;—
 Close to My wounded side I take thee ;
 I will not leave thee or forsake thee.

VIII.—DEATH AND THE FEAR OF IT.

L ORD ! How fast the minutes fly
 'Twixt us and the hour we die !
 Days are weeks before we know ;
 Weeks to months untimely grow ;
 And behind each glad New Year
 Death his ambush sets more near.

Death !—by whomsoever heard,
 'Mongst all words most fearful word !
 —Quit each thing familiar here !
 Face to face with God appear !
 Change no mortal tongue ean tell :—
 All's in that one syllable !

Hour of dread farewells to be !
 Faces more than life to me ;
 Little lips that beg me stay ;
 Tears I shall not wipe away ;
 Faithful hand, yet clasp'd in mine :—
 Death Triumphant !—all is thine !

Author of man's mystic lot,
 God, Thy ways as ours are not :
 Thou hast destined us to be
 Seized by death, yet safe in Thee :
 Love Immortal casting out
 Feverish fear, and freezing doubt.

—In the spaces of the night,
In the depths of dim affright,
Jesus, with our trials tried,
Do not Thou forsake my side !
Childlike on Thy faithful breast
Hold my heart, and bid me rest.

Like a sword above my head
Death is hanging by a thread ;
Yet, O gracious Lord on high,
Surely Thou wilt hear my cry,
By Thy life laid down for me
Turning death to victory !

Only this can light the grave,
Thou hast died :—and Thou wilt save :—
Thou by lying low in earth
Hast assured our second birth,
Bidding in the sunless tomb
Amaranthine roses bloom.

If the spirit shivering shrink
From annihilation's brink,
Through the soul like sunshine come,
—“ Death is but another womb :
Born through woe to human breath,
Ye are born to God through death.”

—Nearer than the nearest by,
Be beside me when I die !
With Thy strength my weakness nerve
Ne'er through fear from faith to swerve ;
So, Death's storm-vex'd portal past,
Safe in Thee to sleep at last.

IX.—*I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.*

DARK World, rejoice! The day-spring
 Has broke, more bright than when
 The star-crown'd Angel chorus
 Sang God's good news to men,—
 The Lord of Life e'en now
 From Death's dim prison
 This third day risen,
 With victory on His brow—Risen !

O day that seal'd for ever
 The hope of hopes to man !
 Made Death himself the gateway
 To life's immortal span !
 That brimm'd with quickening light
 The soul's grave-prison,
 Whence He had risen,
 God's Daystar in His might—Risen !

For all the million millions
 Whirl'd on this roving ball
 Since man's creation-morning,
 One Lord hath died, for all ;
 God, yet still Man, He springs
 From Death's dim prison,
 In glory risen,
 With healing on His wings—Risen !

But most who mourn their dearest
 Through desolate silent years,
 Loved with what utter longing,
 And wept for with what tears—
 For them the Love that died
 Unbars life's prison :—
 They see Christ risen,
 The loved ones at His side—Risen !

Walter Chalmers Smith.

1824.

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH was born at Aberdeen on the 5th of December, 1824. He was educated at the grammar school and the university of his native city, and afterwards studied theology at Edinburgh. His first ministerial charge was in London, at the Free Scotch Church in Chadwell Street, Islington, where he was ordained in 1850. In 1858 he became minister of Orwell, Kinross-shire, where he remained three years, removing thence to the Free Roxburgh Church, Edinburgh, and three years later to the Free Tron Church, Glasgow. In 1876 he returned to Edinburgh, and became pastor of the Edinburgh Free High Church.

From 1860 to 1893 Dr. Smith published the following volumes of verse : "The Bishop's Walk" (1860); "Hymns of Christ and the Christian Life" (1867); "Olrig Grange" (1872); "Borland Hall" (1874); "Hilda; among the Broken Gods" (1878); "Raban; or, Life Splinters" (1880); "North Country Folk" (1883); "Kildrostan" (1884); "Thoughts and Fancies for Sunday Evenings" (1887); "A Heretic and other Poems" (1891); "Selections from the Poems of Walter C. Smith" (1893).

The most popular of these works have been "Olrig Grange" and "Hilda; among the Broken Gods," which have both passed through several editions.

Dr. Smith's poetry is full of living interest, due to the fact that the problems discussed are those which reach down to the depths of our nature—in which therefore all who think must be interested. These are handled with ample knowledge, and in the main with great fairness, even to ideas with which the writer does not agree. There is not the deep psychological insight, nor the power of flashing light on obscure problems which arrest the reader of Robert Browning's poetry; but there is some of that power of looking at things out of the eyes of others, which is probably the most wonderful characteristic of Robert Browning's mind. But if Dr. Smith moves along lower levels, and does not tackle such subtle questions as Browning did, for the ordinary reader he has this great advantage, that all is written with absolute clearness. Browning's name stands for hard thinking, Dr. Smith's for pleasant reading, which leaves the reader with a deeper sympathy for, and better understanding of, the troubles and perplexities of men and women.

Dr. Smith and Dr. George MacDonald—both Aberdonians—have much in common in thought and feeling; but their manner of apprehending and of setting forth truth differs greatly. Dr. MacDonald's way is that of the mystic—a quality of which I find none in Dr. Smith. His poems are "marked by richness of thought, creative imagination and lyrical charm, although unequal and not seldom careless in construction." His longer poems would be more effective if the characters did not take so long in their self-revelations of thought and feeling. He sets forth vividly and often pathetically the inner

struggles which form the real tragedies of these modern days. In the lyrics which are scattered over his longer poems there is the true poetic note.

Although Dr. Smith's work has a claim to a place among that of the general poets, there is a certain fitness in his being placed among the sacred poets, since the strongest force in his poetry is the religious one, so that, even in what may be called his secular poetry, the most vital parts grow out of his theologic thought or religious feeling. In this respect he is like the other poet of Aberdeenshire, George MacDonald, who says himself, that he would not care either to write poetry or tell stories if he could not preach in them—but then there is preaching and preaching; and if all preaching were of the living sort we get from these two Aberdonians, the name would carry a higher meaning than it usually does.

Dr. Smith sees clearly enough that the springs of life lie in the religious part of man's nature, so that even in "Kildrostan," which is a crofter's story, and deals with questions that are Social, the most powerful passages are concerned with religion. In "Olrig Grange," which is a love story, there is no more effective portion than the picture of the mother, orthodox in doctrine, but utterly worldly at heart. Whilst in "Hilda ; among the Broken Gods" religion is presented as it is seen out of many eyes—by Claud Maxwell, poet; Hilda, saint wife; Winifred Urquhart, materialist; Luke Spratt, evangelist; Rev. Elphinstone Bell, priest; just as in "The Ring and the Book," by Robert Browning, the same tragedy is set forth as it appeared to all who were in any way connected with it. "A Heretic," which, as its name

implies, is concerned with the new movement of thought on religious questions so characteristic of our age, tells the story of one cast out from the Kirk for heresy, but whose beautiful Christian character demonstrated the vitality of his religion.

The following lines from this poem are at once an illustration of the truth they set forth and of the poet's method :—

But one man like a tree shall stand,
Leaving and fruiting year by year,
And cling to his little patch of land,
And cast a shade for the lazy steer,
With no more change than the passing breeze
Makes when it tosses the creaking bough ;
And prosperous, plentiful, full of ease,
To-morrow he shall be the same as now.
Another shall flow like a freshening stream,
Flashing there where the sunbeam flies,
Eddying here in a brooding dream,
And all its life in its movement lies ;
This the law of his being strange,
Ever he grows by flux and change.
What would you ? Nature will have her way ;
Will mend by night what you mar by day,
And laugh at the man who would say her Nay.
Tree cannot pluck up its roots and go,
Restless stream cannot cease to flow,
Each must obey the high Law given
To the things of earth by the Lord of Heaven.

In "North Country Folk," one of the least known, but in our judgment one of the best pieces of work from his pen, there are three pictures of "Parish Pastors" belonging to different schools of Presbyterianism in Scotland. These are drawn with a masterly hand, and show how under the same creed and within the same ecclesiastical forms

individual character and preference will assert themselves. We know not where to look for fresher or more delightful pictures in verse of Scottish life than in this volume.

In "Olrig Grange" there are many incisive bits of character description. Here is one of Thorold—the hero of the poem :—

Trained for a priest, for that is still the pride
And high ambition of the Scottish mother,
There was a kind of priestly purity
In him, and a deep undertone of awe
Ran through his gayest fancies, and his heart
Reached out its sympathies, and laid fast hold
On the outcast, the unlovely, and alone
I' the world. But being challenged at the door
Of God's high Temple to indue himself
With armour that he had not proved, to clothe
With articles of ready-made Belief
His Faith inquisitive, he rent the Creed
Trying to fit it on, and cast it from him ;
Then took it up again, and found it worn
With age, and riddled by the moth, and rotten.
Therefore he trod it under foot, and went
Awhile with only scant fig-leaves to clothe
His naked spirit, longing after God,
But more for knowledge panting than for faith.
The Priest was left behind ; the hope of Glory
Became pursuit of Fame ; and yet a light
From heaven kept hovering always over him,
Like twilight from a sun that had gone down.

In "Kildrostan"—the most dramatic of his works—with a striking plot there is a description, with both humorous and pathetic touches of a religious gathering of Crofters, of which Tremain, an unbelieving Cynic, thus speaks :—

“ Why should I not
Enrich my soul with all experiences
Of life and passion to be moulded duly
Into pure forms of art ? I came to see
The Christian superstition, where I heard
The thing was really living. Up in town
'Tis but a raree show of surplices,
And albs and copes and silver candlesticks,
And droning repetitions ; poor survivals
Of the old Pagan Cult ; or else it is
A small dissenting shop where they retail
Long yards of worn-out logic, or an ounce
Of bitter morals with a syllabub
Of sentiment. But this is different.
I could almost have fancied I was back
With Cyril in the Abrandrian desert
And throngs of howling, unwashed monks who hunted
A Neo-Platonist : only your factor
Is no philosopher.”

But to give a single speech like this is little better than offering a brick to represent a building. In the following pages, however, a more extended attempt is made to represent the several volumes of the poet by characteristic selections.

Readers of Dr. Smith's works may not find the high ethereal spirit of the great Masters of Song, but they will find touching stories of life—“ metrical novelettes,” as Edmund Clarence Stedman calls them—and descriptions of many types of character given with much of the insight of the poet

W. GARRETT HORDER.

HYMNS.

1867.

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH.

I.—EARTH WAS WAITING.

“ When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman.”—GAL. iv. 4.

EARTH was waiting, spent and restless,
With a mingled hope and fear ;
And the faithful few were sighing,
“ Surely, Lord, the day is near ;
The desire of all the nations,
It is time He should appear.”

Still the gods were in their temples,
But the ancient faith had fled ;
And the priests stood by their altars
Only for a piece of bread ;
And the Oracles were silent,
And the Prophets all were dead.

In the sacred courts of Zion,
Where the Lord had His abode,
There the money-changers trafficked,
And the sheep and oxen trod ;
And the world, because of wisdom,
Knew not either Lord or God.

Then the spirit of the Highest
On a virgin meek came down,
And He burdened her with blessing,
And He pained her with renown ;
For she bare the Lord’s Anointed
For His cross and for His crown.

Earth for Him had groaned and travailed,
Since the ages first began ;
For in Him was hid the secret
That through all the ages ran—
Son of Mary, Son of David,
Son of God, and Son of Man.

II.—LORD, I WOULD CHOOSE.

"Mary hath chosen that good part."—LUKE x. 42.

LORD, I would choose the better part
Which none may take away from me ;
Let me not fret with anxious heart,
But sit at peace, and hold with Thee
Communion sweet here at Thy feet.

There be that love Thee well and true,
And yet they vex their souls with care ;
For still much service they will do,
And many needless vessels bear,
And they with such are cumbered much.

They love Thee, Lord, and Thy good word,
Yet of Thy joy they stint their heart,
And grudge the peace Thou dost accord
To them that choose the better part ;
And, idly faint, they make complaint.

The one thing needful let me do,
Nor let my service cumber me ;
Who serve the Lord must hold in view
They need Him more than needeth He ;
Who serve Him best in Him too rest.

So would I rest, Lord, at Thy feet,
And learn of Thee, and look above ;
Doing the service that is meet,
But free to worship and to love,
And find increase of grace and peace.

OLRIG GRANGE.

1872.

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH.

(Selected Lines.)

LOQUITUR THOROLD.

I.

BUT my Faith is not gone, although
At times it seems to fade away.
I would I were as long ago ;
I cling to God, and strive to say,
The devil and all his reasons Nay :
But in the crucible of thought
Old forms dissolve, nor have I got,
Or seem to wish, new moulds of clay
To limit the boundless truth I sought.

Can the great God be aught but vague,
Bounded by no horizon, save
What feeble minds create to plague
High Reason with ? We madly crave
For definite truth, and make a grave,
Through too much certainty precise,
And logical distinction nice,
For all the little Faith we have,
Buying clear views at a terrible price.

Too dear, indeed, to part with Faith
For forms of logic about God,
And walk in lucid realms of death,
Whose paths incredible are trod
By no soul living. Faith's abode
Is mystery for evermore ;
Its life to worship and adore,
And meekly bow beneath the rod,
When the day is dark, and the burden sore.

II.

My sun sinks without clouds or fears ;
No spectral shadows gather round
The gateway of the endless years,
Where we, long blindfold, are unbound,
And lay our swathings on the ground,
To face the Eternal. So I rest
Peacefully on the Strong One's breast,
Even though the mystery profound
Ever a mystery be confessed.

My old doubts ?—Well, they no more fret,
Nor chase and foam o'er sunken rocks.
I don't know that my Faith is yet
Quite regular and orthodox ;
I have not keys for all the locks,
And may not pick them. Truth will bear
Neither rude handling, nor unfair
Evasion of its wards, and mocks
Whoever would falsely enter there.

But all through life I see a Cross,
Where sons of God yield up their breath :
There is no gain except by loss,
There is no life except by death,
There is no vision but by Faith,
Nor glory but by bearing shame,
Nor justice but by taking blame ;
And that Eternal Passion saith,
“ Be emptied of glory and right and name.”

RABAN; OR, LIFE SPLINTERS.

1880.

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH.

WORK AND SPIRIT.

IS it the work that makes life great and true ?
Or the true soul that, working as it can,
Does faithfully the task it has to do,
And keepeth faith alike with God and man ?

Ah ! well ; the work is something ; the same gold
Or brass is fashioned now into a coin,
Now into fairest chalice that shall hold
To panting lips the sacramental wine :

Here the same marble forms a cattle-trough
For brutes by the wayside to quench their thirst,
And there a god emerges from the rough
Unshapely block—yet they were twins at first.

One pool of metal in the melting pot
A sordid, or a sacred thought inspires ;
And of twin marbles from the quarry brought
One serves the earth, one glows with altar-fires.

There's something in high purpose of the soul
To do the highest service to its kind ;
There's something in the art that can unroll
Secrets of beauty shaping in the mind.

Yet he who takes the lower room, and tries
To make his cattle-trough with honest heart,
And could not frame the god with gleaming eyes,
As nobly plays the more ignoble part,

And maybe, as the higher light breaks in
And shows the meaner task he has to do,
He is the greater that he strives to win
Only the praise of being just and true.

For who can do no thing of sovran worth
Which men shall praise, a higher task may find
Plodding his dull round on the common earth,
But conquering envies rising in the mind.

And God works in the little as the great
A perfect work, and glorious over all—
Or in the stars that choir with joy elate,
Or in the lichen spreading on the wall †

NORTH COUNTRY FOLK.

1883.

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH.

A CRY FROM THE MERSE.

"They have heard evil tidings; there is sorrow on the sea."—*JER. xl ix. 23.*

HALF o' us drooned in the Firth!
Hearses at ilk ither door!
No a hale heart in the toon,
No a dry e'e on the shore!
No a hooss but has its dead,
Father, or cousin, or brither!
For nane o' us stands by himsel',
We are a' sib to ilk ither.

My Janet was wedded to Jake,
George was my brither-in-law,
Elsie was promised to Will—
An' noo they're a' dead an' awa';
Drooned within sight o' their hames,
Throttled richt doon to their graves,
Wi' the screams o' their wives an' the weans
Mixed up wi' the crash o' the wav

Lord God, what does it mean?
They were a' brave lads an' true,
And what can this misery bring
O' profit tae us or you?
My head gangs roon when I think
Hoo the sea lay calm in the bay,
Till it had them a' weel in its grip,
An' took the brave lads for a prey.

Lord, keep me frae sin if ye can :
 I canna be sure what I do ;
 There's Elsie sits dazed-like an' dumb,
 And Janet moans a' the day through ;
 I try tae keep hauds o' Thee, Lord,
 But a' that I get for my pains
 Is tae drift farther into the dark
 'Mid the wail o' the women an' weans.

Oh, the folk are a' kind in their way,
 Baith gentle an' simple, nae doot ;
 An' ready wi' pity an' prayers,
 An' siller if siller wu'd do't !
 But prayers winna bring the lads back,
 An' pity feels almost like mockin',
 An' a' the fine gowd i' the lan'
 Winna sowder the heart that is broken.

The bairnies are greetin' a' day,
 An' the women are moanin' a' nicht,
 An' the bread winna gang doon oor throats,
 An' the Book doesna bring ony licht ;
 An' though there's nae hope in oor hearts,
 We gang an' glower lang at the sea,
 An' scan weel the rig o' ilk boat,
 An' then we come hame like tae dee.

Half o' us drooned i' the Firth !
 A' o' us drooned in despair !
 Bairns cryin', " Daddie, come hame,"
 As their mithers are rivin' their hair !
 An' where there's a corpse they are glad,
 For the sea has the maist in her maw ;
 An' I watna weel what's tae come neist—
 But, Lord, if ye'd just tak' us a'.

THOUGHTS AND FANCIES.

1887.

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH.

I.—ONE THING I OF THE LORD DESIRE.

ONE thing I of the Lord desire—
For all my way hath miry been—
Be it by water or by fire,
O make me clean.

Erewhile I strove for perfect truth,
And thought it was a worthy strife ;
But now I leave that aim of youth
For perfect life.

If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be ;
But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me.

Yea, only as the heart is clean
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirrored in its depths are seen
The things divine.

I watch to shun the miry way,
And stanch the spring of guilty thought ;
But, watch and wrestle as I may,
Pure I am not.

So wash Thou me without, within ;
Or purge with fire, if that must be ;
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me.

II.—BE STILL.

BE still, and know He doeth all things well,
Working the purpose of His holy will,
And if His high designs He do not tell
Till He accomplish them—do thou be still.

Why should'st thou strive and fret and fear and doubt,
As if His way, being dark, must bode thee ill ?
If thine own way be clearly pointed out,
Leave Him to clear up His, and be thou still.

Was ever yet thy trust in Him misplaced ?
And hoping in Him, did He not fulfil
The word on which He causèd thee to rest,
Though not as thou had'st thought, perchance ? Be still.

What if the road be rough which might be smooth ?
Is not the rough road best for thee, until
Thou learn by patient walking in the truth
To trust and hope in God, and to be still ?

A little faith is more than clearest views ;
Would'st thou have ocean like a babbling till ?
God without mystery were not good news ;
Wrestle not with the darkness, but be still.

Be still, and know that He is God indeed
Who reigns in glory on His holy hill,
Yet once upon the Cross did hang and bleed,
And heard the people raging—and was still.

III.—O'ER LAND AND SEA.

O'ER land and sea love follows with fond prayers
Its dear ones in their troubles, griefs, and cares ;
There is no spot
On which it does not drop this tender dew,
Except the grave, and there it bids adieu,
And prayeth not.

Why should that be the only place uncheered
By prayer, which to our hearts is most endeared,
And sacred grown ?
Living, we sought for blessings on their head ;
Why should our lips be sealed when they are dead,
And we alone ?

Idle ? their doom is fixed ? Ah ! who can tell ?
Yet, were it so, I think no harm could well
Come of my prayer :
And O the heart, o'erburdened with its grief,
This comfort needs, and finds therein relief
From its despair.

Shall God be wroth because we love them still,
And call upon His love to shield from ill
Our dearest, best,
And bring them home, and recompense their pain,
And cleanse their sin, if any sin remain,
And give them rest ?

Nay, I will not believe it. I will pray
As for the living, for the dead each day.
They will not grow
Less meet for heaven when followed by a prayer
To speed them home, like summer-scented air
From long ago.

Who shall forbid the heart's desires to flow
Beyond the limit of the things we know ?
In heaven above
The incense that the golden censers bear,
Is the sweet perfume from the saintly prayer
Of trust and love.

A HERETIC AND OTHER POEMS.

1891.

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH.

I.—CREEDS.

AH! these old creeds
Who can believe them to-day?
Yet were brave deeds
Inspired by them once, too ; and they
Made men of heroic mould
In the great fighting ages of old.

Is it the wounds
Which science has given ? or the sap
On critical grounds,
Which has brought about their mishap ?
Nay, these touched not a vital spot,
Though they brag of the wreck they have wrought.

But the spirit has risen
From the hard, narrow letter which kept
Men's thoughts in a prison,
Where they struggled or languished or slept ;
And now we can soar high above
All the creeds but the Credo of Love.

They are things of the past,
Survivals, and now out of date ;
The men were not cast
In our moulds, who endured such a weight,
So linked and compact : let them go,
They who wore them had no room to grow.

All too complete,
They were subtly and skilfully wrought
With logic neat ;
But they are not in touch with our thought ;
And they will not allow they have found
Any spot where they have not sure ground.

They are ever so far
From the days we are living in now,
 From our work and our war,
And the thoughts that are aching our brow ;
 And yet though they be but part true,
 Vain to patch up the old, or make new.

Creed-making now
In these latter ages of time
 Would yield stuff, I trow
Thin and loose as a small poet's rhyme—
 Tags and thrums, hints and guesses, no more
 With a deep, settled doubt at the core.

What not to believe,
That now is the stage we are at ;
 And how shall we weave
Any faith to live on out of that ?
 There must go to the making of creeds
 Sure hearts, girded up for high deeds.

But ours is an age
Of unmaking, taking things down :
 For the warfare we wage
We must swarm from the fortified town,
 And spread out to find air and room
 Beyond the old walls and their gloom.

Yet we have faith
In the Right and the True and the Good,
 And in Him whose last breath
Was the prayer of a pitiful mood,
 Which smites the meek spirit with awe,
 And with Love, the true life of all Law.

II.—THE VISION OF GOD.

O THE silences of heaven,
How they speak to me of God,
Now the veil in twain is riven
That concealed where He abode !
Yet its clouds were once around Him,
And I sought Him in despair,
And never there I found Him,
Till I brought Him with me there.

Not the optic glass revealed Him,
No mechanical device
Pierced the darkness that concealed Him
With a vision more precise :
Only lowliness can merit
That His secret He should tell
Only spirit seeth spirit,
And the heart that loveth well.

Never till His love hath found thee,
Shall the cloud and mist depart ;
Vain to seek Him all around thee,
Till He dwell within thy heart.
Not without thee, but within thee
Must the oracle be heard,
As He seeketh still to win thee,
And to guide thee by His word.

When I found Him in my bosom,
Then I found Him everywhere,
In the bud and in the blossom,
In the earth and in the air ;
And He spake to me with clearness
From the silent stars that say,
As ye find Him in His nearness,
Ye shall find Him far away

George MacDonald.

1824.

GEORGE MACDONALD was born at Huntley, Aberdeenshire, on the 10th of December, 1824, and was educated at the parish school of Huntley and King's College, Aberdeen. His general poetry is represented in Volume V. of this work, where he is treated as one of the general poets. Much of his verse, however, is devoted to religious subjects, and it is impossible to omit a selection of it from a volume dealing specifically with sacred and didactic poetry. The reader is referred to Volume V. for a critical article on George MacDonald's poetry from the pen of Dr. Japp, and it will be found that the leading characteristics of the poet's verse as there indicated become intensified when he is dealing with exclusively religious subjects. These are a combination of simplicity and mysticism which finds some parallel in the poetry of Blake—the outlook of a natural and childlike eye, suggesting an infinitude of parallels and parables to the seer's vision. Besides this, there is in Dr. MacDonald's poetry the beating of an intensely human heart, which finds in human relationships and experiences innumerable illustrations and interpretations of the nature and discipline of the Divine Father.

These characteristics are happily illustrated by two single stanza poems included with others under

the title of "Motes in the Sun." What could be more Blake-like in its opening lines, and what more MacDonald-like in its close and in the whole as a union of the natural and the spiritual, than the lines entitled "Waiting"?

Lie, little cow, and chew thy cud,
The farmer soon will shift thy tether ;
Chirp, linnet, on the frozen mud,
Sun and song will come together ;
Wait, soul, for God, and thou shalt bud,
He waits thy waiting with his weather.

The Divine love as interpreted by the intensely human heart of the poet has many illustrations throughout his works, of which the lines entitled "Forgiveness" may be given here :—

God gives His child upon his slate a sum—
To find eternity in hours and years ;
With both sides covered, back the child doth come,
His dim eyes swollen with shed and unshed tears ;
God smiles, wipes clean the upper side and nether,
And says, "Now, dear, we'll do the sum together !"

So much of Dr. MacDonald's poetry would be proper to this volume that selection is difficult. "The Disciple," "The Gospel Women," and "Parables" might all be quoted from ; but we have confined our selection to "Organ Songs," "Violin Songs," "A Book of Sonnets," and "A Book of Dreams."

ALFRED H. MILES.

ORGAN SONGS.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

I.—I KNOW WHAT BEAUTY IS.

I KNOW what beauty is, for Thou
Hast set the world within my heart ;
Of me Thou madest it a part ;
I never loved it more than now.

I know the Sabbath afternoons ;
The light asleep upon the graves ;
Against the sky the poplar waves ;
The river murmurs organ tunes.

I know the spring with bud and bell ;
The hush in summer woods at night ;
Autumn, when leaves let in more light ;
Fantastic winter's lovely spell.

I know the rapture music gives,
Its mystery of ordered tones ;
Dream-muffled soul, it loves and moans,
And, half-alive, comes in and lives.

And verse I know, whose concord high
Of thought and music lifts the soul
Where many a glimmering starry shoal
Glides through the Godhead's living sky.

Yea, Beauty's regnant All I know —
The imperial head, the thoughtful eyes ;
The God-imprisoned harmonies,
That out in gracious motions go.

But I leave all, O Son of man,
 Put off my shoes, and come to Thee,
 Most lovely Thou of all I see,
 Most potent Thou of all that can !

As child forsakes his favourite toy,
 His sisters' sport, his new-found nest ;
 And, climbing to his mother's breast,
 Enjoys yet more his late-left joy—

I lose to find. On fair-browed bride
 Fair pearls their fairest light afford ;
 So, gathered round Thy glory, Lord,
 All glory else is glorified.

II.—LONGING.

MY heart is full of inarticulate pain,
 And beats laborious. Cold ungenial looks
 Invade my sanctuary. Men of gain,
 Wise in success, well-read in feeble books
 No nigher come, I pray : your air is drear ;
 'Tis winter and low skies when ye appear.

Beloved, who love beauty and fair truth,
 Come nearer me ; too near ye cannot come ;
 Make me an atmosphere with your sweet youth ;
 Give me your souls to breathe in, a large room ;
 Speak not a word, for, see, my spirit lies
 Helpless and dumb ; shine on me with your eyes.

O all wide places, far from feverous towns ;
 Great shining seas ; pine forests ; mountains wild ;
 Rock-bosomed shores ; rough heaths, and sheep-
 cropt downs ;
 Vast pallid clouds ; blue spaces undefiled—
 Room ! give me room ! give loneliness and air—
 Free things and plenteous in your regions fair !

White dove of David, flying overhead,
 Golden with sunlight on thy snowy wings,
 Outspeeding thee my longing thoughts are fled
 To find a home afar from men and things ;
 Where in his temple, earth o'erarched with sky,
 God's heart to mine may speak, my heart reply.

O God of mountains, stars, and boundless spaces,
 O God of freedom and of joyous hearts,
 When Thy face looketh forth from all men's faces,
 There will be room enough in crowded marts !
 Brood Thou around me, and the noise is o'er,
 Thy universe my closet with shut door.

Heart, heart, awake ! The love that loveth all
 Maketh a deeper calm than Horeb's cave.
 God in thee, can His children's folly gall ?
 Love may be hurt, but shall not love be brave ?—
 Thy holy silence sinks in dews of balm ;
 Thou art my solitude, my mountain-calm !

III.—I WOULD I WERE A CHILD.

I WOULD I were a child,
 That I might look, and laugh, and say, My Father !
 And follow Thee with running feet, or rather
 Be led through dark and wild !

How I would hold Thy hand,
 My glad eyes often to Thy glory lifting !
 Should darkness 'twixt Thy face and mine come
 drifting,
 My heart would but expand.

If an ill thing came near,
 I would but creep within Thy mantle's folding,
 Shut my eyes close, Thy hand yet faster holding,
 And soon forget my fear.

O soul, O soul, rejoice !
Thou art God's child indeed, for all thy sinning ;
A poor weak child, yet His, and worth the winning
With saviour eyes and voice.

Who spake the words ? Didst Thou ?
They are too good, even for such a giver :
Such water drinking once, I should feel ever
As I had drunk but now.

Yet sure the Word said so,
Teaching our lips to cry with His, Our Father !
Telling the tale of him who once did gather
His goods to him, and go !

Ah, Thou dost lead me, God !
But it is dark and starless, the way dreary ;
Almost I sleep, I am so very weary
Upon this rough hill-road.

Almost ! Nay, I do sleep ;
There is no darkness save in this my dreaming ;
Thy fatherhood above, around, is beaming ;
Thy hand my hand doth keep.

With sighs my soul doth teem ;
I have no knowledge but that I am sleeping ;
Haunted with lies, my life will fail in weeping ;
Wake me from this my dream.

How long shall heavy night
Deny the day ? How long shall this dull sorrow
Say in my heart that never any morrow
Will bring the friendly light ?

Lord, art Thou in the room ?
 Come near my bed ; oh, draw aside the curtain !
 A child's heart would say *Father*, were it certain
 That it would not presume.

But if this dreary sleep
 May not be broken, help Thy helpless sleeper
 To rest in Thee ; so shall his sleep grow deeper —
 For evil dreams too deep.

Father ! I dare at length ;
 My childhood sure will hold me free from blaming :
 Sinful yet hoping, I to Thee come, claiming
 Thy tenderness, my strength.

IV.—REST.

I.

WHEN round the earth the Father's hands
 Have gently drawn the dark ;
 Sent off the sun to fresher lands,
 And curtained in the lark ;
 'Tis sweet, all tired with glowing day,
 To fade with fading light,
 To lie once more, the old weary way,
 Upfolded in the night.

If mothers o'er our slumbers bend,
 And unripe kisses reap,
 In soothing dreams with sleep they blend,
 Till even in dreams we sleep.
 And if we wake while night is dumb,
 'Tis sweet to turn and say,
 It is an hour ere dawning come,
 And I will sleep till day.

II.

There is a dearer, warmer bed,
Where one all day may lie,
Earth's bosom pillowing the head,
And let the world go by.
There come no watching mother's eyes ;
The stars instead look down ;
Upon it breaks, and silent dies,
The murmur of the town.

The great world, shouting, forward fares :
This chamber, hid from none,
Hides safe from all, for no one cares
For him whose work is done.
Cheer thee, my friend ; bethink thee how
A certain unknown place,
Or here or there, is waiting now,
To rest thee from thy race.

III.

Nay, nay, not there the rest from harms,
The slow composèd breath !
Not there the folding of the arms,
The cool, the blessed death !
That needs no curtained bed to hide
The world with all its wars ;
No grassy cover to divide
From sun and moon and stars.

It is a rest that deeper grows
In midst of pain and strife ;
A mighty, conscious, willed repose,
The death of deepest life.

To have and hold the precious prize
No need of jealous bars ;
But windows open to the skies,
And skill to read the stars.

IV.

Who dwelleth in that secret place,
Where tumult enters not,
Is never cold with terror base,
Never with anger hot.
For if an evil host should dare
His very heart invest,
God is his deeper heart, and there
He enters in to rest.

When mighty sea-winds madly blow,
And tear the scattered waves,
Peaceful as summer woods, below
Lie darkling ocean caves :
The wind of words may toss my heart,
But what is that to me !
'Tis but a surface storm—Thou art
My deep, still, resting sea.

A BOOK OF SONNETS.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

I.—THE UNSEEN FACE.

“I DO beseech Thee, God, show me Thy face.”
“Come up to Me in Sinai on the morn !
Thou shalt behold as much as may be borne.”
And on a rock stood Moses, lone in space.
From Sinai’s top, the vaporous, thunderous place,
God passed in cloud, an earthy garment worn
To hide, and thus reveal. In love, not scorn,
He put him in a clift of the rock’s base,
Covered him with his hand, his eyes to screen—
Passed—lifted it : his back alone appears !
Ah, Moses, had he turned, and hadst thou seen
The pale face crowned with thorns, baptized with tears,
The eyes of the true man, by men belied,
Thou hadst beheld God’s face, and straightway died.

II.—THE SWEEPER OF THE FLOOR.

METHOUGHT that in a solemn church I stood.
Its marble acres, worn with knees and feet,
Lay spread from door to door, from street to street.
Midway the form hung high upon the rood
Of Him who gave His life to be our good ;
Beyond, priests flitted, bowed, and murmured meet,
Among the candles shining still and sweet.
Men came and went, and worshipped as they could—
And still their dust a woman with her broom,
Bowed to her work, kept sweeping to the door.
Then saw I, slow through all the pillared gloom,
Across the church a silent figure come :
“Daughter,” it said, “thou sweepest well my floor !”
It is the Lord ! I cried, and saw no more.

VIOLIN SONGS.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

I.—GOING TO SLEEP.

LITTLE one, you must not fret

That I take your clothes away ;
Better sleep you so will get,

And at morning wake more gay—
Saith the children's mother.

You I must unclothe again,

For you need a better dress ;

Too much worn are body and brain ;

You need everlastingness—

 Saith the heavenly father.

I went down death's lonely stair ;

Laid my garments in the tomb ;

Dressed again one morning fair ;

Hastened up, and hied me home—

 Saith the elder brother.

Then I will not be afraid

Any ill can come to me ;

When 'tis time to go to bed,

I will rise and go with Thee—

 Saith the little brother.

II.—BED TIME.

"COME, children, put away your toys ;

 Roll up the kite's long line ;

The day is done for girls and boys—

Look, it is almost nine !

Come, weary foot, and sleepy head,

Get up, and come along to bed."

The children, loath, must yet obey;
Up the long stair they creep;
Lie down, and something sing or say
Until they fall asleep,
To steal through caverns of the night
Into the morning's golden light.

We, elder ones, sit up more late,
And tasks unfinished ply,
But, gently busy, watch and wait—
Dear sister, you and I,
To hear the Father, with soft tread,
Coming to carry us to bed.

A BOOK OF DREAMS.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

I.—A PIECE OF GOLD.

III.

A PIECE of gold had left my purse,
Which I had guarded ill ;
I feared a lack, but feared yet worse
Regret returning still.

I lifted up my feeble prayer
To Him who maketh strong,
That thence no haunting thoughts of care
Might do my spirit wrong.

And even before my body slept,
Such visions fair I had,
That seldom soul with chamber swept
Was more serenely glad.

No white-robed angel floated by
On slow, reposing wings ;
I only saw, with inward eye,
Some very common things.

First rose the scarlet pimpernel
With burning purple heart ;
I saw within it, and could spell
The lesson of its art.

Then came the primrose, childlike flower,
And looked me in the face ;
It bore a message full of power,
And confidence, and grace.

And breezes rose on pastures trim
 And bathed me all about ;
 Wool-muffled sheep-bells babbled dim,
 Or only half spoke out.

Sudden it closed, some door of heaven,
 But what came out remained ;
 The poorest man my loss had given
 For that which I had gained !

Thou gav'st me, Lord, a brimming cup
 Where I bemoaned a sip ;
 How easily Thou didst make up
 For what my fault let slip !

What said the flowers ? what message new
 Embalmed my soul with rest ?
 I scarce can tell—only they grew
 Right out of God's own breast.

They said, to every flower He made,
 God's thought was root and stem—
 Perhaps said what the lilies said
 When Jesus looked at them.

JL.—DREAMING I SLEPT.

v.

DREAMING I slept. Three crosses stood
 High in the gloomy air ;
 One bore a thief, and one the Good ;
 The other waited bare.

A soldier came up to the place,
 And took me for the third ;
 My eyes they sought the Master's face,
 My will the Master's word.

He bent His head ; I took the sign,
And gave the error way ;
Gesture nor look nor word of mine
The secret should betray.

The soldier from the cross's foot
Turned. I stood waiting there :
That grim, expectant tree, for fruit
My dying form must bear.

Up rose the steaming mists of doubt,
And chilled both heart and brain ;
They shut the world of vision out,
And fear saw only pain.

"Ah me, my hands ! the hammer's blow !
The nails that rend and pierce !
The shock may stun, but, slow and slow,
The torture will grow fierce.

"Alas, the awful fight with death !
The hours to hang and die !
The thirsting gasp for common breath !
The weakness that would cry !"

My soul returned : "A faintness soon
Will shroud thee in its fold ;
The hours will bring the fearful noon ;
'Twill pass—and thou art cold.

"'Tis His to care that thou endure,
To curb or loose the pain ;
With bleeding hands hang on thy cure—
It shall not be in vain."

But, ah, the will, which thus could quail,
Might yield—oh, horror drear !
Then, more than love, the fear to fail
Kept down the other fear.

I stood, nor moved. But inward strife
The bonds of slumber broke :
Oh ! had I fled, and lost the life
Of which the Master spoke.

Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1825.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, D.D., Bishop of Exeter, was the son of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, sometime Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and Rector of Watton, Herts, whose "Christian Psalmody," published in 1833, had great influence upon the progress of Christian song. Edward Henry Bickersteth was born at Islington in the month of January 1825, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. with honours 1847, M.A. 1850. Taking Holy Orders, he became successively Curate of Banningham, Norfolk, and Christ Church, Tunbridge Wells; Rector of Hinton-Martell, 1852; Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, 1855; Dean of Gloucester, and Bishop of Exeter, 1885.

Bishop Bickersteth published "Poems" (1849); "Water from the Well-Spring" (1852); "The Rock of Ages" (1858); "Commentary on the New Testament" (1864); "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever" (1867); "The Spirit of Life" (1868); "The Two Brothers and other Poems" (1871); "The Master's Home Call" (1872); "The Reef and other Parables" (1873); "The Shadowed House, and the Light Beyond" (1874); "Songs of the House of Pilgrimage" (undated); and "From Year to Year" (1883). He also edited several hymnals,

the most important of which was "The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer" (1870).

Of his original poems Bishop Bickersteth's "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever" is the principal, though his choicest verses will be found in the volume "From Year to Year." The former work is a blank-verse poem of twelve books, describing the death of a Christian and his visions and experiences in the other world. The poem contains many fine descriptions, and has been very popular, more than fifteen editions having been called for. Of his shorter poems some have been widely used as hymns. Julian says: "His thoughts are usually with the individual, and not with the mass: with the single soul and his God, and not with the vast multitude bowed in adoration before the Almighty. Hence, although many of his hymns are eminently suited to congregational purposes, and have attained to a wide popularity, yet his finest productions are those best suited for private use." The following selections from the volume "From Year to Year" will amply bear out this criticism, and justify their place in this volume.

ALFRED H. MILES

FROM YEAR TO YEAR.

1883.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

I.—COME YE YOURSELVES APART.

COME ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,
Weary, I know it, of the press and throng,
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
And in My quiet strength again be strong.

Come ye aside from all the world holds dear
For converse which the world has never known,
Alone with Me and with My Father here,
With Me and with My Father not alone.

Come, tell Me all that ye have said and done,
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears.
I know how hardly souls are wooed and won :
My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.

Come ye, and rest : the journey is too great,
And ye will faint beside the way and sink :
The bread of life is here for you to eat,
And here for you the wine of love to drink.

Then, fresh from converse with your Lord, return
And work till daylight softens into even :
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master and His rest in heaven.

II.—THE MEADOW GRASS.

THE meadow grass is green and blithe,
With gold and purple hues besprent ;
It recks not of to-morrow's scythe,
Rich in its lavish bloom and scent ;
The sun is warm, the evening gay,
Who speaks of aught but life to-day ?

The jocund world is borne along
 By troops of rosy-figur'd hours,
 Its path of merriment and song
 Still garlanded with new-cut flowers ;
 And all her children seem to say,
 To-morrow will be as to-day.

But standing from the throng apart
 There are who drink of sorrow's springs,
 And answer to their bleeding heart
 That heart's persistent questionings,
 " Is there no harvest far away
 Of seed we sow in tears to-day ? "

Listen, the world's melodious chime
 Grows faint and fainter year by year,
 And things to come are shadowing time,
 And soon the Master will be here :
 God grant us crown'd by Him to say,
 Eternity is ours to-day.

III.—MY WORK IS DONE.

" **M**Y work is done, I lay me down to die,
 Weary and travel-worn I long for rest,
 Speak but the word, dear Master, and I fly,
 A dove let loose, to nestle in Thy breast."

" Not yet, My child, a little longer wait,
 I need thy prayerful watch at glory's gate ! "

" But, Lord, I have no strength to watch and pray ;
 My spirit is benumb'd, and dim my sight ;
 And I shall grieve Thy watchful love, as they
 Who in the garden slept that Paschal night."

" My child, I need thy weakness hour by hour
 To prove in Me, thy strengthlessness is power."

"Not for myself alone I urge the suit ;
 But loved ones lose for me life's priceless bloom,
 And tender, patient, uncomplaining, mute,
 Wear out their joyance in my darken'd room."

"Enough, My child, I need their love to thee :
 Around thy couch they minister to Me."

"It is enough, dear Master ; yea, Amen,
 I will not breathe one murmur of reply,
 Only fulfil Thy work in me, and then
 Call me and bid me answer,—'Here am I.'"
 "My child, the sign I waited for is given,
 Thy work is done, I need thee now in heaven.

IV.—“TILL HE COME.”

TILL He come," Oh, let the words
 Linger on the trembling chords ;
 Let the little while between
 In their golden light be seen ;
 Let us think how heaven and home
 Lie beyond that "Till He come."

When the weary ones we love
 Enter on their rest above,
 Seems the earth so poor and vast,
 All our life-joy overcast ?
 Hush, be every murmur dumb :
 It is only, "Till He come."

Clouds and conflicts round us press ;
 Would we have one sorrow less ?
 All the sharpness of the cross,
 All that tells the world is loss,
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
 Only whisper, "Till He come."

See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and eat the bread :
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board ;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only “Till He come.”

V.—PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin ?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd ?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round ?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away ?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown ?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours ?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Henry Septimus Sutton.

1825.

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON was born at Nottingham in 1825. His father, Richard Sutton, was a bookseller and newspaper proprietor in that town. Thus the boy was surrounded from his earliest days with books, and needed no other library than his father's shop—where he spent most of his leisure, and where he browsed on the ample fare—often totally oblivious of the flight of time. Arrived at the suitable age, he was articled to a surgeon, and for some years studied medicine; but the passion for literature at length drew him away from the study of the human body and the remedies for its ailments; he gave up all idea of the Physician's calling, and turned to the Press as his life employment.

In 1847 he published a little book called "The Evangel of Love." This was in prose. In the following year he issued his first poetical work—a tiny volume, which he dedicated to his father. One of his friends has said of this book: "It was not sent forth to the multitude. It was only a still, small voice intended for the ears of poets, and dreamers, and religious mystics. It fulfilled its mission. The world let it pass; but chosen souls, slowly and only here and there, caught it up, silently received its message, and placed it amongst their choicest treasures."

In 1854 Mr. Sutton put forth a volume of philosophical theology called "Quinquenergia," but in this was included a series of poems of rare quality called "Rose's Diary," on which more than on any others his fame as a poet will rest.

It was the publication of "The Evangel of Love" which probably determined both his life work and the place where it should be accomplished. This book fell under the eye of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and won from him high commendation, and led to a lifelong friendship. Emerson brought Mr. Sutton's work under the notice of Alexander Ireland of Manchester, who induced him to accept employment upon one of the leading newspapers of that city, where he has continued to reside, and where he is still engaged as a journalist.

In 1886 he was persuaded to allow the two series of poems already named to be republished together, with a few written since. Emerson declared that this little volume contained pieces worthy of the genius of George Herbert. Its author has indeed been classed with the saintly poet of Bemerton and Henry Vaughan. There seems to me a certain truth in such classification; he is like those well-known poets, but I am not sure whether the points of difference are not more and greater than the points of likeness. Mr. Sutton is far more of the mystic, and his mysticism is of a deeper kind than these earlier poets. Bronson Alcott said of Mr. Sutton's theological book already referred to: "This is truly an original and mystic book, the work of a profound religious genius, combining the remarkable sense of William Law with the subtlety of Behmen and the piety of Pascal. The author is one of the few English-

men I would go far to meet." *There* seems to me the clue to Mr. Sutton's poetry. It has more that is akin to the great mystics than to poets of the quaint type of Herbert and Vaughan. I shall, I fear, astonish, and, perhaps, shock some readers when I say that Mr. Sutton has a deeper religious nature than either Herbert or Vaughan. No one doubts Herbert's goodness; but too often his quaintness is mistaken for depth. Some of our editors of sacred anthologies seem willing to sacrifice nearly everything on the altar of quaintness—that is a quality not to be despised, but it is surely second to far-reaching vision of truth and passionate love to the Invisible God. For my part, I find far more points of likeness in Mr. Sutton's poems to certain of Miss Rossetti's; but even here there is a difference, accounted for by the fact that though both of them were mystics they were reared in vastly different schools of theological belief. But in spite of this I think I could put side by side poems from these two poets which at heart strike the selfsame note—another illustration of how the really mystic mind overleaps, through its clear vision of God, all sundering doctrines concerning His Nature.

It may here be added, as a proof of this, that Miss Rossetti greatly admired Mr. Sutton's poems (and, indeed, introduced them to Professor Palgrave, who included some of them in his "Treasury of Sacred Song"), whilst another deeply religious man, and one of the profoundest thinkers of our age, Dr. James Martineau, though belonging to a school of theological thought widely separated both from Miss Rossetti and Mr. Sutton, said of "Rose's Diary": "It has long been to me as the presence of a tender and faithful

friend. Nay, so sacred is my feeling towards it, that on learning of the promise of a new volume, I almost dreaded to see it, lest it should change by a single shade the complexion of a love so clear and warm, and am half relieved to find that the book now issued derives its main character from poems which have so long missed the permanent form and wide influence due to their rare beauty."

But whilst Mr. Sutton is probably most at home in deeply religious verse, he has shown capacity of a high kind for descriptive verse. The little poem "The Daisy" is as accurate and quaintly picturesque as anything of the kind we possess. In "A Preacher's Soliloquy and Sermon" he is far nearer Herbert than in the poems of "Rose's Diary"; whilst the very brief poem "Sorrow" could scarcely be surpassed for conciseness and suggestiveness. "Ralph Waldo Emerson" is a noble tribute to a noble character. Some of the verses are not only finely descriptive of the man, but wrought with the strength of a master-hand. This is especially so in the second and seventh stanzas.

This is enough to introduce a little-known poet to the many readers of this series. I shall be surprised if the extracts given do not send many to the little volume from which they have been taken.

W. GARRETT HORDER.

ROSE'S DIARY.

1850.

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON.

VI.

JUNE.

THE day with light its genial self engirds ;
The trees are glad with fluty voices dear :—
“Thou art my God!”—When I say o'er those words,
I see a light beyond the day, and hear
Voices far richer than the songs of birds.

Mine eyes with happy tears then overswim ;
The thoughts I have are sweetest that can be ;
My mind's a cup with love above the brim ;
Fine incense circles round whate'er I see ;
In every sound I hear a holy hymn.

Thou art my God ! Thou, Father, Thou my Friend ;
My Saviour Thou, the eternal Lord of all !
O thought which doth all other thought transcend,
Beneath whose stress well may I prostrate fall
In love and wonder which should know no end !

VIII.

SEPTEMBER.

Put not on me, O Lord ! this work divine,
For I am too unworthy, and Thy speech
Would be defrauded through such lips as mine.
I have not learn'd Thee yet, and shall I teach ?
O choose some other instrument of Thine !

The great, the royal ones, the noble saints,
These all are Thine, and they will speak for Thee.
No one who undertakes Thy words but faints ;
Yet, if that man is saintly and sin-free,
Through him Thou wilt, O Lord ! self-utter'd be.
But how shall I say anything, a child,
Not fit for such high work,—oh how shall I
Say what in speaking must not be defiled ?
And yet, and yet, if I refuse to try,
The light that burns for mine own life will die.

x.

NOVEMBER.

What mean these slow returns of love ; these days
Of wither'd prayer ; of dead unflowering praise ?
These hands of twilight laid on me to keep
Dusk veils on holy vision ? This most deep,
Most eyelid-heavy, lamentable sleep ?
Lo, time is preeious as it was before ;
As sinful, sin ; my goal as unattain'd ;
And yet I drowse, and dream, and am not pain'd
At God far off as ever heretofore,—
At sin as flagrant as of old, or more.

Dear Lord, what can I do ? I come to Thee :
I have none other helper. Thou art free
To save me, or to kill. But I appeal
To Thine own love which will not elsewise deal
Than prove Thyself my help, Thy will my weal.
Wake, wake me, God of love ! and let Thy fire
Loosen these icicles and make them drop
And run into warm tears ; for I aspire
To hold Thee faster, dearer, warmer, nigher,
And love and serve Thee henceforth without stop.

XI.

DECEMBER.

O Father ! I have sinn'd against Thee,—done
 The thing I thought I never more should do.
 My days were set before me, light all through,
 But I have made them dark, it is too true,
 And drawn dense clouds between me and my Sun.
 Forgive me not, for grievous is my sin ;
 Yea, very deep and dark. Alas ! I see
 Such blackness in it, that I may not be
 Forgiven of myself,—how then of Thee ?—
 Vile, vile without ; black, utter black within.
 If my shut eyes should dare their lids to part,
 I know how they must quail beneath the blaze
 Of Thy love's greatness. No : I dare not raise
 One prayer to look aloft, lest I should gaze
 On such forgiveness as would break my heart.

XVI.

NOVEMBER.

Each day a page is of my being's book,
 And what I do is what I write therein ;
 And often do I make sad blots of sin ;
 And seldom proves the writing quite akin
 To what my heart beforehand undertook.
 Daily I turn a fresh leaf, and renew
 My hope of now at last a nobler page ;
 But presently in something I engage
 That looks but poorly on a calm review,
 And leaves my future a mean heritage.
 So leaf on leaf, once clean, is turn'd and gone,
 And the dark spots show through, and I grow sad,
 And blush, and frown, and sigh. And, if I had
 A million pages yet to write upon,
 Perhaps the millionth would be just as bad.

What shall I do ? Some new leaves, even yet,
May be before me. And perhaps I may
Write, even yet, some not ignoble day.
Alas ! I do not know ;—I cannot say.—
What is it to feel living ?—I forgot.

XVIII.

FEBRUARY.

Late on me, weeping, did this whisper fall :—
“ Dear child, there is no need to weep at all.
Why go about to grieve and to despair ?
Why weep now through thy future’s eyes, and bear
Vainly to-day to-morrow’s load of care ?
“ Mine is thy welfare. Ev’n the storms fulfil,
On those who love Me, none but My decrees.
Lightning shall not strike thee against My will ;
And I, thy Lord, can save thee when I please
From quaking earth and the devouring seas.
“ Why be so dull, so slow to understand ?
The more thou trustest Me, the more can flow
My love, and thou, a jewel in My hand,
Shalt richer be ; whence thou canst never go
So softly slipping, but that I shall know.
“ If thou should’st seem to slip,—if griefs and pains
And death assail,—for thee there yet remains
My love, which lets them, and which surely will
Thee reinstate where thou a place shalt fill
Inviolate, for ever steadfast still.”
“ Father ! ” (I said) “ I do accept Thy word.
To perfect trust in Thee now am I stirr’d
By the dear gracious saying I have heard.”
And, having said this, fell a peace so deep
Into my heart, what could I do but weep ?

XXI.

MAY.

How beautiful it is to be alive !
 To wake each morn as if the Maker's grace
 Did us afresh from nothingness derive
 That we might sing " How happy is our case ! "
 How beautiful it is to be alive ! "

To read in God's great Book, until we feel
 Love for the love that gave it ; then to kneel
 Close unto Him Whose truth our souls will shrive,
 While every moment's joy doth more reveal
 How beautiful it is to be alive.

Rather to go without what might increase
 Our worldly standing, than our souls deprive
 Of frequent speech with God, or than to cease
 To feel, through having wasted health or peace,
 How beautiful it is to be alive.

Not to forget, when pain and grief draw nigh,
 Into the ocean of time past to dive
 For memories of God's mercies, or to try
 To bear all sweetly, hoping still to cry
 " How beautiful it is to be alive ! "

Thus ever towards man's height of nobleness
 Strive still some new progression to contrive ;
 Till, just as any other friend's, we press
 Death's hand ; and, having died, feel none the less
 How beautiful it is to be alive.

XXII.

JUNE.

Prayer is the world-plant's blossom, the bright flower,
 A higher purpose of the stem and leaves ;—
 Or call it the church-spire, whose top receives
 Such lightning calm as comforts, not aggrieves,
 And with it brings the fructifying shower.

Prayer is the hand that catcheth hold on peace ;—
Nay, 'tis the very heart of nobleness
Whose pulses are the measure of the stress
Wherewith He doth us, we do Him, possess :
If these should fail, all our true life would cease.
Who live in prayer a friend shall never miss ;
If we should slip, a timely staff and kind
Placed in our grasp by hands unseen shall find ;
Sometimes upon our foreheads a soft kiss,
And arms cast round us gently from behind.

XXIII.

JULY.

How beautiful our lives may be, how bright
In privilege, how fruitful of delight !
For we of love have endless revenue ;
And, if we grieve, 'tis not as infants do
That wake and find no mother in the night.
They put their little hands about, and weep
Because they find mere air, or but the bed
Whereon they lie ; but we may rest, instead,
For ever on His bosom, Who doth keep
Our lives alike safe, when we wake, and sleep.
And lo ! all round us gleam the angelic bands,
Swift messengers of Providence all-wise,
With frowning brows, perhaps, for their disguise,
But with what springs of love within the eyes,
And what strong rescue hidden in the hands !
And our lives may in glory move along,
First, holy-white, and then with goodness fair
For our dear Lord to see ;—the keenest thong
Of all that whips us, welcome : and the air
Our spirits breathie, self-shaped into a song.

POEMS.

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON.

I.—THE DAISY.

A GOLD and silver cup
Upon a pillar green,
Earth holds her Daisy up
To catch the sunshine in ;—
A dial-plant, set there
To show each radiant hour ;—
A field-astronomer,
A sun-observing flower ;—

A little rounded croft
Where wingèd kine may graze ;—
A golden meadow soft,
Quadrille-ground for young fays ;—
A fenced-in yellow plot
With pales milk-white and clean,
Each tipt with crimson spot
And set in ground of green.

The children with delight
To meet the Daisy run ;
They love to see how bright
She shines upon the sun.
Like lowly white-crown'd queen
She graciously doth bend,
And stands with quiet mien
The little children's friend.

Sometimes the Daisy's seen,
A simple rustic maid,
In comely gown of green,
And pure white frill array'd,
Dreaming, like one in mood
Of hope by fancy spun,
Awaiting to be wooed,
And willing to be won.

The dandy Butterfly,
All exquisitely dress'd,
Before the Daisy's eye
Displays his velvet vest ;
In vain is he array'd
In all that gaudy show ;
What need hath rustic maid
Of such a foppish beau ?

The vagrant Bee but sings
For what he gets thereby,
Nor comes, excepts he brings
His pocket on his thigh ;
Then let him start aside
And woo some wealthier flower
The Daisy's not his bride,
She hath no honey-dower.

The Gnat, old back-bent fellow,
In frugal frieze-coat drest,
Seeks on her carpet yellow
His tottering limbs to rest ;
He woos her with eyes dim,
Voice thin, and aspect sage ;—
What careth she for him ?
What mate is youth for age ?

Upon her head she lifts,
 Where they can best be seen,
 Her little golden gifts
 In white-fringed basket green
 Still ready to be met
 In every passing hour,
 The little children's pet,
 Their ever-faithful flower.

I—"THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I TRUST IN HIM."

WHAT if I perish, after all,
 And lose this life, Thy gracious boon ?
 Let me not fear that I shall fall
 And die too soon.

I cannot fall till Thou dost let,
 Nor die, except at Thy command.
 Low let me lie, my Father, yet
 Beneath Thy hand.

Tis good to think, though I decrease
 Thou dost not, Lord, decrease with me ;
 What matters it that I must cease,
 Since Thou must be ?

The life thou willest me I use
 To thank Thee for that gracious will ;—
 If I must lose it, I would choose
 To thank Thee still.

No more might I lift prayerful eyes,
 Or sway a tongue to grateful tones ;
 Yet should a noise of praise still rise
 Even from my bones.

III.—FOR THE DESOLATE.

WHEN, though no loving accents fall
In snows upon thy parchèd brow,

Yet others unto others call

To give the kiss or breathe the vow;
Then let thy love for them beguile

The self-love that would in thee rise,
And bid a softly-welling smile

Warm once again thy frozen eyes.

When o'er thy brain the passion flows

And rolls into thine eyes its tears,

Because thy soul no solace knows

Of answering hopes and answering fears;
Then dash thy tears down as they swell,

And give thy grief a strong control,
And with a stern derision quell

The rising anguish of thy soul.

When thy lone dreams sweet visions see,

And loving looks upon thee shine,

And loving lips speak joys to thee

That never, never may be thine;

Then press thy hand hard on thy side,

And force down all the swelling pain;

Trust me, the wound, however wide,

Shall close at last, and heal again.

Think not of what is from thee kept;

Think, rather, what thou hast received:

Thine eyes have smiled, if they have wept;

Thy heart has danced, if it has grieved.

Rich comforts yet shall be thine own;

Yea, God Himself shall wipe thine eyes;

And still His love alike is shown

In what He gives, and what denies.

IV.—A PREACHER'S SOLILOQUY AND SERMON.

THE SOLILOQUY.

WHAT wealth to earth our God hath given !
 What growing increment for heaven !
 Men, women, youth, and children small,
 I thank the good God for you all !

Not always was it mine to give
 Such high regard to all who live ;
 Time was, I know, when I could go
 Along the streets and scarcely see
 The presences my God did show
 So lavishly to me.
 Around my steps,—before, behind,—
 They His creative power declared ;
 I only heeded them, to find
 The easiest path, as on I fared.
 And even the innocent little ones,
 Of value high o'er stars and suns,—
 Evangelists, by Heaven's decree,
 Commission'd truths to teach to me
 That elsewile I had never known,—
 They seem'd young foreigners to be,
 They never seem'd mine own.
 How could I be so dull and blind ?
 How dared I slight God's humankind ?

I know ye nothing care for me ;—
 Each to each deep mysteries,
 We cannot guess what we may be
 Except by what a glance can seize.

Perchance we never met before,
Meet now the first and final time,
Yet are ye mine, over and o'er,
That, haply, I may help you climb
To Jesus, up the mount divine.
Oh might such high success be mine !
Fain would I couch your vision dim ;
Fain would I lead you up to Him !

Nay, nay, I cannot yield up one—
No little child, no youth, no man ;
I cannot say, Depart from me ;
I cannot say, Begone, begone,
I have no part in thee.
No part ? But how ? Do I not love you ?
Is not this title still more strong
Than if I'd bought you all with gold ?—
Love strenuous flies, a spirit above you ;
Try to escape, it will outfly you,
It will embrace, ay, and defy you
To break away its gentle hold.
Because God's love is swift and strong,
Therefore ye all to me belong.

Why do I dare love all mankind ?
'Tis not because each face, each form
Is comely, for it is not so ;
Nor is it that each soul is warm
With any Godlike glow.
Yet there's no one to whom's not given
Some little lineament of heaven,
Some partial symbol, at the least, in sign
Of what should be, if it is not, within,
Reminding of the death of sin
And life of the Divine.

There was a time, full well I know,
When I had not yet seen you so ;
 Time was, when few seem'd fair ;
But now, as through the streets I go,
There seems no face so shapeless, so
 Forlorn, but that there's something there
 That, like the heavens, doth declare
 The glory of the great All-fair ;
And so mine own each one I call ;
And so I dare to love you all.

Glory to God, who hath assign'd
To me this mixture with mankind !
Glory to God, that I am born
 Into a world, whose palace-gates
So many royal ones adorn !
 Heaven's possible novitiates,
With self-subduing freedom free,
Princely ye are, each one, to me,
 Each of secret kingly blood,
Though not inheritors as yet
 Of all your own right royal things,
For it were folly to forget
 That they alone are queens and kings
 Who are the truly good.
Yet are ye angels in disguise,
 Angels who have not found your wings ;
see more in ye than ye are
 As yet, while earth so closely clings ;
As through a cloud that hides the skies
 Undoubting science hails a star
Not to be seen by other eyes,
 Yet surely among things that are,

So the dense veil of your deformities
Love gives me power away to pull.
Alas ! why will ye not from sin arise,
And be Christ's beautiful ?

THE SERMON.

Ho ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh, draw nigh !
The drink I offer, Christ's own words supply.
Ho ! every one that thirsts not, thirst, I cry ;
Why will ye still neglect to drink,—and die ?
See, here are living wells ; why will ye scorn ?
Ye unborn, why refuse ye to be born ?
I call you to repent, oh hear my call !
Doth my voice reach you, through the stiff cere-clothes
That do enshroud and wrap you up withal ?
Doth my shout come, a whisper in your ears,
As sounds might, travell'd from far distant spheres,
Into the ravell'd windings of a cave ?
O then turn down those cerements of the grave
From round about your ears ;
Let my voice be as thunder, let it roll
Into each wakening soul ;
Come forth, O Lazarus ! when I say so
Deem me a way where through Christ's mandates flow,
And let each buried one attend, and know
The stone is roll'd away ; Christ calls to him below.
Come forth, O Lazarus ! when I say so,
Let where it lists His Holy Spirit blow,
Until each Lazarus comes forth, and know
Christ only waits to say—Loose him, and let him go !
His voice delights to set all prisoners free ;
His blood, His truth, makes all sin white as wool ;
Oh hear ! Oh wash you, cleanse you, and so be
Christ's own, Christ's beautiful !

V.—SORROW.

THIE flowers live by the tears that fall
 From the sad face of the skies,
 And life would have no joys at all
 Were there no watery eyes.

Love thou thy sorrow : grief shall bring
 Its own excuse in after years :—
 The rainbow !—see how fair a thing
 God hath built up from tears.

VI.—LOVE'S FREEMASONRY,

*Written, as I think,
 In some secret ink ;
 Yet the meaning, found,
 Will prove good and sound.*

“ **A**H, if to know the sign she fail,”
 He said, “ Woe, Woe ! ” and he grew pale.
 The sign was made ; but not a trace
 Of knowing was upon her face.

As if death’s mouth, the grave, had spoke,
 His blood its law of flowing broke,
 And he felt twist in every vein,
 Snake-like, a nerve of swollen pain.

There wrestled he, standing apart
 To force it back unto the heart,
 If haply to a running flood
 It might dissolve, of living blood.

O life in death and death in life !
 O torturing, damn’d, yet conquering strife !
 For yet, years afterwards, made whole,
 He held the sceptre of his soul.

And lo ! with faces all elate
 With such a joy, so deep, so great,
 That its most dear, most sweet, and chief
 Resemblance was to glorious grief,
 They stood in voiceless transport round,
 Naught owing to articulate sound ;
 But a soft music forth doth press
 And swells, and falls, from all their dress :
 For, as their nature stands above
 The power of tongue to tell their love,
 God makes from forth their garments' hem
 Music go out and speak for them.
 These looked, and loved him with their eyes
 Filled with pass-words from Paradise ;
 "And evermore," he sang, "the sign
 Given, swift-answered, proves them mine !"
 "Ah, Lord," he said, "I did but seek
 To bless with love a maiden meek ;
 A maiden given a royal, free,
 Most god-like gift,—but not to me.
 "I and my staff, wherein amassed
 Was all my wealth, this Jordan passed ;
 'Tis Thou who mak'st me here to stand
 Augmented to a twofold band."

VII.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

1849.

AS robe majestic down a statue flows,
 So noble thought down Emerson. Withal,
 Such sweetness went, you even might suppose,
 Spite of that bearing dignified and tall,
 A woman's gentle heart beat under all ;

For while no prayers his constancy could shake,
No storm avail his spirit's barque to make
From anchor of his settled purpose break,
His every action could not but confess
The tempering of ingrainèd tenderness.

Yet, while our young souls loved him, 'twas agreed
Amongst us that this man, though ever apt
For kind deed, and in self so little wrapped,
Almost too high for love was ; had indeed
Of no man's love or admiration need.

And yet he, loving, liked to be beloved ;
And if at times it might appear he moved
Austerely calm and cold, that was because
Grand hearts may not transcend their nature's laws
Either to beat more quickly or to pause.

There was the genial waiting on his friend
That friendship loves to feel. Absence would send
As much pain, as much pleasure presence lend
To him as one could wish ; but the control
Was over all of a self-mastered soul.

Therefore in our brief intercourse was mixed,
With strangeness, intimacy ; and a feud
There came our awe and confidence betwixt ;
And moods of his there were that must be viewed
Like gated ways where none might dare intrude.

One foolish man, by his sweet mien betrayed,
An undue freedom took. Swift silence played
Like lambent lightning round, and on us fell
Awe of the great majestic soul that well
Knew, still or speaking, how to be obeyed.

So have I seen in festive season go
A summer barque, laugh-lightened, 'neath the flow
Of waving flags, the while, in their sweet pride,
On deck the youths and maidens gaily glide
With motions by sweet music justified.

Sudden, o'er sunken rock, harsh grates the keel ;
From every mouth the merry laughter dies ;
The founts of music freeze ; astonished eyes
Gaze wide on eyes astonished ; and all feel
The fears proud hearts indignantly conceal.

But, no new shock confirming what each dreads,
Again the music melts and flows ; its threads
The dance reweaves; over each mouth there spreads
The young vermillion laughter ; and once more
The fluttering flags wave wind-filled as before.

VIII.—MAN.

MAN doth usurp all space,
Stares thee in rock, bush, river, in the face.
Never yet thine eyes beheld a tree ;
'Tis no sea thou seest in the sea,
'Tis but a disguised humanity.
To avoid thy fellow, vain thy plan ;
All that interests a man is man.

John Ellerton.

1826—1893.

JOHN ELLERTON was born in London on the 16th of December, 1826, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Taking Holy Orders, he became Curate of Eastbourne, and successively Vicar of Crewe Green 1860, Rector of Hinstock 1872, of Barnes 1876, and of White Roding 1886. He published "Hymns for Schools and Bible Classes" 1859, and acted as co-editor with Bishop How in the production of "Church Hymns," published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in 1871, ten years later publishing his "Notes and Illustrations of Church Hymns" (1881). In 1888 he collected his scattered poems, and published them in a small volume, entitled "Hymns, Original and Translated," from which volume the following selections are taken. His principal prose works are "The Holiest Manhood" (1882) and "Our Infirmitics" (1883). He died on the 15th of June, 1893.

It is as a hymn-writer and translator that he takes his place in this volume; for as a writer of poetic hymns he stands in the front rank. His original hymns number about fifty, and his translations about ten; and, according to Julian, they are all of them in general use. The best of these are characterised by elevation of tone, dignity of movement, and devoutness of spirit. The solemn

side of nature and life seems to have impressed him most; and though he could be bright and joyous at times, as in his translation "Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise," the hush of the evening hour seems to have inspired him more frequently than the gush of morning song. Mr. Julian, in his "Dictionary of Hymnology," already referred to, says, "His sympathy with nature, especially in her sadder moods, is great; he loves the fading light and the peace of eve, and lingers in the shadows. Unlike many writers who set forth their illustrations in detail, and then tie to them the moral which they wish to teach, he weaves his moral into his metaphor, and pleases the imagination and refreshes the spirit together." "Hymns, Original and Translated" is a volume no hymn-lover should be without.

ALFRED H. MILES.

ORIGINAL HYMNS

JOHN ELLERTON.

I.—GOD OF THE LIVING.

GOD of the living, in Whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies ;
All souls are Thine ; we must not say,
That those are dead who pass away ;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life ;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours ;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care ;
Not left to lie like fallen tree ;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just ;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust ;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.

O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Quickener of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin
That body, soul, and spirit, be
For ever living unto Thee.

II.—THRONED UPON THE AWFUL TREE

THRONED upon the awful Tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee
Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold Thee silent and alone.

Silent through those three dread hours
Wrestling with the evil powers;
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—can it be?
Why hast Thou forsaken Me?

Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That Thine own might ne'er be left—
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

III.—THE DAY THOU GAVEST, LORD, IS ENDED.

THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended ;
 The darkness falls at Thy behest ;
 To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
 Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
 While earth rolls onward into light,
 Through all the world her watch is keeping,
 And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
 The Dawn leads on another day,
 The voice of prayer is never silent,
 Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
 Our brethren 'neath the Western sky,
 And hour by hour fresh lips are making
 Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord ; Thy throne shall never,
 Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
 Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
 Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

IV.—SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME.

(ORIGINAL VERSION.)

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise :
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease ;
 Then lowly kneeling wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

Grant us Thy peace—the peace Thou didst bestow
On Thine Apostles in Thine hour of woe ;
The peace Thou broughtest when at eventide
They saw Thy pierced Hands, Thy wounded Side.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Peace to Thy Church from error and from strife ;
Peace to our land, the fruit of truth and love,
Peace in each heart, Thy Spirit from above ;

Thy peace in life, the balm of every pain ;
Thy peace in death, the hope to rise again ;
In that dread hour speak Thou the soul's release ;
And call it, Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

TRANSLATED HYMNS.

JOHN ELLERTON.

I.—SING ALLELUIA FORTH.

MOZARABIC BREVIARY.

SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of heaven; O sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.

Ye Powers who stand before the Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.

While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

II.—WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING! (EASTER.)

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, 530—609.

“**W**ELCOME, happy morning!” age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore!
“Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say.

Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for Spring,
All good gifts returnèd with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!

Mouths in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
“Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say.

Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from Heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!

Thou of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
Trod the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own Third Morning! rise, O buried Lord!
“Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say.

Loose the souls long imprisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that is now fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!

Richard Wilton.

1827.

RICHARD WILTON, son of the late Mr. Matthew Wilton, was born at Doncaster on Christmas Day, 1827. He was educated at the Doncaster Grammar School, and at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, of which he was a Scholar and Prizeman in Classics and Divinity, and took his degree of B.A. in 1851, and M.A. in 1861. He was ordained Deacon on the 21st of December, 1851, and Priest in December 1852, both by Dr. Hampden, Bishop of Hereford.

Mr. Wilton became Curate of Broseley in Shropshire on his ordination in 1851, under the Hon. and Rev. Orlando W. W. Forester, to whose son, afterwards Lord Forester, he was tutor. In 1853 he removed to York, as Curate of St. John's in that city. In the following year he was appointed by Dr. Musgrave, Archbishop of York, the first Incumbent of St. Thomas's, York, which he retained until 1857, when he was presented to the Vicarage of Kirkby Wharfe. In 1860 Lord Londesborough appointed him his domestic chaplain, and in 1866 gave him the living of the Rectory of Londesborough, East Yorkshire. In 1890 he was made Canon of Givendale in York Minster.

Mr. Wilton's first volume of poems, "Wood Notes and Church Bells," was published in 1873, but he had previously been a contributor in prose

and verse to various periodicals, his first sonnet appearing in *Good Words* in 1864. "Lyrics, Sylvan and Sacred" was issued in 1878, "Sungleams: Rondeaux and Sonnets" in 1881, and "Benedicite and other Poems" in 1889. The late Mr. Ashcroft Noble says: "There are in this [last] volume a rich yet restrained admiration, a fine feeling for the fitting relations of substance and form, and an aptitude of felicitous expression. Mr. Wilton's verse is always achieving a certain freshness altogether different from the spurious originality of strain and spasm. The title poem is a series of rondels, one being allotted to each verse in the Church's great hymn of praise; and the solemn symmetries of the lofty chant are admirably and winningly rendered in the sequence of ordered measures. Mr. Wilton's sonnets are not only excellent, but singularly equal in their excellence. Mr. Wilton's deftness in the use of the ballade as a vehicle for the treatment of familiar domestic themes is manifested in the charming little poem 'My Grandchildren at Church'" (p. 583).

Mr. Wilton assisted Dr. Grosart in translating into English verse the sacred Latin poems of George Herbert and Richard Crashaw for the editions of those old poets in the "Fuller Worthies Library." In 1888 he edited the poems of his friend George Morine.

Canon Wilton married, in 1855, the eldest daughter of the late Robert Storrs, Esq., of Doncaster, and two of his sons are in Holy Orders, one being Rector of Burnby, the next parish to his own.

ALFRED H. MILES,

SELECTED SONNETS.

RICHARD WILTON.

I.—AN INCIDENT.

NOTE.—The east window of Kirkby Wharfe Church is filled with stained glass by Capronnier of Brussels, the subject being the Crucifixion.

A T the Lord's Table waiting, robed and stoled,
Till all had knelt around, I saw a sign !
In the full chalice sudden splendours shine,
Azure and crimson, emerald and gold.
I stooped to see the wonder, when, behold !
Within the cup a Countenance Divine
Looked upwards at me through the trembling wine,
Suffused with tenderest love and grief untold.
The comfort of that Sacramental token
From Memory's page Time never can erase ;
The glass of that rich window may be broken,
But not the mirrored image of His grace,
Through which my dying Lord to me has spoken,
At His own Holy Table, face to face !

II.—THE SPARROW.

A SPARROW lighted chirping on a spray
Close to my window, as I knelt in prayer,
Bowed by a heavy load of anxious care.
The morn was bitter, but the bird was gay,
And seemed by cheery look and chirp to say,—
What though the snow conceals my wonted fare,
Nor have I barn or storehouse anywhere,
Yet I trust Heaven c'en on a winter's day.
That little bird came like a wingèd text,
Fluttering from out God's Word to soothe my breast :
What though my life with wintry cares be vext,
On a kind Father's watchful love I rest ;
He meets this moment's need, I leave the next,
And, always trusting, shall be always blest !

III.—THE TIDES.

UP the long slope of this low sandy shore
Are rolled the tidal waters day by day;
Traces of wandering feet are washed away,
Relics of busy hands are seen no more.
The soiled and trampled surface is smooth'd o'er
By punctual waves that high behests obey;
Once and again the tides assert their sway,
And o'er the sands their cleansing waters pour.
Even so, Lord, daily, hourly, o'er my soul
Sin-stained and care-worn, let Thy heavenly Grace—
A blest, atoning flood—divinely roll,
And all the footsteps of the world efface,
That like the wave-washed sand this soul of mine,
Spotless and fair, smooth and serene, may shine!

IV.—THE WELL-HEAD.

I TRACED a little brook to its well-head,
Where, amid quivering weeds, its waters leap
From the earth, and hurrying into shadow, creep
Unseen but vocal in their deep-worn bed.
Hawthorns and hazels interlacing wed
With roses sweet, and overhang the steep
Moss'd banks, while through the leaves stray sunbeams peep
And on the whispering stream faint glimmerings shed.
Thus let my life flow on, through green fields gliding,
Unnoticed, not unuseful in its course,
Still fresh and fragrant, though in shadow hiding,
Holding its destined way with quiet force,
Cheered with the music of a peace abiding,
Drawn daily from its ever-springing source.

V.—FLAMBOROUGH LIGHTHOUSE.

(FROM BRIDLINGTON.)

AS on the beach, moist with an ebbing tide,
Pensive I wandered at the close of day,
I saw a crimson beacon, miles away,
Beam suddenly above the waters wide.
Then chancing to look downwards, I espied
 Burning across the sands, a level ray,
 Which, moving as I moved, before me lay,
And the low shore with a red glory dyed.
Thus, o'er the rolling ages, lifted high,
 The beacon of the Cross afar I see,
And through the misty centuries strain my eye ;
 But bright reflections from that Crimson Tree
Across the sands of Time stretch sweetly nigh,
 Right to my feet, as if for none but me !

VI.—THE HAWTHORN AND THE WILD ROSE.

I LEARNT a lesson from the flowers to-day :—
As o'er the fading hawthorn-blooms I sighed,
Whose petals fair lay scattered far and wide,
Lo, suddenly upon a dancing spray
I saw the first wild roses clustered gay.
 What though the smile I loved, so soon had died
 From one sweet flower—there, shining at its side
The blushing Rose surpassed the snowy May.
So, if as life glides on, we miss some flowers
 Which once shed light and fragrance on our way
Yet still the kindly-compensating hours
 Weave us fresh wreaths in beautiful array ;
 And long as in the paths of peace we stay,
Successive benedictions shall be ours !

RONDEAUX.

RICHARD WILTON.

.—*SWEET, SOFT, AND LOW, OR THE WILLOW WARBLER.*

SWEET, soft, and low, in wood and lane
The Willow Warbler weaves its chain
Of melody—a plaintive song
That seems to breathe of ancient wrong
And dimly-recalled pain.

Its melting cadences retain
Your ear again and yet again,
Through notes more clear and blithe and strong—
Sweet, soft, and low.

Thus after Life's most happy strain
A minor music will remain,
Recurring oft and lingering long,
And heard the gayest scenes among ;
Of lost joys hinting not in vain—
Sweet, soft, and low.

II.—WHEN I AM GONE.

WHEN I am gone from mortal view
The skies will wear their wonted blue ;
The clouds distil the summer rain
On leafy wood and grassy plain ;
And flowers will smile through morning dew.

The birds I loved will still be true
To their old haunts, and flutter through
The boughs, nor alter one sweet strain
When I am gone.

The silent moon will wax and wane
Heedless that I ne'er come again ;
Cold stars roll round in order due ;
But hearts—warm hearts—perchance a few
With loving tears some cheeks will stain
When I am gone.

BALLADES.

RICHARD WILTON.

I.—MY GRANDCHILDREN AT CHURCH.

BRIGHT Dorothy, with eyes of blue,
And serious Dickie, brave as fair,
Crossing to Church you oft may view

When no one but myself is there :

First to the belfry they repair,
And, while to the long ropes they cling,
And make believe to call to prayer,
For angels' ears the bells they ring.

Next, seated gravely in a pew
A pulpit homily they share,
Meet for my little flock of two,
Pointed and plain, as they can bear :
Then venture up the pulpit stair,
Pray at the desk or gaily sing :
O sweet child-life, without a care—
For angels' ears the bells they ring.

Dear little ones, the early dew
Of holy infancy they wear,
And lift to Heaven a face as true
As flowers that breathe the morning air
Whate'er they do, where'er they fare,
They can command an angel's wing :
Their voices have a music rare,—
For angels' ears the bells they ring.

O parents, of your charge beware ;
Their angels stand before the King ;
In work, play, sleep, and everywhere
For angels' ears the bells they ring

II.—THE SUMMER OF SAINT LUKE.

(October 18th.)

WHEN slowly sinks the fading year,
And early falls the shortening day,
There comes a season crisp and clear,
And decked in beautiful array :
The redbreast sings from the red spray
A song contented and serene ;
And smiling to its artless lay
The Summer of Saint Luke is seen !

A painter was Saint Luke, I hear,
And I believe 'tis as they say ;
Such colours gleam from tree and mere,
Such rainbow hues around us play :
They flash on us by wood and way,
Crimson and orange, brown and green ;
O'er hill and dale, where'er we stray,
The Summer of Saint Luke is seen !

Physician, too, devout and dear,
So holy books our Saint portray :
And such he doth e'en now appear,
Touching our hearts with healing ray :
He drives depressing thoughts away,
And where dull mists and rains have been.
Lo, brightness comes and sunbeams stay--
The Summer of Saint Luke is seen !

Friend, art thou withered, old, and grey ?
Not always shalt thou droop, I ween :
Heaven respite sends thee, if thou pray—
The Summer of Saint Luke is seen !

LYRICS.

RICHARD WILTON.

I.—AUBURN.

A SEASIDE ELEGY.

"Here Auburn stood which was washed away by the sea.
Map of East Yorkshire.

HERE Auburn stood
By pleasant fields surrounded,
Where now for centuries the ocean-flood
With melancholy murmur has resounded.

Here Auburn stood
Where now the sea-bird hovers—
Here stretched the shady lane and sheltering wood,
The twilight haunt of long-forgotten lovers.

The village spire
Here raised its "silent finger,"
Sweet bells were heard and voice of rustic choir,
Where now the pensive chimes of ocean linger.

Dear, white-faced homes
Stood round in happy cluster,
Warm and secure, where the rude breaker foams,
And Winter winds with angry billows bluster.

Here, in still graves,
Reposed the dead of ages:
When lo ! with rush of desecrating waves,
Through the green churchyard the loud tempest rages.

Here Auburn stood
Till washed away by ocean,
Whose waters smile to-day in careless mood
O'er its whelmed site, and dance with merry motion.

Here now we stand,
'Mid life's dear comforts dwelling :
Soon we shall pass—Oh ! for a Saviour's hand
When round our "earthly house" Death's waves are swelling.

II.—HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

COME, Holy Dove,
Descend on silent pinion,
Brood o'er my sinful soul with patient love,
Till all my being owns Thy mild dominion.

Round yon sad Tree
With frequent circles hover,
That in my glorious Surety I may see
Grace to redeem and righteousness to cover.

On wings of peace
Bring from that precious Altar
The Blood which bids the storms of conscience cease,
And blots out all the debt of the defaulter.

Spirit of Grace,
Reveal in me my Saviour,
That I may gaze upon His mirrored Face,
Till I reflect it in my whole behaviour.

Oh, let me hear
Thy soft, low voice controlling
My devious steps with intimations clear,
With comforts manifold my heart consoling.

Let that sweet sound
To holy deeds allure me,
With heavenly echoes make my spirit bound,
And of my Home in Paradise assure me.

Come, Holy Dove,
Guide me to yon bright portal,
Where I shall see the Saviour whom I love,
And enter on the joys which are immortal

BENEDICITE.

RICHARD WILTON.

SELECTED RONDELS.

I.—O ALL YE WORKS.

O all ye Works of the Lord ; bless ye the Lord, praise
Him and magnify Him for ever.

O ALL ye Works of God most High,
Bless ye the Lord and praise His Name ;
Whose hand has built this goodly frame
Of emerald earth and sapphire sky ;
And fashioned man to magnify
His love, and spread abroad His fame :
O all ye Works of God most High,
Bless ye the Lord and praise His Name.
Ye mighty suns through space that fly,
Ye glow-worms with your tiny flame,
From the same source of light ye came
To shine before your Maker's eye :
O all ye Works of God most High,
Bless ye the Lord and praise His Name.

II.—YE HEAVENS.

O ye Heavens, bless ye the Lord ; praise Him and magnify
Him for ever.

YE Heavens, with your encircling blue,
Prepare a temple for His praise ;
An azure dome of song upraise,
Distilling music like the dew :
Let angels warble out of view,
And men reply with gladsome lays :
Ye Heavens, with your encircling blue,
Prepare a temple for His praise.
Ye larks, to rosy dawn be true,
Ascending your melodious ways ;
Ye linnets, charm the listening days,
And nightingales, the strain renew :
Ye Heavens, with your encircling blue,
Prepare a temple for His praise.

III.—LIGHTNINGS AND CLOUDS.

O ye Lightnings and Clouds, bless ye the Lord ; praise
Him and magnify Him for ever.

LIIGHTNINGS and Clouds, in praise of Him
Unfurl your banners in the sky :

Ye Lightnings, let your pennons fly,
Illumining the midnight dim,
Till all the landscape seems to swim
In fire, before the dazzled eye :
Lightnings and Clouds, in praise of Him,
Unfurl your banners in the sky.

Ye Clouds, upon the ocean's brim,
In sunset-hues your streamers dye ;
Your gold and crimson wave on high
And beautify the horizon's rim :
Lightnings and Clouds, in praise of Him,
Unfurl your banners in the sky.

IV.—O LET THE EARTH.

O let the Earth bless the Lord ; yea, let it praise Him and
magnify Him for ever.

O LET the Earth in fair array
Breathe to the Lord a gladsome strain ;
Weave round her brow a radiant chain
Of apple-bloom or fragrant may,
And dance along her sunny way

Through waving grass and springing grain :
O let the Earth in fair array

Breathe to the Lord a gladsome strain.

In sylvan aisles her worship pay,
Or praise Him by the azure main :
When morning smiles without a stain,
Or evening dons her mantle grey—
O let the Earth in fair array
Breathe to the Lord a gladsome strain.

V.—YE HILLS AND MOUNTAINS.

O ye Mountains and Hills, bless ye the Lord; praise Him
and magnify Him for ever.

YE Hills and Mountains, lift His praise,
To your high calling be ye true :
Let your pure summits pierce the blue,
And catch His earliest morning rays ;
And with a lingering glory blaze
When earth puts on her twilight hue :
Ye Hills and Mountains, lift His praise,
To your high calling be ye true.

Along your silent upland ways
His holy feet have brushed the dew,
When hiding out of human view
He sought lone nights for busy days :
Ye Hills and Mountains, lift His praise,
To your high calling be ye true.

VI.—O ALL YE GREEN THINGS.

O all ye Green things upon the Earth, bless ye the Lord;
praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

O ALL ye Green Things on the earth,
Bless ye the Lord in sun and shade;
To whisper praises ye were made,
Or wave to Him in solemn mirth :
For this the towering pine had birth,
For this sprang forth each grassy blade :
O all ye Green Things on the Earth,
Bless ye the Lord in sun and shade.

Ye wayside weeds of little worth,
Ye ferns that fringe the woodland glade
Ye dainty flowers that quickly fade,
Ye steadfast yews of mighty girth :
O all ye Green Things on the Earth,
Bless ye the Lord in sun and shade.

VII.—O WELLS AND SPRINGS.

O ye Wells, bless ye the Lord ; praise Him and magnify
Him for ever.

O WELLS and Springs, where'er ye flow,
 Bless God with your sweet undersong ;
 His ceaseless praises bear along,
Rippling and tinkling as ye go :
What though your voice is soft and low,
 'Tis musical your flowers among :
O Wells and Springs, where'er ye flow,
 Bless God with your sweet undersong.
When fainting with the noonday glow,
 Some traveller quaffs you, and is strong ;
 When under midnight's shining throng
A mirror to some star ye show :
O Wells and Springs, where'er ye flow,
 Bless God with your sweet undersong.

VIII.—YE SEAS AND FLOODS.

O ye Seas and Floods, bless ye the Lord ; praise Him and
magnify Him for ever.

YE Seas and Floods, with voice of might
 Resound His Name for evermore :
 Ye rushing falls, that thunder o'er
The rifted rocks, and daze the sight :
Ye waves that with your crests of white
 Incessant dash upon the shore :
Ye Seas and Floods, with voice of might
 Resound His Name for evermore.
Ye torrents from the mountain height,
 Round your grey boulders dance and roar ;
 Ye billows on the ocean floor,
Your hands in jubilation smite :
Ye Seas and Floods, with voice of might
 Resound His Name for evermore.

Joseph John Murphy.

1827—1894.

THE prose of Joseph John Murphy is familiar enough to those who are *en rapport* with present-day philosophic-scientific high thinking. His "Habit and Intelligence in Connection with the Laws of Matter and Force," "The Scientific Bases of Faith," and other masterly works have been accepted as of unique value and as likely to remain classics, but only to a limited circle is he known as a poet. He was born in Belfast on the 13th of January, 1827, both of his parents being Friends or Quakers. It is one of the curiosities of family history that this name Murphy—long so out-and-out Irish—is historically English. The first-comer to Ireland of the name arrived in Strafford's time. He was a liveryman of the city of London, and the first of the name of Murphy that ever was in Ireland. Joseph Murphy was born into exceptional advantages, as his parents were of considerable wealth and of high social standing. The father was a merchant manufacturer—a pioneer of the great Ulster trade that remains distinctive to-day. His education was almost wholly "at home"—*id est*, he had no University training, a loss due to the fact that Nonconformists were then excluded from all the Universities. He was always studious, and an omnivorous reader, but independent and outspoken in his judgments, senti-

ments, opinions, speculations. Later in life his former large income was much reduced by unfortunate investments, but to his honour be it told he continued to be open-handed and generous up to his full means to every good cause. The sorrow is that no memoir of him has yet appeared. So masculine an intellect, so many-sided a thinker, and so strenuously bold a speculator (but ever on a basis of patiently observed and recorded facts), should certainly not go without adequate record. Toward the evening of his life he held office within the Diocese of Down, of the dis-established Church of Ireland, and rendered it yeoman service. He married happily, but was childless. He died on the 25th of January, 1894, and was interred in the cemetery of Malone, just outside the borough of Belfast.

From his boyhood Joseph Murphy was given to rhyming and love of poetry. He must have written a considerable quantity, but he was exacting in quality. Hence his slender volume entitled "Sonnets and other Poems, chiefly Religious" (1890) is of purged and sifted electness. Pensive reflection, tranquil faith hardly won, heavenly aspiration, and sweet graciousness characterise these poems. The workmanship is excellent; the variety noticeable; the teaching catholic—after Denison Maurice and Robertson of Brighton. Now and again are notes that haunt. Few will gainsay that this poet is worthy of a place in this series.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS, CHIEFLY
RELIGIOUS.

1890.

JOSEPH JOHN MURPHY.

I.—A THOUGHT OF STOICISM.

I HAVE ere now been half inclined
 To wish the present life were all ;
 That death upon the soul might fall,
And darkness overwhelm the mind.

Not that I envied then the beast
 Which never thinks of good or ill,
 And only cares to eat his fill
At mighty Nature's bounteous feast ;

But that our motives might be pure,
 And free our choice and clear our way,
 The law of conscience to obey,
Whether to act or to endure ;

To fight with sin, without regard
 To conquests in the battle won ;
 To say at last, " My work is done ;
I die, and seek for no reward."

And yet I know, 'tis better far
 That faith should look beyond the grave
 On Him who died the world to save,
And rose to be the Polar Star,

For ever, of our hope and love ;
 To guide us on through death and night,
 To realms of deathless life and light,
To mansions of the blest above.

I know 'tis well to trust the Power
 Who makes the buried seeds to bloom,
 That He will raise me from the tomb
As summer's breath awakes the flower ;

To take a child upon my knee,
 Or lay what was my friend in dust,
 And feel a reverential trust
 That He who made them both to be,—

Who gives us death as well as birth,
 And maketh children grow to men,—
 Will give us other life again,
 More blessed than the life on earth.

II.—FIRST SORROW.

THE days of childhood—were they golden ?
 We see them through a golden haze
 Of memory ; but, when near behelden,
 Were they indeed such golden days ?

No, not of gold those early hours,
 Although their passing pleased us well ;
 They were but lovely vernal flowers,
 Fading and withering ere they fell.

But when our earliest grief was blended
 With trembling faith, our hearts to melt ;
 When childhood's careless joys were ended,
 And life's reality was felt ;

When first we cried to God alone ;—
 That was indeed the golden hour !
 Then seed of heavenly life was sown
 In weakness, to be raised in power.

The richest store of heavenly gain
 May spring from deepest earthly los
 The holiest joy has roots in pain—
 Eternal glory in the Cross.

III.—THE POTTER AND THE CLAY.

WHY hast Thou made me so,
My Maker? I would know
Wherfore Thou gav'st me such a mournful dower;—
Toil that is oft in vain,
Knowledge that deepens pain,
And longing to be pure, without the power?

"Shall the thing formed aspire
The purpose to require
Of him who formed it?" Make not answer thus!
Beyond the Potter's wheel
There lieth an appeal
To Him who breathed the breath of life in us.

When the same Power that made
My being has arrayed
Its nature with a dower of sin and woe,
And thoughts that question all;—
Why should the words appal
That ask the Maker why He made me so?

I know we are but clay,
Thus moulded to display
His wisdom and His power who rolls the years;
Whose wheel is Heaven and earth;—
Its motion, death and birth;—
Is Potter, then, the name that most endears?

To Him we bow as King;
As Lord His praise we sing;
To Him we pray as Father and as God;
Saviour in our distress;
Guide through the wilderness;
And Judge that beareth an avenging rod.

I grudge not, Lord, to be
 Of meanest use to Thee ;—
 Make me a trough for swine,^{so} Thou wilt ;—
 But if my vessel's clay
 Be marred and thrown away
 Before it takes its form, is mine the guilt ?

I trust Thee to the end,
 Creator, Saviour, Friend,
 Whatever name Thou deignest that we call.
 Art Thou not good and just ?
 I wait, and watch, and trust
 That Love is still the holiest name of all.

I watch and strive all night ;
 And when the morning's light
 Shines on the path I travelled here below ;—
 When day eternal breaks,
 And life immortal wakes,
 Then shalt Thou tell me why Thou mad'st me so.

IV.—ETERNITY.

ETERNITY is not, as men believe,
 Before and after us, an endless line.
 No ; 'tis a circle, infinitely great,
 All the circumference with creatures thronged :
 God at the centre dwells, beholding all.
 And, as we move in this eternal round
 The finite portion which alone we see,
 Behind us, is the Past ; what lies before
 We call the Future. But to Him who dwells
 Far in the centre, equally remote
 From every point of the circumference,
 Both are alike the Future and the Past.

Christina G. Rossetti.

1830—1894.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and William Michael Rossetti, was born in London on the 5th of December, 1830. When no more than sixteen years of age, her first verse attempts were printed by her grandfather, G. Polidori, at his private press, under the title "Verses by Christina G. Rossetti" (1847); and three years later she contributed verses to *The Germ*, using the *nom de plume* Ellen Alleyn. In 1862 she published "Goblin Market and other Poems," and in 1866 "The Prince's Progress." These were followed by a collection of tales, "Commonplace and other Short Stories" (1870); "Sing-Song, a Nursery Rhyme-book" (1872); "Speaking Likenesses," three short tales (1874); "Annus Domini, a Collect for each Day of the Year" (1874); "Seek and Find: Short Studies of the Benedicite" (1879); "Called to be Saints, the Minor Festivals devotionally Studied" (1881); "A Pageant and other Poems" (1881); "Letter and Spirit: Notes on the Commandments" (1883); "Time Flies, a Reading Diary" (1885); and "Poetical Works" (1890). Miss Rossetti died on the 29th of December, 1894.

Miss Rossetti's general poetry is dealt with in the volume of this series devoted to the Women Poets of the Century, where her verse is introduced

by a critical article from the pen of Mr. Arthur Symons. But so much of her later work was of a religious or devotional character, that, even at the cost of repetition, it is not possible to omit a selection from a representative volume of sacred poetry. The following selection is from the small and inexpensive volume "Time Flies," published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and is included in this work by the courtesy of that society. For a critical and illustrative explanation of Miss Rossetti's method and style the reader is referred to the article by Mr. Symons in the former volume. The following selection may be allowed to speak for itself.

ALFRED H. MILES.

TIME FLIES.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

I.—JANUARY 6.

(FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY.)

"LORD Babe, if Thou art He
We sought for patiently,
Where is Thy court ?
Hither may prophecy and star resort ;
Men heed not their report."—

"Bow down and worship, righteous man :
This Infant of a span
Is He man sought for since the world began."—
"Then, Lord, accept my gold, too base a thing
For Thee, of all kings King."

"Lord Babe, despite Thy youth
I hold Thee of a truth
Both Good and Great :
But wherefore dost Thou keep so mean a state,
Low lying desolate ?"—

"Bow down and worship, righteous seer :
The Lord our God is here
Approachable, Who bids us all draw near."—
"Wherefore to Thee I offer frankincense,
Thou Sole Omnipotence."

"But I have only brought
Myrrh ; no wise afterthought
Instincted me

To gather pearls or gems, or choice to see
Coral or ivory."—

"Not least thine offering proves thee wise :
For myrrh means sacrifice,
And He that lives, this same is He that dies."—

"I hen here is myrrh : alas ! yea, woe is me
That myrrh befitteh Thee."

Myrrh, frankincense and gold :
And lo ! from wintry fold
Good will doth bring
A Lamb, the innocent likeness of this King
Whom stars and seraphs sing :
And lo ! the bird of love, a Dove
Flutters and cooes above :
And Dove and Lamb and Babe agree in love :—
Come, all mankind, come, all creation, hither,
Come, worship Christ together.

II.—MARCH 3.

LAUGHING Life cries at the feast,—
Craving Death cries at the door,—
"Fish, or fowl or fatted beast ?"—
"Come with me, thy feast is o'er."—

"Wreathe the violets."—"Watch them fade."--
"I am sunlight."—"I am shade :
I am the sun-burying west."—
"I am pleasure."—"I am rest :
Come with me, for I am best."

III.—MARCH 5.

WHERE shall I find a white rose blowing ?—
Out in the garden where all sweets be.—
But out in my garden the snow was snowing
And never a white rose opened for me.
Nought but snow and a wind were blowing
And snowing.

Where shall I find a blush rose blushing ?—
On the garden wall or the garden bed.—
But out in my garden the rain was rushing
And never a blush rose raised its head.
Nothing glowing, flushing or blushing ;
Rain rushing.

Where shall I find a red rose budding ?—
Out in the garden where all things grow.—
But out in my garden a flood was flooding
And never a red rose began to blow.
Out in a flooding what should be budding ?
All flooding !

Now is winter and now is sorrow,
No roses but only thorns to-day :
Thorns will put on roses to-morrow,
Winter and sorrow scudding away.
No more winter and no more sorrow
To-morrow.

IV.—APRIL 6.

WEIGH all my faults and follies righteously,
Omissions and commissions, sin on sin ;
Make deep the scale, O Lord, to weigh them in ;

Yea, set the Accuser vulture-eyed to see
All loads ingathered which belong to me :
That so in life the judgment may begin,
And Angels learn how hard it is to win
One solitary sinful soul to Thee.
I have no merits for a counterpoise :
 Oh vanity my work and hastening day,
What can I answer to the accusing voice ?
 Lord, drop Thou in the counterscale alone
One Drop from Thine own Heart, and overweigh
 My guilt, my folly, even my heart of stone.

V.—APRIL 20.

PITEOUS my rhyme is,
 What while I muse of love and pain,
Of love misspent, of love in vain,
Of love that is not loved again :
 And is this all then ?
 As long as time is
Love loveth. Time is but a span,
The dalliance space of dying man :
 And is this all immortals can ?
 The gain were small then.

Love loves for ever,
And finds a sort of joy in pain,
And gives with nought to take again,
And loves too well to end in vain :
 Is the gain small then ?
 Love laughs at “never,”
Outlives our life, exceeds the span
Appointed to mere mortal man :
That which love is and does and can
 Is all in all then,

VI.—MAY 14.

YOUNG girls wear flowers,
 Young brides a flowery wreath,
 But next we plant them
 In garden plots of death.
 Whose lot is best :
 The maiden's curtained rest,
 Or bride's whose hoped-for sweet
 May yet outstrip her feet ?
 Ah ! what are such as these
 To death's sufficing ease ?
 He sleeps indeed who sleeps in peace
 Where night and morning meet.

Dear are the blossoms
 For bride's or maiden's head,
 But dearer planted
 Around our blessed dead.
 Those mind us of decay
 And joys that fade away,
 These preach to us perfection,
 Long love, and resurrection.
 We make our graveyards fair
 For spirit-like birds of air,
 For Angels may be finding there
 Lost Eden's own delectation.

VII.—JUNE 2.

"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

"GOLDEN haired, lily white,
 Will you pluck me lilies ?
 Or will you show me where they grow,
 Show where the limpid rill is ?

But is your hair of gold or light,
And is your foot of flake or fire,
And have you wings rolled up from sight,
And songs to slake desire ? ”

“ I pluck fresh flowers of Paradise,
Lilies and roses red,
A bending sceptre for my hand,
A crown to crown my head.
I sing my songs, I pluck my flowers
Sweet-scented from their fragrant trees :
I sing, we sing amid the bowers,
And gather palm branches.”

“ Is there a path to Heaven
My stumbling foot may tread ?
And will you show that way to go,
That bower and blossom bed ? ”

“ The path to Heaven is steep and straight
And scorched, but ends in shade of trees,
Where yet awhile we sing and wait,
And gather palm branches.”

VIII.—JULY 5.

INNOCENT eyes not ours,
Are made to look on flowers,
Eyes of small birds and insects small :
Morn after summer morn,
The sweet rose on her thorn
Opens her bosom to them all.
The least and last of things
That soar on quivering wings,
Or crawl among the grass-blades out of sight,
Have just as clear a right
To their appointed portion of delight,
As Queens or Kings.

IX.—JULY 11.

MAN'S life is but a working day
 Whose tasks are set aright :
 A time to work, a time to pray,
 And then a quiet night.
 And then, please God, a quiet night
 Where palms are green and robes are white,
 A long-drawn breath, a balm for sorrow,—
 And all things lovely on the morrow.

X.—JULY 16.

HAVE I not striven, my God, and watched and
 prayed ?
 Have I not wrestled in mine agony ?
 Wherefore dost Thou still turn Thy Face from
 me ?
 Is Thine Arm shortened that Thou canst not aid ?
 Thy silence breaks my heart : speak though to up-
 braid,
 For Thy rebuke yet bids us follow Thee.
 I grope and grasp not ; gaze, but cannot see.
 When out of sight and reach, my bed is made,
 And pitcous men and women cease to blame,
 Whispering and wistful of my gain or loss ;
 Thou who for my sake once didst feel the Cross,
 Lord, wilt Thou turn and look upon me then,
 And in Thy glory bring to nought my shame,
 Confessing me to angels and to men ?

XI.—JULY 29.

THROUGH burden and heat of the day
 How weary the hands and the feet,
 That labour with scarcely a stay,
 Through burden and heat !

Tired toiler whose sleep shall be sweet,
 Kneel down, it will rest thee to pray:
 Then forward, for daylight is fleet.

Cool shadows show lengthening and grey,
 Cool twilight will soon be complete:—
 What matters this wearisome way
 Through burden and heat?

XII.—SEPTEMBER 25.

SORROW hath a double voice,
 Sharp to-day but sweet to-morrow:
 Wait in patience, hope, rejoice,
 Tried friends of sorrow.

Pleasure hath a double taste,
 Sweet to-day, but sharp to-morrow:
 Friends of pleasure, rise in haste,
 Make friends with sorrow.

Pleasure set aside to-day
 Comes again to rule to-morrow:
 Welcomed sorrow will not stay,
 Farewell to sorrow!

XIII.—OCTOBER 30.

WHO is this that cometh up not alone
 From the fiery-flying serpent wilderness
 Leaning upon her own Beloved One,
 Who is this?

Lo, the King of King's daughter, a high princess,
 Going home as bride to her Husband's Throne,
 Virgin queen in perfected loveliness.

Her eyes a dove's eyes and her voice a dove's moan,
 She shows like a full moon for heavenliness,
 Eager saints and angels ask in heaven's zone :
 Who is this ?

XIV.—NOVEMBER 16.

THE goal in sight ! Look up and sing,
 Set faces full against the light,
 Welcome with rapturous welcoming
 The goal in sight.

Let be the left, let be the right :
 Straight forward make your footsteps ring
 A loud alarum through the night.

Death hunts you, yea, but reft of sting ;
 Your bed is green, your shroud is white :
 Hail ! Life and Death and all that bring
 The goal in sight.

XV.—DECEMBER 5.

BURY Hope out of sight,
 No book for it and no bell ;
 It never could bear the light
 Even while growing and well ;
 Think if now it could bear
 The light on its face of care
 And grey scattered hair.

No grave for Hope in the earth,
 But deep in that silent soul
 Which rang no bell for its birth
 And rings no funeral toll.
 Cover its once bright head ;
 Nor odours nor tears be shed :
 It lived once, it is dead.

Brief was the day of its power,
The day of its grace how brief:
As the fading of a flower,
As the falling of a leaf,
So brief its day and its hour:
No bud more and no bower
Or hint of a flower.

Shall many wail it? not so:
Shall one bewail it? not one:
Thus it hath been from long ago,
Thus it shall be beneath the sun.
O fleet sun, make haste to flee;
O rivers, fill up the sea;
O Death, set the dying free.

The sun nor loiters nor speeds,
The rivers run as they ran,
Through clouds or through windy reeds
All run as when all began.
Only Death turns at our cries:—
Lo, the Hope we buried with sighs
Alive in Death's eyes!

XVI.—ADVENT SUNDAY.

BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh:—go ye out
With lighted lamps and garlands round about
To meet Him in a rapture with a shout.

It may be at the midnight black as pitch
Earth shall cast up her poor, cast up her rich.

It may be at the crowing of the cock
Earth shall upheave her depth, uproot her rock.

For lo, the Bridegroom fetcheth home the Bride :
His Hands are Hands she knows, she knows His Side.

Like pure Rebekah at the appointed place,
Veiled she unveils her face to meet His Face.

Like great Queen Esther in her triumphing,
She triumphs in the presence of her King.

His Eyes are as a Dove's, and she's Dove-eyed ;
He knows His lovely mirror, sister, Bride.

He speaks with Dove-voice of exceeding love,
And she with love-voice of an answering Dove.

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh :—go we out
With lamps ablaze and garlands round about
To meet Him in a rapture with a shout.

XVII.—EASTER EVEN.

THE tempest over and gone, the calm begun.

Lo, “it is finished,” and the Strong Man sleeps :
All stars keep vigil watching for the sun,
The moon her vigil keeps.

A garden full of silence and of dew,
Beside a virgin cave and entrance stone :
Surely a garden full of Angels too,
Wondering, on watch, alone.

They who cry “Holy, Holy, Holy,” still
Veiling their faces round God's Throne above,
May well keep vigil on this heavenly hill
And cry their cry of love.

Adoring God in His new mystery
Of Love more deep than hell, more strong than death ;
Until the day break and the shadows flee,
The Shaking and the Breath,

XVIII.—EASTER DAY.

WORDS cannot utter
Christ His returning :—
Mankind, keep Jubilee,
Strip off your mourning,
Crown you with garlands,
Set your lamps burning.

Speech is left speechless ;—
Set you to singing,
Fling your hearts open wide,
Set your bells ringing :
Christ the Chief Reaper
Comes, His sheaf bringing.

Earth wakes her song birds,
Puts on her flowers,
Leads out her lambkins,
Builds up her bowers :
This is man's sponsal day,
Christ's day and ours.

Alexander B. Grosart.

1835.

ALEXANDER BALLOCH GROSART, D.D., LL.D., was born on the 18th of June, 1835, at Stirling, N.B., and was educated at the Falkirk Parish School, Edinburgh University, and the Theological Hall of the United Presbyterian Church. After completing his college course, he became minister of the First United Presbyterian Church, Kinross (October 29th, 1856), where he found time amid pastoral duties for much literary work. He edited the works and biographies of Dr. Richard Sebbes, Thomas Brookes, and others for "Nichol's Puritan Divines and Puritan Commentaries," and wrote several religious works of exegetical teaching and appeal. Later he became minister of Prince's Park United Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, and in 1868 that of St. George's United Presbyterian Church, Blackburn, Lancashire. He was made LL.D. by Edinburgh University, and D.D. by the University of St. Andrews.

Dr. Grosart's work in literature is unique. His "Lord Bacon not the Altruism of Christian Paradoxes" (1865); his discovery that "Britain's Ida" was written by Phineas Fletcher and not by Edmund Spenser; and his identification of "The Phœnix" and "The Turtle Dove" in Sir Robert Chester's "Love Martyr, or Rosalind's Complaint" as representing Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of

Essex, were triumphs of research and criticism; while his reprints of early English literature have supplied some of the richest and rarest additions to the modern library. His works include "The Fuller Worthies Library," 39 vols.; "The Chertsey Worthies Library," 14 vols.; "The Huth Library," 39 vols.; "Spenser's Works," 10 vols.; "Works of Samuel Daniel," 5 vols.; "Works of George Daniel," 4 vols.; "The Townley MSS.," 2 vols.; "Sir John Eliot MSS.," 6 vols.; "Lismore Papers," 10 vols.; "Prose Works of Wordsworth," 3 vols.; besides occasional issues of unique and rare books, 38 vols.

Among the MSS. published for the first time by Dr. Grosart are a number of poems by George Herbert, to whose verse that of his own muse may be said to approximate. His original verse, published in instalments at different times, was republished in a collected form under the title "Songs of Day and Night" in 1891. This volume, with its curious inversions and quaint experiments in rhythm, is a rich storehouse of Christian experience and spiritual refreshment. Dr. Grosart has founded his style upon that of the old bards among whom he has laboured so much, and drawn his inspiration from the prophets and psalmists whom he has studied to such great advantage.

ALFRED H. MILES.

SONGS OF DAY AND NIGHT.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

I.—GOD NEAR AND FAR.

1 KINGS viii. 46.

No one so far away as God,
Yet none Who is so near
Eternity is His abode ;
But lo ! I find Him here ;
Within my heart—that by His grace
He chosen has for dwelling-place.

No one so far away as God,
Yet none Who is so near ;
O how it lighteneth our load,
And stilleth ev'ry fear !
To look upon the Earth and sky,
Assur'd that God is ever nigh.

No one so far away as God,
Yet none Who is so near ;
For He Who this Earth's acres trod,
Wipes still the falling tear ;
Altho' His Throne is far above,
He liveth yet, Incarnate Love.

No one so far away as God,
Yet none Who is so near ;
The Universe shakes at His nod,
But guiltiest needs not fear ;
“ My Lord, my God,” doth see the BLOOD,
And His great Covenant stands good.

No one so far away as God,
 Yet none Who is so near ;
 Far mightier than Moses' rod,
 Is the great rod of prayer ;
 Upheld within the hand of FAITH,
 Sure-fulfill'd is all "He saith."

No one so far away as God,
 Yet none Who is so near ;
 For lo ! 'twixt Heav'n and Earth the Rood
 Uniteth sphere and sphere ;
 In light of light the great God dwells,
 But visiteth in lowliest cells.

No one so far away as God,
 Yet none Who is so near ;
 Eternity is His abode ;
 But lo ! I find Him here ;
 Within my heart--that by His grace
 He chosen has for dwelling-place.

II.—THE EVERLASTING ARMS UNDERNEATH.

DEUT. xxxiii. 27.

THE child, that to his mother clings,
 Lies not all safely on her breast,
 Till she her arms around him flings,
 Sweetly caressing and caressed ;
 Ev'n so, my God, Thy mighty arms,
 Not my poor FAITH, shield me from harms.

I bless Thy Name for every grace,
 Wherewith Thou dost enrich Thine own ;
 Yea, I would seek each day to trace
 Myself more like my Master grown ;
 Yet, O my God, Thy mighty arms,
 Not my faint LOVE, shield me from harms.

I walk along this sin-scarr'd Earth,
 In brightness now and now in dole ;
 Now all "cast down" and now in mirth ;
 Now griefs, now joys, possess my soul ;
 But, O my God, Thy mighty arms,
 Not my dim HOPE, shield me from harms.

Within, amidst the world's unrest,
 Thou, Lord ! the calming word hast given ;
 Thy peace abides, howe'er I'm press'd ;
 And yields an antepast of Heaven :
 But, O my God, Thy mighty arms,
 Not my own PEACE, shield me from harms.

My mouth Thou fillest with "sweet songs" ;
 Makest my feet run in "the WAY" ;
 Giv'st me the joy to Thine belongs ;
 Nor scarcely ever sayest me nay :
 But, O my God, Thy mighty arms,
 Not my scant Joy, shield me from harms.

The child, that to his mother clings,
 Lies not all safely on her breast,
 Till she her arms around him flings,
 Sweetly caressing and caressed :
 Ev'n so, my God, Thy mighty arms,
 Not aught of mine, shield me from harms.

III.—HE LEADS ROUND.

EXOD. xiii. 18 (cf. DEUT. ii. 7; viii. 2; xxxii. 10).

HE leads round, but He leads right :
 All the way is in His sight ;
 Be it rough, or be it long ;
 Void of joy, or set to song ;
 Bringing much, or mite by mite ;
He leads round, but He leads right.

He leads round, but He leads right :
He is with us in the fight ;
Sin may lure, or doubts assail,
Clad in Faith's celestial mail,
We are guarded by His might ;
He leads round, but He leads right.

He leads round, but He leads right :
Let no danger then affright ;
When to Him we lift our eyes,
Help doth like the Morn arise ;
Chasing clouds with conquering light ;
He leads round, but He leads right.

He leads round, but He leads right :
Giveth songs ev'n in the night ;
O to listen to His voice
When in tears He bids rejoice ;
He our blackest can make white ;
He leads round, but He leads right.

He leads round, but He leads right :
Heaviest burden groweth light ;
Marah ! Elim ! Wilderness !
Each in turn the Lord doth bless ;
Canaan shines, far-off but bright ;
He leads round, but He leads right.

He leads round, but He leads right :
Cloud by day and fire by night ;
Morn by morn "Let God arise,
Scattering all our enemies " ;
And we'll sing with evening light ;
He leads round, but He leads right.

IV.—THE GOOD DIE NOT.

² COR. v. 4; ST. JOHN v. 24; COL. iii. 3.

THE good die not ; they but undress
And lay them down to sleep ;
They wake anon in blessedness,
Ev'n whilst for them we weep ;
Let Faith ascend within the vail,
Nor as disconsolate still wail.

The good die not ; He went before,
A mansion to prepare ;
And if we only could thus soar,
We should not shed a tear ;
Laying aside their chrysalis,
Bless'd are they in that Day of His.

The good die not ; but disappear
For the Lord's "little while" ;
Let us now watch ; the day draws near,
Shall close the brief exile ;
In hope and patience let us wait ;
Soon will unclose the Golden Gate,

The good die not ; an ampler life
Is theirs where they have gone
No more of sin, or grief, or strife,
Can vex His haven'd one ;
"Life more abundant" their reward ;
Not lying dead 'neath daisied sward.

The good die not ; they but undress
And lay them down to sleep ;
They wake anon in blessedness,
Ev'n whilst for them we weep ;
Let Faith ascend within the vail,
Nor as disconsolate still wail.

V.—GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT.

ROM. xv. 30.

O HOLY GHOST! come as the DEW,
 All soft and still this quiet eve;
 Our first-love's joy do Thou renew,
 As to those who did first believe.

O Holy Ghost! come as the FIRE,
 In our cold hearts light up Thy flame;
 That touch'd of Thee, we may aspire,
 And shrink not from His glorious shame.

O Holy Ghost! come as the WIND,
 To shake quick ev'ry barrier down;
 That, restfully on Him reclin'd,
 We Him, He us, may gracious own.

O Holy Ghost! come as the RAIN,
 That sweetly heals the new-mown grass;
 Refresh and strengthen, that again
 We on our upward way may pass.

O Holy Ghost! come as the LIGHT,
 Pure-breaking as doth break the Day;
 Work in us by Thy gentle might,
 Such hopes as shall our fears affray.

O Holy Ghost! be Thou our LIFE,
 Our life that's hid with Christ in God;
 Make Thou us strong in the sore strife,
 Guarding us in the paths He trod.

O Dew! O Fire! O Wind! O Rain!
 O Light of Life! O Life of Light!
 We would the height of heights attain,—
 We would be strengthen'd by Thy MIGHT.

VI.—THE CROSS.

COL. i. 20; ii. 14.

ONCE a thing of woe and shame,
Lo ! the Cross now towers sublime !
Gath'ring lustre to its name,
In the onward march of TIME ;
Rais'd 'twixt malefactors twain,
“ *In the place call'd Calvary* ” ;
Who may gauge the deep disdain,
Of men's vengeful mockery ?

Thorns—but grapes upon them blush ;
Gall—yet sweeter far than honey ;
Thirst—and “ living waters ” gush ;
Poor—but rich beyond all money ;
Helpless all, in hands and feet,
Yet saves one, the lion's prey ;
Terrible—but oh, how sweet !
Darkness—and yet clearest Day.
Branded—and thrice glorious ;
Naked—yet the “ white robe ” weaves ;
Conquerèd—and victorious ;
Weak—yet the vast world upheaves ;
Dead—and yet source of all life ;
Woe—but symbol of all bliss ;
Peace—and centre of all strife ;
Was e'er paradox like this ?
Sin's last trophy—and defeat ;
Wrath—and heart of Love reveals ;
Law upheld—yet pardon meet ;
Justice, mercy, it unseals ;
Man condemned—and yet acquitted ;
Fix'd—yet round it all revolves ;
“ Bitter tree ”—where WHITE DOVE flitted ;
Mystery—and all mystery solves.

Cross of Christ ! in thee I boast,
 Bearing high THE CRUCIFIED ;
 And my heart when anguish-tost,
 Finds peace only by Thy side ;
 Hold it up, ye men of God,
 Earth's heart aches for your good news ;
 Tell it out at home, abroad,
 Bid, accept it or refuse.

Mighty conquests of the past,
 Shadow mightier to come ;
 The Lord's promise standeth fast,
 Drawing countless myriads home ;
 Once a thing of woe and shame,
 Lo ! the Cross now stands sublime ;
 Gath'ring lustre to its name,
 In the onward march of TIME.

VII.—ANGELIC MINISTRY.
HEB. i. 14; ST. LUKE xv. 7.

LEET God THE SPIRIT anoint my eyes,
 A-flame are seen the azure skies,
 With seraphim and cherubim—
 Who noon-day's utmost blaze bedim ;
 On wings of whiteness, lo ! they fly
 'Twixt our dark world and fields on high ;
 Heirs of salvation bringing home,
 To gain the joyous welcome “ Come.”

There is a glory on the grass
 As tho' angelic feet did pass ;
 There is a splendour 'midst the trees,
 As he sees who the unseen sees ;
 Amongst the hollows of the hills,
 A hush of awe as all else stills ;
 O God ! Thy Spirit on me lies,
 Lifting me up in ecstasies.

Ye holy angels ministrant,
Why is it now ye will not grant
E'en unto FAITH and HOPE and LOVE,
Your seal of silence to remove ?
Speaking as once ye used to speak,
To weary hearts and like to break ;
Glad tidings of glad souls set free,
That e'en in glory fresh joy see.

Where'er I see a little child,
I know ye there, ye undefil'd ;
To guide, to guard, to bless, to keep,
With love that knows not how to sleep ;
And wheresoe'er a sinner turns
And for the sinner's Saviour burns ;
But O to catch a whisper'd word,
That not in vain I serve the Lord.

O idle yearning thus to grieve !
Our part, as servants to believe ;
To labour and still labour on
Until the world for Christ is won ;
In faith, that unto us *is* given
Abundantly to people Heav'n ;
That souls by day, by night repent,
And angels still their names present.

VIII.—THE RESURRECTION.

ROM. i. 4.

A RISE, my soul, Faith's wings expand,
Soar upward to the Heav'ly Land ;
Behold the great stone roll'd away !
Thy Saviour's Resurrection Day !
A conqueror forth He came,
Death and the Grave to shame.

Hark ! hark ! it is an angel's voice,
Who tidings brings that bid rejoice ;
He stands by Death's wide-open'd door,
And cries "Christ lives for evermore!"
A conqueror forth He came,
Death and the Grave to shame.

O hallow'd Day ! O blessed Day !
That all Death's darkness did affray ;
Far-flaming still o'er all the world,
Strong Satan from his vast throne hurl'd :
A conqueror forth He came,
Death and the Grave to shaine.

Thou Prince of Life ! Thou Saviour dear !
For us in Heav'n Thou dost appear ;
Nor need most tim'rous tremble now,
Since Faith beholds Thy crown-clasp'd brow ;
A conqueror forth He came,
Death and the Grave to shame.

O Lord ! do Thou help us to watch
That we Thy mighty word may catch,
"Because I live ye too shall live " :
What could more strong assurance give ?
A conqueror forth He came,
Death and the Grave to shame.

Arise, my soul, Faith's wings expand,
Soar upward to the Heav'nly Land ;
Behold thy Saviour's grave unbarr'd !
White-wingèd angels for His guard :
A conqueror forth He came,
Death and the Grave to shame.

IX.—IF IT BE POSSIBLE.

ST. MATT. xxvi. 39.

I MAY not tread Gethsemane,
I may not share Thy agony,
O Jesus Christ my Saviour !
Yet hear me, Lord, Thy prayer I pray,
As I am fainting on my way,
O Jesus Christ my Saviour !

Darkness around me thick enfolds,
A "cup of trembling" my hand holds,
O Jesus Christ my Saviour !
Forgive me, O forgive my cry,
"If it be possible, pass it by,"
O Jesus Christ my Saviour !

My "little one" Thou lovest is sick,
And hour by hour he grows more weak,
O Jesus Christ my Saviour !
I mark the thinning of his face,
And awful lines upon him trace,
O Jesus Christ my Saviour !

This is the cup to me Thou'rt reaching,
Lord, hear me in my poor beseeching,
O Jesus Christ my Saviour !
"If it be possible," spare him, Lord ;
Speak Thou ev'n now the healing word,
O Jesus Christ my Saviour !

We gave him to Thee in our vow,
Thy name was nam'd upon his brow,
O Jesus Christ my Saviour !
Life is a great gift ; I would fain
Have him a MAN for Thee to train,
O Jesus Christ my Saviour !

"Yet not my will but Thine be done,"—
 Alas! alas! my little son,—
 O Jesus Christ my Saviour!
 My heart is sore; I can but sigh—
"If it be possible," hear my cry,
 O Jesus Christ my Saviour!

X.—INDWELLING—DWELLING IN.

ST. JOHN vi. 56.

O DWELL in me, my Lord,
 That I in Thee may dwell;
 Fulfil Thy tender word,
 That Thy evangels tell;
 In me Thou, I in Thee
 By Thy sweet courtesy.
 But wilt Thou my guest be,
 In this poor heart of mine?
 Thy guest? Is this for me,
 In that pure heart of Thine?
 In me Thou, I in Thee,
 By Thy sweet courtesy.
 Thy chamber, Lord, prepare,
 Whither Thou deignest come;
 I may not seek to share
 The making of Thy home;
 In me Thou, I in Thee,
 By Thy sweet courtesy.
 Thy gracious gifts bestow,
 Humility and love;
 O cause my heart to glow
 By fire sent from above;
 In me Thou, I in Thee,
 By Thy sweet courtesy.

John Owen.

1836—1896.

JOHN OWEN was the eldest son of John Owen, for many years actuary of the Savings Bank, Pembroke. He was born in 1836, in the town of Cardigan in South Wales; and after the local school attended the Grammar School at Haverfordwest. At the end of 1856 he proceeded to St. David's College, Lampeter, where he came under the influence of Dr. Rowland Williams, then Vice-President—a connection continued to the close of Dr. Williams' life. This sums up his academic advantages; but from first to last he was a keen and enriched philologist, hanging language after language as so many golden keys to his girdle. Perhaps his books in certain lines bear out that all along he was mainly self-taught (*αὐτοδιδάκτος*), though making it certain that he had extensive scholarly acquirements. On leaving Lampeter he became curate of a Wiltshire parish, joined to and under the charge of Dr. Williams. He was ordained deacon in 1859 by the Bishop of Salisbury, and in the following year became priest. What leisure was left him was occupied with linguistic studies and occasional contributions to leading theological and literary journals —*e.g.*, Beard's *Theological Review* and *Frazer* (under Freude). In 1869 he was appointed to the rectorship of East Anstey in the county of Devon, and

in 1870 he preached the funeral sermon of his master and friend Dr. Rowland Williams. He died on the 6th of February, 1896.

This is not the place to do more than name his chief books—viz. (α) “Evenings with the Skeptics,” 2 vols., 8vo (1881); (β) a revival of Glanvil’s “Scepsis Scientifica” (1885); (γ) “The Skeptics of the Italian Renaissance, and the Skeptics of the French Renaissance,” 2 vols., 8vo (1893-4); (δ) “Essay on the Organisations of the Early Church” (1895), prefixed to Harnack’s “Sources of the Apostolic Canons.”

But it is as a poet that we have to do with John Owen. In 1889 appeared “Verse Musings on Nature, Faith, and Freedom.” A revised and enlarged edition of this volume was published in 1894. This volume is more remarkable—and it *is* remarkable—for its weight of thinking (“Musings”) than for its technique of rhyme and rhythm. It is marred by faults of measure, uncouth terms, and involute phrasings; nevertheless, when most irate with these, we come on the “higher strain,” and jets of melody, and quaint conceits of fancy, and memorabilia of axiomatic truths. A favourite fashion of his is to beat out a couplet, or stanza, and the like, of a prior poet. The result is not always a success, for the tiny nugget becomes extremely thin gold-leaf. And yet some of the finest things in the volume spring out of his texts. None can read a page without having avenues of thought and speculation opened out. Selection, to be just, would need to be fuller than our limits admit. But the poems that we have taken may be left to speak for themselves.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

VERSE MUSINGS ON NATURE, FAITH, AND FREEDOM.

1889.

JOHN OWEN.

I.—FAITH.

I.—ON DEFINING GOD.

OBSERVE yon concave blue,
That seems to close around our human view,
And ends by sun and star
Our keenest survey of those heavens afar.

And yet we know full well,
False is the specious tale our senses tell ;
That is no azure sky,
Or solid vault, that meets our lifted eye.

What curtains round our gaze,
The background of the sun or starry maze,
Is but blue-tinted light
That veils from us the aërial infinite.

And so, when we define
Great heaven's immensity by verbal sign.
We act as though our bent
Were here again to feign a *firmanent*.

Words in array we place,
And deem therewith we see God face to face.
Poor fools, and blind ; not seeing
Our words but mask and hide His unsearched Being.

II.—WHAT IS RELIGION ?

(AFTER SCHLEIERMACHER.)

NOT a moral codex taught,
In legal maxims hard and cold,
By legal minds together brought,
From ethic teachers new and old.

Nor yet a mode or form of thought
 Of God or man, the world a life ;
 By various diff'reng systems wrought,
 Inducing hate and wordy strife.

Religion is a secret fire,
 Kindling spontaneous in the breast,
 The soul's instinctive blind desire
 To *feel* its God and be at rest.

Religion is a sense Divine,
 Perception of the Infinite,
 The pure heart's pulse, the only sign,
 To mark its being or prove its might.

Above, below, and all around,
 In thing without, in thought within,
 Is pure Religion's hallowed ground,
 The temple we must worship in.

To lean in trust upon the Power,
 Through all the universe made known,
 This is the soul's divinest dower,
 This is Religion—this alone.

III.—WHERE IS RELIGION ?

(AFTER SCHLEIERMACHER.)

NOT in the text of Holy Writ,
 Or words or writings elsewhere brought,
 With sacred fire, though once uplift,
 But now—the mere dead signs of thought.

Not in a church's rule or plan,
 Its public prayer or sacred rite,
 Imperfectly devised by man,
 To body forth the Infinite.

Not in confessions nor in creeds,
 Or lifeless dogmas cut and squared,
 Or pious acts or ritual deeds,
 For quickening holy life prepared.
 Such formal systems we discard,
 No vital warmth can they inspire,
 Like lava streams, now cold and hard,
 Which erst flowed on—a living fire.
 Such burnt-out systems have we seen,
 Embers instead of burning glow,
 The ashes tell where fire hath been;
 No further use—cold embers know.
 But in the heart, experience-taught,
 Of faith and hope and love which tells
 In th' infinite of human thought,
 There, there alone, Religion dwells.

IV.—WHAT IS FAITH ?

FAITH is—not sight,
 It boasts not of the sun at noonday bright,
 While groping in the starlit haze of night.
 —Nor Dogma proud,
 Fierce vaunting of all Truth in accents loud,
 Beguiling with bold words th' unthinking crowd.
 —Nor Science known,
 Seated in queenly robes upon her throne,
 Meting the boundless with her clasped zone.
 —Nor Certainty,
 The overweening claim that Truth must be
 What we forecast from what we hear and see.



Faith does but muse
 With heed upon the data she *must* use,
 Nor Likelihood's fair claim durst she refuse.

Faith does but think
 That walking on the Infinite's dread brink,
 She dare not mete its chain by one small link.

Faith does but feel
 That which she deems all dimly, may be real,
 On her blind guess she will not set Truth's seal.

Faith doth but hope
 She shall see clear—whereas she doth but grope—
 When earth's dark vistas widen to heaven's scope.

She doth but will
 The healthful impulses she would instil
 May, by heaven's prospering, all good fulfil.

She can but trust
 Her wistful craving for the True and Just,
 Not only *may* be realised but *must*.

V.—LIFE AND THOUGHT.

UNSOUGHT came Life to me,
 And with it brought
 A precious, perilous gift—
 The gift of Thought.

Life grew, and with its growth
 Grew also Thought,
 Like twin-born beings, from birth
 To rivalry wrought.

First, Life claimed precedence,
 In that it sought
 To merge in its own being,
 The being of Thought.

Said Life, "No useful end
Is gained by Thought,
And all its doubts and quests
Come but to nought."

But Thought in turn replied,
"Life cannot choose
But live; nor yet can Thought
Its subtler being refuse.

"By direful stress ondriven,
I still must quest,
Though answer full and true
Ne'er bring me rest.

"Thou, Life, mayst easy live,
Deprived of Thought,
Nay, myriads pass through life
To think untaught.

"Yet to man's life doth Thought,
Though vain its quest,
Lend all the power that makes
It nobly blest."

Then, sighing, Life replied,
"Too-bounded scope,
Poor foolish thought, gives Life
For thy great hope.

"And space and time, and all
That men call being,
Are objects much too small
For thy far-seeing."

To which Thought once more said,
"Thus it must be,
That Thought can more than Life,
And further see.

"Wherfore thou seest, Life,
 Howe'er distraught,
 By her great quest—far higher
 Than Life is Thought."

* * * * *

Then I at last, well-learned
 In power of Thought,
 And worth of Life—to soothe
 Their rivalry sought.

Thus to the twain said I,
 "What needs this strife ?
 Twin mysteries are ye,
 Both Thought and Life."

II.—FREEDOM.

I.—FATE AND MAN.

M EANING well, men compass ill,
 Scheming ill, they good fulfil ;
 Such is Fate's ironic will,
 Such her metamorphic skill,
 From one substance to distil,
 Balm to quicken—bane to kill.
 Children-like, our laps we load
 With flowers culled upon life's road ;
 These we bear to Fate's abode,
 Nothing witting, but her mode
 To distil, from gifts bestowed,
 Drugs that solace or corrode.
 Fate is sightless, Fate is free,
 Yet her limits knoweth she ;
 Thus, though purblind mortals, we
 All her methods cannot see,
 Yet we know supreme is He
 Who hath made Fate blind and free.

II.—THE DEVOUT SKEPTIC'S DYING PRAYER.

Apropos of the Creed : " I believe in God. . . . Amen."

AT last I come, O God of Truth, to Thee,
From human error longing to be free ;
Earth's dubious dogmas I have long since scorned,
And, tired of blindly groping, hope to see.

Men call me skeptic—this at least is truth,
Their skeptic I—distrustful of their sooth,
Their clamorous certainties, convictions rash,
Unfounded as the baseless dreams of youth.

I own it, God, my creed I have postponed,
From earth to heaven, with weakness unbemoaned ;
I dare not formulate, assert, pronounce,
Until I see Thee, who art Truth enthroned.

My mental tablet I have hence kept razed,
Wherat, with angry wonderment amazed,
Men with their tablets trebly written on,
And crossed and blotted, cry, " The man is crazed."

No ! mine shall be the heaven-inscribed roll,
Truth's clear and golden impress on my soul ;
No palimpsest, with earth-born error blurr'd
And surface scratched ; but new and clean and whole.

Thus then, my doubt to Thee I humbly bring,
A sacrifice to truth—far hence I fling,
With dying breath, beliefs, convictions, creeds,
Mere human baggage—to Thyself I cling.

III.—TO THE FUTURE WORLD.

DARK World ! I ask not if thou be,
Thy Being or non-Being frets not me ;
I would not lift—if so I might,
The curtain that enshrouds thy night.

For grant *thou art*—that could not change
Stern duty's sphere—in Earth-life's range ;
Still must I work, learn, think, and say,
As now I do, from day to day.

Grant *thou art not* ; yet must I still
One round with Man, Life, Thought fulfil ;
With these, their Life-course done—I must
In death commingle—dust to dust.

The flower that grows, matures, and dies,
One moment brightening living eyes,
Demands no more of Life, Tune, Bloom,
And space, than Earth allots it room.

Goodness is great, Truth still bides true,
Though Earth-things 'scape man's Earth-born view,
Eternal Time claims this one day,
Though Heaven and Earth both pass away.

Content am I—my Here-life be
Worthy of Immortality ;
Yet, careless somewhat—if its lot
Be *that*, or death-still'd and forgot.

Content—as by high wisdom plann'd,
This Earth- to Heaven-life to expand,
Or else this Life itself to guard
As its sole duty, worth, reward.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

1836—1879.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL was born at Astley, in Worcestershire, on the 14th of December, 1836. Her father, the Rev. W. H. Havergal, himself a writer of hymns as well as a distinguished Church musician, was at this time rector of Astley, and afterwards successively rector of St. Nicholas', Worcester (1842), and Shareshill, near Wolverhampton (1860). In 1850 Frances entered a school kept by Mrs. Teed, and under the favourable influences of her surroundings consecrated her life and talents to religious exercise and work. On the removal of her father from Worcester she resided at different periods at Leamington and Caswell Bay, Swansea, at which latter place she died on the 3rd of June, 1879.

Much of Miss Havergal's verse was first published in leaflet form; but from time to time her poems were collected and published with others in volumes bearing titles as follows: "Ministry of Song" (1869); "Twelve Sacred Songs for Little Singers" (1870); "Under the Surface" (1874); "Loyal Responses" (1878); "Life Mosaic" (1879); "Life Chords" (1880); "Life Echoes" (1883). Miss Havergal's verse owes its popularity more to its religious teaching than to its poetic merit—teaching which has been aptly described as "mildly Calvinistic

without the severe dogmatic tenet of reprobation." Without making any pretensions to the *rôle* of a poet, she gave lyrical expression to her own spiritual experiences and aspirations, and in doing so voiced the feelings and desires of others less able to express themselves. In this, though it cannot be said that she showed any marked originality of thought or felicity of expression, she at least fulfilled one of the offices of poetry. Many of her hymns have become widely popular, and have been included in various hymn-books in England and America. Her "Consecration Hymn," beginning

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,

has been, as we imagine she would have desired it to be, one of the most popular. Whatever qualities her verse may lack, there can be no doubt as to its sincerity; and this is a quality not always found in religious verse. The entire consecration she sought to make included her powers of versification; and had they been much greater than they were, they would doubtless have been devoted as unreservedly to Christian service.

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

I.—CONSECRATION HYMN.

“Truly I am Thy servant.”—PSALM cxvi. 16.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, *only, all* for Thee.

II.—A WORKER'S PRAYER.

L ORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone ;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and *when*, and *where* ;
Until Thy blessed Face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

III.—NOW AND AFTERWARD.

NOW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long ;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.

Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing ;
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot !
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

Now, the plunge, the briny burden,
Blind, faint gropings in the sea ;
Afterward, the pearly guerdon
That shall make the diver free.

Now, the long and toilsome duty
Stone by stone to carve and bring ;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong ;
Afterward, the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song.

Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife ;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now ;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou !"

IV.—ADORATION.

O MASTER, at Thy feet
 I bow in rapture sweet !
 Before me, as in darkening glass,
 Some glorious outlines pass,
 Of love, and truth, and holiness, and power ;
 I own them Thine, O Christ, and bless Thee for this hour.

O full of truth and grace,
 Smile of Jehovah's face,
 O tenderest heart of love untold !
 Who may Thy praise unfold ?
 Thee, Saviour, Lord of lords and King of kings,
 Well may adoring seraphs hymn with veiling wings.

I have no words to bring
 Worthy of Thee, my King,
 And yet one anthem in Thy praise
 I long, I long to raise ;
 The heart is full, the eye entranced above,
 But words all melt away in silent awe and love.

How can the lip be dumb,
 The hand all still and numb,
 When Thee the heart doth see and own
 Her Lord and God alone ?
 Tune for Thyself the music of my days,
 And open Thou my lips that I may show Thy praise.

Yea, let my whole life be
 One anthem unto Thee,
 And let the praise of lip and life
 Outring all sin and strife.
 O Jesus, Master ! be Thy name supreme,
 For heaven and earth the one, the grand, the eternal theme.

Samuel John Stone.

1839.

SAMUEL JOHN STONE, son of the Rev. William Stone, was born at Whitmore, Staffordshire, on the 25th of April, 1839. He was educated at the Charterhouse School, and at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1862. On taking Holy Orders, he became Curate of Windsor in 1862, and of St. Paul's, Haggerston, in 1870, succeeding his father as vicar of the same parish in 1874. His principal works are "Lyra Fidelium" (1866); "The Knight of Intercession and other Poems" (1872); "Sonnets of the Christian Year," first published in the *Leisure Hour* and afterwards in volume form (1875); "Order of the Consecutive Church Service for Children, with Original Hymns" (1883); and "Hymns Original and Translated" (1886). "The Knight of Intercession," Mr. Stone's first volume of general poetry, has run through a number of editions, and many of his hymns have become popular, nearly fifty of them having come into general use.

The Rev. John Julian says: "Mr. Stone's hymns vary considerably in metre and subject, and thus present a pleasing variety, not always found in the compositions of popular hymn-writers. His best hymns are well designed and clearly expressed. The tone is essentially dogmatic and hopeful. The

absence of rich poetic thought and graceful fancy is more than atoned for by a masterly condensation of Scripture facts and of Church teaching, given tersely and with great vigour. His changes and antitheses are frequently abrupt, in many instances too much so for congregational purposes, and his vocabulary is somewhat limited. His rhythm, except where broken either by long or by compound words, is rarely at fault, and his rhyme is usually perfect. A few of his hymns are plaintive and pathetic, as the tender 'Weary of earth and laden with my sin'; others are richly musical, as 'Lord of the harvest! it is right and meet'; but the greater part are strongly outspoken utterances of a manly faith, where dogma, prayer, and praise are interwoven with much skill. Usually the key-note of his song is Hope."

But Mr. Stone's muse is not wholly occupied with devotional verse; indeed, his hymns comprise but a small portion of his volume, in which nature, legendary, pastoral, idyllic, and descriptive poems, memorial verses, songs and sonnets, form the largest portion, though it must be admitted that the religious spirit is ever present, be the mood whatever it may. Humour, moreover, has its part, as the following will show:—

THE SOLILOQUY OF A RATIONALISTIC CHICKEN.

ON THE PICTURE OF A NEWLY HATCHED CHICKEN CONTEMPLATING THE FRAGMENTS OF ITS NATIVE SHELL.

Most strange!
Most queer,—although most excellent a change!
Shades of the prison-house, ye disappear!
My fettered thoughts have won a wider range,
And, like my legs, are free;

No longer huddled up so pitifully :
 Free now to pry and probe, and peep and peer,
 And make these mysteries out.
 Shall a free-thinking chicken live in doubt ?
 For now in doubt undoubtedly I am :
 This problem's very heavy on my mind,
 And I'm not one to either shirk or sham :
 I won't be blinded, and I won't be blind !

Now, let me see ;
First, I would know how did I get in *there* ?
Then, where was I of yore ?
Besides, why didn't I get out before ?

Bless me !
 Here are three puzzles (out of plenty more)
 Enough to give me pip upon the brain !
 But let me think again.
 How do I know I ever *was* inside ?
 Now I reflect, it is, I do maintain,
 Less than my reason, and beneath my pride
 To think that I could dwell
 In such a paltry miserable cell
 As that old shell.
 Of course I couldn't ! How could *I* have lain,
 Body and beak and feathers, legs and wings,
 And my deep heart's sublime imaginings,
 In there ?

I meet the notion with profound disdain ;
 It's quite incredible ; since I declare
 (And I'm a chicken that you can't deceive)
*I**What I can't understand I won't believe.*
 Where *did* I come from, then ? Ah ! where, indeed ?
 This is a riddle monstrous hard to read.
 I have it ! Why, of course,
 All things are moulded by some plastic force
 Out of some atoms somewhere up in space,
 Fortuitously concurrent anyhow :—
 There, now !
 That's plain as is the beak upon my face.

What's that I hear ?
My mother cackling at me ! Just her way,
So prejudiced and ignorant *I say* ;
So far behind the wisdom of the day !

What's old I *can't* revere.
Hark at her. " You're a little fool, my dear,
That's quite as plain, alack !"
As is the piece of shell upon your back ! "
How bigoted ! upon my back, indeed !
I don't believe it's there ;
For I can't *see* it ; and I do declare,
For all her fond deceivin',
What I can't see I never will believe in !

The hymn "Lord of our souls' salvation," p. 649, written for the occasion of the National Thanksgiving on the recovery of the Prince of Wales (February 27th, 1872), was abbreviated to four verses by the author for use at the service at St. Paul's Cathedral, but was used generally throughout the country in its complete form.

ALFRED H. MILES.

HYMNS.

SAMUEL JOHN STONE.

I.—THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION.

"I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH, THE
COMMUNION OF SAINTS."

THE Church's one Foundation
Is JESUS CHRIST her Lord :
She is His new creation
By water and the Word ;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride,
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One LORD, one Faith, one Birth ;
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one Hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

The Church shall never perish !
Her dear LORD to defend,
To guide, sustain, and cherish,
Is with her to the end :
Though there be those who hate her,
And false sons in her pale,
Against or foe or traitor
She ever shall prevail.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest ;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up “ How long ? ”
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

’Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won :
With all her sons and daughters,
Who, by the Master’s Hand
Led through the deathly waters,
Repose in Eden-Land.

Oh, happy ones and holy !
LORD, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee !
There past the border mountains,
Where in sweet vales the Bride
With Thee by living fountains
For ever shall abide.

*II.—ROUND THE SACRED CITY GATHER.***BATTLE HYMN OF CHURCH DEFENCE.**

ROUND the Sacred City gather
Egypt, Edom, Babylon ;
All the warring hosts of error,
 Sworn against her, are as one :
Vain the leaguer ! her foundations
 Are upon the holy hills,
And the love of the ETERNAL
 All her stately temple fills.

Get thee, watchman, to the rampart !
 Gird thee, warrior, with thy sword !
And be strong as ye remember
 In your midst is God the LORD :
Like the night-mists from the valley,
 These shall vanish, one by one,
Egypt's malice, Edom's envy,
 And the hate of Babylon.

But be true, ye sons and daughters,
 Lest the peril be within ;
Watch to prayer, lest in your slumber
 Stealthy foemen enter in ;
Safe the mother and the children
 If their will and love be strong,
While their loyal hearts go singing
 Prayer and praise for battle-song.

Church of God ! if we forget thee,
 Let His blessing fail our hand ;
When our love shall not prefer thee,
 Let His love forget our land—
Nay ! our memory shall be steadfast
 Though in storm the mountains shake,
And our love is love for ever,
 For it is for JESUS' sake.

Church of JESUS ! His thy Banner
 And thy Banner's awful Sign :
By His passion and His glory
 Thou art His and He is thine :
From the Hill of His Redemption
 Flows thy sacramental tide :
From the Hill of His Ascension
 Flows the grace of God thy Guide.

Yea : thou Church of God the SPIRIT !
 His Society Divine,
His the living Word thou keepest,
 His thy Apostolic line,
Ancient prayer and song liturgic,
 Creeds that change not to the end,
As His gift we have received them,
 As His charge we will defend.

Alleluia, Alleluia,
 To the FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
In Whose will the Church at warfare
 With the Church at rest is one :
So to THEE we sing in union,
 God in earth and Heav'n adored,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Holy, Holy, Holy LORD.

III.—LORD OF OUR SOULS' SALVATION.

HYMN OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE RECOVERY OF H.R.H.
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Sung in St. Paul's Cathedral on February 27, 1872.

L ORD of our souls' salvation !
Lord of our earthly weal !
We who in tribulation
Did for Thy mercy kneel,
Lift up glad hearts before Thee,
And eyes no longer dim,
And for Thy grace adore Thee
In eucharistic hymn.

When vine and fig-tree languish,
And every fount is dry,
When hearts in supreme anguish
To Thee lift up their cry :
Then doth Thy love deliver !
From Thine unshortened hand
Joy, like the southern river,
O'erflows the weary land.

Lay dark o'er field and city
Death's shadow, and in fear
To Thee, O LORD of Pity,
God of the hearing ear !
By the dear Grace that bought us
We cried as in the night,
And lo ! the morning brought us
From Thee the living light.

Went forth the nation weeping,
With precious seed of prayer,
Hope's awful vigil keeping
'Mid rumours of despair,

Now, to Thy glory bringing
 Its sheaves of praise along,
 Again it cometh singing
 A happy harvest song.

O sweet and divine fashion
 Of Grace sublime in power !
 That meteth out compassion
 By sorrow's direst hour :
 O Love, most high, most holy !
 The merciful in might,
 That unto hearts most lowly
 Is ever Depth and Height.

Bless Thou our adoration !
 Our gladness sanctify !
 Be this rejoicing nation
 To Thee by joy more nigh :
 Oh be this great Thanksgiving,
 That with one voice we raise,
 Wrought into holier living
 Through all our after days.

Bless, FATHER, him Thou gavest
 Back to the loyal land ;
 O SAVIOUR, him Thou savest
 Still cover with Thine Hand ;
 O SPIRIT, the Defender,
 Be his to guard and guide,
 Now in life's mid-day splendour,
 On to the eventide !

IV.—WEARY OF EARTH.

"I BELIEVE IN THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS."

WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
 I look at heaven and long to enter in,

But there no evil thing may find a home—
And yet I hear a Voice that bids me “Come.”

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land ?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear ?—
Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day—
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
“Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.”

It is the voice of JESUS that I hear,
His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

’Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the FATHER’s child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the FATHER’s courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous LORD :
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward ;
Thine the sharp thorns, so mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, through Thine the life laid down.

Naught can I bring, dear LORD, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;
Like Mary’s gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

V.—THEIR NAMES ARE NAMES OF KINGS.

THE "ATHLETES OF THE UNIVERSE."

(An expression used by S. Chrysostom.)

THEIR names are names of kings
Of heavenly line,
The bliss of earthly things
Who did resign.

Chieftains they were, who warr'd
With sword and shield ;
Victors for God the LORD
On foughтен field.

Sad were their days on earth,
'Mid hate and scorn ;
A life of pleasures dearth,
A death forlorn.

Yet blest that end in woe,
And those sad days ;
Only man's blame below—
Above, God's praise !

A city of great name
Was built for them,
Of glorious golden fame—
Jerusalem.

Redeemed with precious Blood
From death and sin,
Sons of the Triune GOD,
They entered in.

So did the life of pain
In glory close ;
LORD GOD, may we attain
Their grand repose !

Selwyn Image.

A DAINTY little volume of dainty verse, issued by Mr. Elkin Mathews in 1894, introduced Mr. Selwyn Image's name to those unfamiliar with it through serial literature. The book contains thirty-three poems, of which sixteen are, to use conventional terms, secular, and seventeen sacred. The secular songs are love lyrics, chaste in form and style as in thought and feeling. The sacred numbers are a series of carols for Christmas, Holy Week, and Easter Day. Of the former, the lyrics entitled "Her Confirmation" (quoted below), "A Summer Day," and "La Rose Du Bal," are among the best. Of the latter, the three carols which follow are good examples:—

HER CONFIRMATION.

When my Clorinda walks in white
Unto her Confirmation Rite,
What sinless dove can show to heaven
A purer sight?

Beneath a lawn, translucent, crown
Her lovely curls conceal their brown ;
Her wanton eyes are fastened, even,
Demurely down.

And that delicious mouth of rose
No words, no smile, may discompose ;
All of her feels the approaching awe,
And silent grows.

Come, then, Thou noiseless Spirit, and rest
Here, where she waits Thee for her Guest ;
Pass not, but sweetly onward draw,
Till heaven's possessed !

Mr. Selwyn Image, who is by profession an artist, was educated at Brighton College, Marlborough, and New College, Oxford, at which latter he held an exhibition, and took his degree in 1872.

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS AND CAROLS.

1894.

SELWYN IMAGE.

I.—A MEDITATION FOR CHRISTMAS.

CONSIDER, O my soul, what morn is this !
Whereon the eternal Lord of all things made,
For us, poor mortals, and our endless bliss,
Came down from heaven ; and in a manger laid,
The first, rich, offerings of our ransom paid ;
Consider, O my soul, what morn is this !

Consider what estate of fearful woe
Had then been ours, had He refused this birth ;
From sin to sin tossed vainly to and fro,
Hell's playthings, o'er a doomed and helpless earth !
Had He from us withheld His priceless worth,
Consider man's estate of fearful woe !

Consider to what joys He bids thee rise,
Who comes, Himself, life's bitter cup to drain !
Ah ! look on this sweet Child, Whose innocent eyes,
Ere all be done, shall close in mortal pain,
That thou at last Love's Kingdom may'st attain ;
Consider to what joys He bids thee rise !

Consider all this wonder, O my soul :
And in thine inmost shrine make music sweet !
Yea, let the world, from furthest pole to pole,
Join in Thy praises this dread birth to greet ;
Kneeling to kiss Thy Saviour's infant feet !
Consider all this wonder, O my Soul !

II.—GABRIEL AND MARY.

“ HAIL ! Lady Mary ! ” said Gabriel :
Sing all the world, and all the world :
 “ God sends me now good news to tell.”
 “ And what is the news, O Gabriel ? ”

“ Lady Mary, God gives you grace ” ;
Sing all the world, and all the world :
 “ For a Child you shall bear within a space,
 And look on God to His very face,”

“ Nay, Gabriel, how may this thing be ? ”
Sing all the world, and all the world :
 “ Since there’s never a man that knoweth me,”
 Said Gabriel, “ Sooth, and you shall see.”

The Lady Mary, she bowed her head ;
Sing all the world, and all the world :
 Nor ever an answer more she said,
 Till all things were accomplished.

For the Lady Mary, she bare her Son :
Sing all the world, and all the world :
 When the day’s full course at length was run,
 God’s Self was born for her Little One.

Then the Lady Mary, she wept and spake ;
Sing all the world, and all the world :
 “ I have borne my Child for the world’s sake,
 And the cruel world His life will take ! ”

But the Lady Mary, she laughed and said,
Sing all the world, and all the world :
 “ My Child shall rise again from the dead,
 Lord of all by His great Godhead ! ”

Now, Lady Mary, we pray you say,
Sing all the world, and all the world :
 Some gracious thing to your Son that day,
 When we, poor creatures, pass away.

Yea, Lady Mary, Mother of God,
 Save us from sin's rod !
 Lady Mary, Mother of Grace,
 Bend on us your sweet face !
 O Lady Mary, bring us at length
 By strength of Jesus to Jesus' strength !

Amen.

III.—THE HEAVENLY HOST.

DEEP and hard the snow lay,
 Deep was the ice on the water-way ;
Deus misericordiae !
 On their frozen fingers the shepherds blew,
 And the wolf-skins round them tighter drew.
 God, how the wind cut ! huddled low,
 Herdsman and herds lay shelt'ring so.

Deus misericordiae !
Venti furorem reprime,
Ne pereamus frigore,

Suddenly, hark ! what sound breaks ?
 And the heaven's aglow with golden flakes,
Archangelorum Domine !

As the quiv'ring tongues of a mighty fire ;
 From the midst whereof, in choir on choir,
 What Sons of the Lord of heaven and earth
 Are these, that herald a God's birth ?

Archangelorum Domine !
Mortalium quis intime
Spectabit, Lux tremenda, te ?

The wild wind's stayed, the earth's warm ;
 O herdsmen and herds, what thought of harm ?

Omnipotenti gloria !

On their knees they're fallen : an angel cries,
 "The winter's over, O shepherds, rise !
 Be not afraid ; to Bethlehem Town
 This night is the very God come down !"

Omnipotenti gloria !

*Qui natus nobis omnia
 Vertisti in pacifera.*

What the sight they find there ?

A Child new-born, in a stable bare :

Jesu, Deus demississime !

A Child in a manger, a Mother-Maid,
 By whom shall the terrors of hell be laid ;
 The proud fly scattered, the weak prevail !
 Sweet Child and Mother, we cry you, Hail !

Jesu, Deus demississime !

*Finito mundi tempore
 In coeli domum accipe
 Humiles nos, Rex altissime !*

Amen.

AC ETIAM.

BESIDES the religious and didactic poets represented in the foregoing pages, there are many whose verse—often of rare beauty and wide acceptance—calls for less extended representation, and who can therefore be more conveniently dealt with under a general heading than in individual notices separated and signed upon the plan adopted for the body of this work. These have been reserved for treatment in the following pages, not because they mark a different standard of excellence or selection, but simply for typographical and economic reasons—the preservation of a certain uniformity of appearance and the saving of space.

The religious revivals of the century have all found some expression in original song, while they have stimulated the labours of many scholars who have enriched English hymnody from the wide field of translation. Some of these writers are already represented in the preceding pages; others are treated in the pages which follow. The arrangement, as throughout this work, is chronological.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD was born at Kibworth-Harcourt, Leicestershire, on the 20th of June, 1743. Her father, Dr. Aiken, kept a private school for boys, and under his instruction she acquired a knowledge of both Greek and Latin. At her father's house, too, she met Dr. Priestley, Dr. Taylor, Roscoe, Pennant the naturalist, and

other men of culture, who influenced her thought and stimulated the development of her mind. In 1773 she published a volume of poems, and, encouraged by its success, in conjunction with her brother, a volume of "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose." In the following year she married the Rev. R. Barbauld, a Nonconformist minister, who shortly after opened a school for boys at Palgrave, Suffolk. While here Mrs. Barbauld published "Hymns in Prose for Children" (1781), a work that had a large sale both in England and America, and which was translated into several languages. In 1787 the Barbaulds gave up their school and removed to Hampstead, where Mr. Barbauld became minister of a Nonconformist Church. Here they formed the acquaintance of Agnes and Joanna Baillie, and Mrs. Barbauld wrote a number of pieces for her brother's "Evenings at Home." In 1802 Mr. Barbauld accepted the charge of a Church at Newington Green, where his wife had the great advantage of living near to her brother, who had become a physician. Here Mr. Barbauld developed symptoms of mental derangement, and, after attempting the life of his wife—who escaped him by leaping from a window—was placed under restraint, from which, however, he managed to escape in November 1808, when he committed suicide by throwing himself into the New River. Mrs. Barbauld, engaged frequently in literary work, edited a selection for the "British Essayists"; an edition of "Richardson's Letters"; a collection of the "British Novelists," with biographical notices, which latter work was published in 1810. In 1811 she edited "The Female Speaker," and wrote a long poem on the current

year. For some years she enjoyed the friendship of Wordsworth, Lamb, Rogers, Crabb Robinson, and others, who visited her and felt the charm of her manners and conversation. She died at the age of eighty-two, on the 9th of March, 1825. Her poems were published in two volumes in 1826.

Much of Mrs. Barbauld's poetry is commonplace to our eyes, but some of it justifies the judgment of her contemporaries, and seems likely to hold its place in hymn-books and anthologies for many years to come.

Wordsworth committed the following lines, from a poem entitled "Life," to memory, and said of them, "I am not in the habit of grudging other people their good things, but I wish I had written these lines."

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-Morning.

As Mr. Eric Robinson says, "Few will deny the lyric charm of the concluding lines."

Walter Savage Landor, who was an admirer of Mrs. Barbauld's verse, quoted the following lines from "A Summer Evening's Meditation" with high praise:—

But are they silent all? or is there not
A tongue in every star that talks with man,
And woos him to be wise? nor woos in vain:
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,

And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
 At this still hour the self-collected soul
 Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
 Of high descent, and more than mortal rank ;
 An embryo God ; a spark of fire divine,
 Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
 (Fair transitory creature of a day)
 Has closed his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
 Forgets his wonted journey through the east.

Of her devotional verse the two following hymns
 are fine examples, and it would not be difficult to
 add to the number :—

I.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days !
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let Thy praise our tongues employ ;

For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield ;
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the generous olive's use :

Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :

All that Spring with bounteous hand
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that liberal Autumn pours
 From her rich o'er-flowing stores :

These to Thee, my God, we owe,—
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;
 And for these my soul shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the ripening ear ;
 Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
 Drop her green untimely fruit ;

Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store ;
 Though the sickening flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall ;

Should Thine alter'd hand restrain
 The early and the latter rain ;
 Blast each opening bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy ;

Yet to Thee my soul should raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
 And, when every blessing's flown,
 Love Thee—for Thyself alone.

II.

Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes,
 See where thy foes against thee rise,
 In long array, a numerous host ;
 Awake, my soul, or thou art lost !

Here giant Danger threatening stands,
 Mustering his pale terrific bands ;
 There Pleasure's silken banners spread,
 And willing souls are captive led.

See where rebellious passions rage,
 And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
 The meanest foe of all the train
 Has thousands and ten thousands slain !

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
 Perils and snares beset thee round ;
 Beware of all, guard every part,
 But most, the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
 The weight of thine immortal shield ;
 Put on the armour from above
 Of heavenly Truth and heavenly Love.

The terror and the charm repel,
 And powers of earth, and powers of hell ;
 The Man of Calvary triumph'd here :
 Why should His faithful followers fear ?

ONE of the most prolific as well as one of the most successful of the early hymn-writers of the century was THOMAS KELLY (1769-1854). The son of an Irish judge of Common Pleas, he was born in Dublin on the 13th of July, 1769, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, after which he studied for the Bar, but ultimately turned his back upon the Law, and took Holy Orders in 1792. He was an earnest preacher of the Evangelical school, and a friend of the Rev. Rowland Hill. Archbishop Fowler interdicted his preaching in Dublin, and finally he seceded from the Church of England and erected places of worship at Athy, Portarlington, Wexford, and other places, where he preached from time to time. In 1802 he published "A Collection of Psalms and Hymns from various Authors," in which he included thirty-three original hymns; in 1804 "Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture"; and in 1815 "Hymns by Thomas Kelly, not before Published." According to Julian, Kelly wrote seven hundred and sixty-five hymns, during a period of fifty-one years. All of these hymns are included in the edition of his hymns published in 1853.

I.

The head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now:
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
 The joy of all below,
 To whom He manifests His love,
 And grants His name to know :

To them the cross with all its shame,
 With all its grace, is given :
 Their name an everlasting name,
 Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
 They reign with Him above ;
 Their profit and their joy to know
 The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore is life and health,
 Though shame and death to Him,
 His people's hope, His people's wealth,
 Their everlasting theme.

II.

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious :
 See the Man of Sorrows now,
 From the fight returned victorious :
 Every knee to Him shall bow.
 Crown Him, crown Him :
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him :
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings.
 Crown Him, crown Him :
 Crown the Saviour, King of kings !

Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name.
 Crown Him, crown Him :
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark, those bursts of acclamation !
 Hark, those loud triumphant chords !
 Jesus takes the highest station :
 O what joy the sight affords !
 Crown Him, crown Him,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords !

Deservedly remembered chiefly for one sweet lyric which has become universally popular, HARRIET AUBER was born in London on the 4th of October, 1773, and died at Hoddesdon, Herts, on the 20th of January, 1862, at the great age of eighty-eight. In 1829 she published her "Spirit of the Psalms," which contained a number of metrical versions of the Psalms from her pen. Twenty-five of these, according to Julian, are in common use, more particularly in America ; but the hymn already referred to, and quoted in full below, is her most widely accepted contribution to hymnody, and seems likely to survive long in the service of the Christian Church.

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
 His tender last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
 With us to dwell.

He came in semblance of a dove,
 With sheltering wings outspread,
 The holy balm of peace and love
 On earth to shed.

He came in tongues of living flame,
 To teach, convince, subdue ;
 All-powerful as the wind He caine—
 As viewless too.

He came sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious, willing guest,
 While He can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Eccentricities of inspiration, which sometimes result in productions that may almost be called fortuitous, occur in poetry as in other departments of art; and single poems, like single speeches and single pictures, sometimes baffle all accounting for. Of such the famous sonnet "To Night," by JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE, is perhaps the most striking example.

Joseph Blanco White (1775-1839) was born at Seville, in the year 1775, of Irish parents. He published "Letters from Spain" (1822), "Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism" (1825), and other works of theological polemics. He also translated into Spanish the "Evidences" of Porteus and Paley, "The Book of Common Prayer," and some of the "Homilies," and at one time edited the *London Review*. He wrote little verse, and, with the exception of the sonnet on Night and Death, none that calls for remark. This sonnet Coleridge characterised as "the finest and most greatly conceived sonnet in our language"; and Leigh Hunt declared that for thought it "stands supreme perhaps above all in any language, nor can we ponder it too deeply or with too hopeful a reverence." As Mr.

Sharp pointed out in his "Sonnets of the Century," quite a Blanco-White literature has grown up round this sonnet, further particulars concerning which may be found in Main's "Treasury of English Sonnets."

TO NIGHT.

Mysterious Night ! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo ! Creation widened in man's view.
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find,
 Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind !
 Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife ?
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?

Among the successful translations from the Latin which have taken their place in the common use of the Church is the fine, picturesque hymn by PHILIP PUSEY (1779-1855) given below. Philip Pusey was the eldest son of Philip Pusey, son of the first Viscount Folkestone, and brother of Dr. Pusey.

Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
 Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
 Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
 Lord God Almighty.
 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling ;
 See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling ;
 Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
 Thou canst preserve us.
 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
 Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
 Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaleth,
 Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
 Grant them Thy truth that they may be forgiven,
 Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
 Peace in Thy heaven.

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852), best known as the author of "Lalla Rookh" and of the "Irish Melodies" represented among the general poets of this series, published a small number of sacred songs in 1816, of which several have been widely used in Christian worship. Of these, "O Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear," in a modified form, has been one of the most popular; and "Thou art, O God, the life and light," and "Sound the loud timbrel," the latter wedded to the music of Avison, and made noteworthy by Browning in "Parleyings with Certain People," have been among the most widely used.

I.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see :
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee :
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day with farewell beam delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven,—
 Those hues, that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord ! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
 And every flower the Summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye,—
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

II.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
 Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free.
 Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken ;
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
 How vain was their boasting!—the Lord hath but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
 Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord ;
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword !—
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?
 For the Lord hath look'd out from His pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
 Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free.

"Hymns for the Nursery" (1806) and "Hymns for Infant Minds" (1809), both by ANN and JANE TAYLOR, deserve mention, as early attempts to reach the child-level in simple verse. Besides these works the sisters collaborated in "Original Poems" (1805), and Ann, afterwards Mrs. Gilbert (1782-1866), published separately "Hymns for Sunday-School Anniversaries" (1827) and "Hymns for Infant Schools" (1827), Jane (1783-1824) publishing separately "Display: a Tale" (1815) and "Essays in Rhyme" (1816). Jane also contributed to the annuals and to the *Youth's Magazine*, from which a

number of her essays were reprinted as the posthumous contributions of "Q. Q." in 1824. An authorised edition of the "Hymns" was published by Mrs. Gilbert's son, Josiah Gilbert, the artist, in 1886. Of these, those of Mrs. Gilbert are the stronger, the best being "Great God, and wilt Thou condescend," "Jesus, who lived above the sky," and "Lo, at noon 'tis sudden night." Of Jane's hymns, "There is a path that leads to God" and "When daily I kneel down to pray" are perhaps the best. Her "Essays in Rhyme" are interesting and well written, her poem "The Squire's Pew" having a pathos in it which has not altogether evaporated with the years. The following is from the pen of Mrs. Gilbert:—

Great God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
I, a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky ?

Art Thou my Father ? Canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer ?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise ?

Art Thou my Father ? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee ;
And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

Art Thou my Father ? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend ;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

Art Thou my Father ? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

The following hymn is from the pen of Jane Taylor :—

When daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say
Unless I feel it too.

Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile ;
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

Some idle play, or childish toy,
Can send my thoughts abroad ;
Though this should be my greatest joy—
To love and seek the Lord.

Oh ! let me never, never dare
To act the trifler's part ;
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from my heart.

But if I make His ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I seek Him with my voice,
My heart will love Him too.

In strong contrast to the sentimental school of religious poetry come the hymns of WILLIAM JOHNSON Fox, who was born at Wrentham on the 1st of March, 1786. Educated at a chapel school in Norwich, he worked his way from the position of an errand boy to that of a clerk in a bank, employing all his leisure in self-culture and studying mathematics, Latin, and Greek. In 1806 he entered the Independent College at Homerton under Dr. Pye Smith, and in 1810 became pastor of a Church at Fareham. Two years later, having declared for Unitarianism, he became pastor of

the Unitarian Church, Chichester, whence he removed to Parliament Court Chapel, London, in 1817. In 1824 he migrated with his Church to a new building erected for him at South Place, Finsbury, with which his name became permanently associated. Here he gave much time to literature and politics; became editor, and afterwards proprietor, of the *Monthly Repository*, in connection with which he gathered round him a staff of writers, which included John Stuart Mill, Harriet Martineau, Crabb Robinson, Robert Browning, Sarah Flower Adams, and others. For the details of his literary and political career the reader is referred to an article by Dr. Garnett in "The Dictionary of National Biography," from which these facts are taken. Suffice it to say here that he became a regular contributor to the *Morning Chronicle* and later to the *Daily News*, a leader of the anti-Corn-Law movement 1840, and Member of Parliament for Oldham 1847. He died on the 3rd of June, 1864.

For the use of his congregation at South Place, he prepared and published a book of hymns and anthems, which contained a number of original hymns, of which the following are examples :—

I.

A little child, in bulrush ark,
Came floating on the Nile's broad water ;
That child made Egypt's glory dark,
And freed his tribe from bonds and slaughter.

A little child enquiring stood
In Israel's temple of its sages ;
That child, by lessons wise and good,
Made pure the temples of past ages.

'Mid worst oppressions, if remain
 Young hearts to Freedom still aspiring ;
 Though nursed in Superstitious chain,
 If human minds be still enquiring,—

Then, let not priest or tyrant dote
 On dreams of long the world commanding ;
 The ark of Moses is afloat,
 And Christ is in the temple standing.

II.

" Make us a god," said man ;
 Power first the voice obeyed ;
 And soon a monstrous form
 Its worshippers dismayed ;
 Uncouth and huge, by nations rude adored,
 With savage rites and sacrifice abhorred.

" Make us a god," said man ;
 Art next the voice obeyed ;
 Lovely, serene, and grand,
 Uprose the Athenian maid ;
 The perfect statue, Greece with wreathèd brows,
 Adores in festal rites and lyric vows.

" Make us a god," said man :
 Religion followed Art,
 And answered, " Look within ;
 God is in thine own heart—
 His noblest image there, and holiest shrine,
 Silent revere—and be thyself divine."

III.

The sage his cup of hemlock quaffed,
 And calmly drained the fatal draught :
 Such pledge did Grecian justice give
 To one who taught them how to live.

The Christ, in piety assured,
 The anguish of His cross endured :
 Such pangs did Jewish bigots try
 On Him who taught us how to die.

'Mid prison-walls, the sage could trust
 That men would grow more wise and just ;
 From Calvary's mount the Christ could see
 The dawn of immortality.

Who know to live, and know to die,
 Their souls are safe, their triumph nigh :
 Power may oppress and priestcraft ban ;
 Justice and faith are God in man.

For the use of his own congregation ANDREW REED (1787-1862), philanthropist and preacher, prepared a hymn-book, which, subject to modifications, passed through many editions from its first publication as a supplement to that of Dr. Watts in 1817. To this work he contributed anonymously original hymns from time to time to the number of twenty-one, of which the following seems likely to survive the longest :—

Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
 And make this house Thy home ;
 Descend with all Thy gracious powers,—
 O eome, Great Spirit, come !

Come as the *light*—to us reveal
 Our emptiness and woe ;
 And lead us in those paths of life
 Where all the righteous go.

Come as the *fire*—and purge our hearts
 Like sacrificial flame ;
 Let our whole soul an offering be
 To our Redeemer's name.

Come as the *dew*—and sweetly bless
 This consecrated hour ;
 May barrenness rejoice to own
 Thy fertilising power.

Come as the *dove*—and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

Come as the *wind*—with rushing sound,
And pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,—
O come, Great Spirit, come!

As a philanthropist Andrew Reed left behind him unique memorials of practical religion in the numerous institutions which he founded for the help of the poor and needy and the amelioration of the sufferings of the afflicted, any one of which would have been a noble legacy. These include the London Orphan Asylum, the Asylum for Fatherless Children, the Asylum for Idiots, the Infant Orphan Asylum, and the Hospital for Incurables. He was a minister of the Congregational body.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA, *née* BROWNE, better known as "Charlotte Elizabeth," author of "Derry : a Tale of the Revolution," "Personal Recollections," "Chapters on Flowers," etc., etc., was the daughter of the Rev. Michael Browne, Rector of St. Giles', Norwich, and was born on the 1st of October, 1790. She wrote several hymns, of which the following is the most striking. She died on the 12th of July, 1849.

THE MARINER'S MIDNIGHT HYMN.

O Thou who didst prepare
 The ocean's caverned cell,
 And lead the gathering waters there
 To meet and dwell :
 Tossed in our reeling bark
 On this tumultuous sea,
 Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
 And sing to Thee.

How terrible art Thou,
 In all Thy wonders shown ;
 Though veiled is that eternal brow,
 Thy steps unknown !
 Invisible to sight—
 But oh ! to faith how near—
 Beneath the gloomiest cloud of night
 Thou beamest here.

Borne on the darkening wave
 In measured sweep we go,
 Nor dread th' unfathomable grave
 That yawns below ;
 For He is nigh who trod
 Amid that foaming spray,
 Whose billows owned th' incarnate God
 And died away.

Let slumber's balmy seal
 Imprint our tranquil eyes ;
 Though deep beneath the waters steal,
 And circling rise ;
 Though swells the confluent tide,
 And beetles far above,—
 We know in whom our souls confide
 With fearless love.

Snatched from a darker deep
 And waves of wilder foam,
 Thou, Lord, those trusting souls wilt keep,
 And wast them home ;

Home, where no tempests sound,
Nor angry waters roar,
Nor troublous billows heave around
The peaceful shore.

JAMES EDMESTON (1791-1867), the author of the popular hymns "Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us" (written for the children of the London Orphan Asylum) and "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing," is said to have written no less than two thousand hymns, of which many have come into general use. An architect by profession, he had Sir Gilbert Scott for a pupil, and published a number of volumes of verse. The principal of these are "The Search and other Poems" (1817); "Sacred Lyrics" (first series, 1820; second series, 1821; third series, 1822); "Patmos, a Fragment, and other Poems" (1824); "The Woman of Shunem and other Poems" (1829); "Fifty Original Hymns" (1833); "Church Hymns and Poems" (1844); "Infant Breathings" (1846); "Sacred Poetry" (1847). He died on the 7th of January, 1867.

I.

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee ;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be !

Saviour ! breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go !

Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
 Love, with every passion blending,
 Pleasure, that can never cloy :
 Thus provided,
 Pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy !

II.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;
 Sin and want we come confessing,
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal ;
 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;
 We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
 Thou art He, who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be :
 Should swift death this night o'er take us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

"Hymns for Private Devotion for the Sundays and Saints' Days throughout the Year," by Samuel Rickards (1825), has supplied one or two hymns to subsequent collections, among which the Christmas hymn here quoted is the most notable. The author, SAMUEL RICKARDS, was born in 1796, and educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he was Newdigate Prizeman in 1815, B.A. 1817, M.A. 1820. He was a Fellow of his college 1819 to 1823, and was contemporary with Newman, Keble, and other famous Churchmen. He was Curate of Ulcombe

1825, and Rector of Stowlangtoft, Ely, 1832. He published, besides the "Hymns," "The Christian Householder; or, Book of Family Prayers," "A Parish Prayer Book," "Short Sermons," etc., and died on the 24th of August, 1865.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Though rude winds usher thee, sweet day,
 Though clouds thy face deform,
 Though nature's grace is swept away
 Before the sleety storm ;
 Ev'n in thy sombrest wintry vest,
 Of blessed days thou art most blest.

Nor frigid air nor gloomy morn
 Shall check our jubilee ;
 Bright is the day when Christ was born,
 No sun need shine but He ;
 Let roughest storms their coldest blow,
 With love of Him our hearts shall glow.

Inspired with high and holy thought,
 Fancy is on the wing ;
 It seems as to mine ear it brought
 Those voices carolling,
 Voices through heaven and earth that ran,
 Glory to God, goodwill to man.

I see the shepherds gazing wild
 At those fair spirits of light ;
 I see them bending o'er the Child
 With that untold delight
 Which marks the face of those who view
 Things but too happy to be true.

There, in the lowly manger laid,
 Incarnate God they see ;
 He stoops to take, through spotless maid,
 Our frail humanity :
 Son of high God, creation's Heir,
 He leaves His Heaven to raise us there.

Through Him, Lord, we are born anew,
 Thy children once again ;
 Oh ! day by day our hearts renew,
 That Thine we may remain,
 And, angel-like, may all agree,
 One sweet and holy family.

Oft, as this joyous morn doth come
 To speak our Saviour's love,
 Oh, may it bear our spirits home
 Where He now reigns above ;
 That day which brought Him from the skies,
 So man restores to Paradise !

Then let winds usher thee, sweet day,
 Let clouds thy face deform ;
 Though nature's grace is swept away
 Before thy sleety storm ;
 Ev'n in thy sombrest wintry vest,
 Of blessed days thou art most blest.

Many modern hymns have been written with a direct view to inculcating religious doctrine, and some have admirably succeeded in their didactic aim without losing altogether poetic character. Of these the following hymn by DR. BINNEY is an example.

Thomas Binney was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in the year 1798, and was apprenticed to a bookseller, but made use of what little leisure he had for self-culture by studying the classics with a Presbyterian clergyman. He ultimately entered the Theological Seminary at Wymondley, Hertfordshire, where he remained three years, after which he held pastorates successively at "New Meeting," Bedford, and "St. James's Street," Newport, Isle of Wight, removing in 1829 to the Weigh House Church, Fish Street Hill, London.

He was an eloquent preacher, an earnest controversialist, and a successful author, his most popular books being "Is it Possible to Make the Best of Both Worlds?" (1853) and "Micah the Priest-Maker" (1867). He was a D.D. of Aberdeen. He died on the 23rd of February, 1874, and was buried at Abney Park Cemetery, Dean Stanley taking part in the service. He wrote several hymns, of which the following is the best:—

Eternal Light! Eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight,
Can live, and look on Thee!

The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

O! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God:—

These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love!

Of "single" poems, the following, written in Richmond Churchyard, Yorkshire, has been one of the most popular. HERBERT KNOWLES, the author, was born at Canterbury in 1798, and died in 1817. Southey, always ready to recognise struggling talent, published these "Lines" in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxi., pp. 397, 398, from which it has been reprinted in countless anthologies.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE CHURCHYARD OF RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

"It is good for us to be here: if Thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."—MATT. xvii. 4.

Methinks it is good to be here;
If Thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Oh, no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see! they would pin him below,
In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah, no!—she forgets
The charms which she wielded before—
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride—
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside;
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain;
Who hid, in their turn have been hid:
The treasures are squander'd again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford—
 The revel, the laugh, and the jeer ?
 Ah ! here is a plentiful board !
 But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
 And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love ?
 Ah, no ! they have wither'd and died,
 Or fled with the spirit above ;
 Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
 Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow ?—The dead cannot grieve :
 Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
 Which compassion itself could relieve !
 Ah ! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear—
 Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here !

Unto Death, to whom Monarchs must bow ?
 Ah, no ! for his empire is known,
 And here there are trophies enow !
 Beneath—the cold dead, and around—the dark stone,
 Are the signs of a Sceptre that none may disown !

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
 And look for the sleepers around us to rise !
 The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfill'd ;
 And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
 Who bequeath'd us them both when He rose to the skies.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, author of "Babbicombe; or, Visions of Memory, and other Poems" (1842), "Hymns of the Heart" (1848), "The Passion of Jesus" (1852), has often been quoted in the hymnals of England and America. The hymn "Crown Him with many crowns," in various modified forms, has been a great favourite, and his version of the hymn "Lo ! He comes with clouds descending" is also in use. Mr. Bridges was born at Maldon, Essex, on the 14th of July, 1800, and educated in the

Church of England, but subsequently entered the Church of Rome.

"IN CAPITE EJUS, DIADEMATA MULTA."

APOC., xix. 12.

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne ;
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own !
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee ;
And hail Him as thy matchless King,
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Virgin's Son !
The God Incarnate born,—
Whose Arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn !
Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem :
The Root, whence Mercy ever flows,—
The Babe of Bethlehem !

Crown Him the Lord of Love !
Behold His Hands and Side,—
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified :
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright !

Crown Him the Lord of Peace !
Whose power a sceptre sways,
From pole to pole,—that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise :
His reign shall know no end,
And round His piercèd Feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of Years !
 The Potentate of Time,—
 Creator of the rolling spheres,
 Ineffably sublime !
 Glass'd in a sea of light,
 Where everlasting waves
 Reflect His Throne,—the Infinite !
 Who lives,—and loves,—and saves.

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven !
 One with the Father known,—
 And the blest Spirit, through Him given,
 From yonder triune throne !
 All hail ! Redeemer,—hail !
 For Thou hast died for me ;
 Thy praise shall never, never fail,
 Throughout eternity !

RICHARD MASSIE (1800) did good service to English hymnody by translating hymns from the German. He published translations of Martin Luther's "Spiritual Songs" (1854); "Lyra Domestica" (first series, 1860), in which he included translations of the first series of Spitta's "Psalter and Harfe"; and vol. ii. (1864), containing translations of Spitta's second series, with an appendix of translations from other German authors; besides which he contributed translations to various hymnals. Of his original hymns, one of the most popular is the one commencing,—

O Lord, who taught to us on earth
 This lesson from above,
 That all our works are nothing worth,
 Unless they spring from love.

The following is a favourable specimen of his translations :—

EVENING.

(C. J. P. SPITTA.)

O Lord, who by Thy presence hast made light
 The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
 Be with me also in the silent night,
 Be with me when the daylight fades away.
 As Thou hast given me strength upon the way,
 So deign at evening to become my guest ;
 As Thou hast shared the labours of the day,
 So also deign to share and bless my rest.

No step disturbs me, not a sound is heard,
 I commune in my chamber and am still,
 And muse with deep attention on Thy word,
 The faithful record of Thy mind and will.
 O speak a word of blessing, gracious Lord,
 Thy blessing is endued with soothing power ;
 On the poor heart, worn out with toil, Thy word
 Falls soft and gentle as an evening shower.

How sad and cold, if Thou be absent, Lord,
 The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead !
 But, if Thy presence grace my humble board,
 I seem with heavenly manna to be fed ;
 Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet repose,
 The calm of evening settles on my breast ;
 If Thou be with me when my labours close,
 No more is needed to complete my rest.

Come then, O Lord, and deign to be my guest
 After the day's confusion, toil, and din ;
 O come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
 To give salvation, and to pardon sin.
 Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart
 Left in my bosom from the day just past,
 And let me, on a Father's loving heart,
 Forget my griefs, and find sweet rest at last.

The following popular national hymn was written
 by the Rev. JOHN REYNELL WREFORD, D.D. (1800-

1881). He was educated at Manchester College, York, and became co-pastor with the Rev. John Kentish at New Meeting, Birmingham, until failure of voice compelled him to resign. He then started a school at Edgbaston in conjunction with the Rev. Hugh Hutton. His hymns, fifty-five in number, were contributed to the Rev. J. R. Beard's collection of "Hymns for Public and Private Worship" (1837), from which several have been reprinted in other hymnals. Of these one of the best is "Lord, I believe, Thy power I own," and certainly the most widely used is the following:—

Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
 Of every clime and coast;
O hear us for our native land,—
 The land we love the most!

Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
 And here our kindred dwell;
Our children, too:—how should we love
 Another land so well!

O guard our shores from every foe,
 With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
 Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
 The songs of liberty.

Here may religion, pure and mild,
 Upon our Sabbaths smile;
And piety and virtue reign,
 And bless our native isle.

Lord of the nations! thus to Thee
 Our country we commend;
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,
 Her everlasting Friend!

HARRIET MARTINEAU, who was born in 1802, was one of the band of writers who gathered round William Johnson Fox, editor of the *Monthly Repository*, sending contributions to that journal when not more than nineteen years of age. She was much interested in the movements with which Fox was associated, and with her pen contributed much to the furtherance of social and political reform. In 1831 she began the series of "Illustrations of Political Economy," with which she did so much to popularise the principles laid down by Adam Smith. In 1852 she became a contributor to the *Daily News*, for which she continued to write for many years. She died on the 27th of June, 1876. Harriet Martineau wrote some verse for children in a small volume of "Addresses with Prayers and Original Hymns for the Use of Families and Schools," published in 1826, and contributed two hymns to the "Hymns and Anthems" prepared by W. J. Fox in 1845 for the use of his congregation at South Place. The hymn "Arise, my soul" is from the earlier book; the other examples are from the latter.

1.

Arise, my soul! and urge thy flight,
And fix thy view on God alone,
As eagles spring to meet the light,
And gaze upon the radiant sun.

As planets on and onward roll,
As streams pour forth their swelling tide,
Press on thy steady course, my soul,
Nor pause, nor stop, nor turn aside.

Planets and suns shall dim their fire;
Earth, air, and sea, shall melt away;
But though each star of heaven expire,
Thou may'st survive that awful day.

In life, in death, thy course hold on :
 Though nature's self in ruins lie,
 Pause not till heaven-gate be won ;
 Then rest ; for there thou canst not die.

II.

Beneath this starry arch
 Nought resteth or is still ;
 But all things hold their march,
 As if by one great will :
 Moves one, move all :
 Hark to the footfall !
 On, on, for ever !

Yon sheaves were once but seed :
 Will ripens into deed.
 As cave-drops swell the streams,
 Day-thoughts feed nightly dreams ;
 And sorrow tracketh wrong,
 As echo follows song.
 On, on, for ever !

By night, like stars on high,
 The hours reveal their train ;
 They whisper, and go by ;
 I never watch in vain :
 Moves one, move all :
 Hark to the footfall !
 On, on, for ever !

They pass the cradle-head,
 And there a promise shed ;
 They pass the moist new grave,
 And bid rank verdure wave ;
 They bear through every clime
 The harvests of all time,
 On, on, for ever !

III.

All men are equal in their birth,
 Heirs of the earth and skies ;
 All men are equal when that earth
 Fades from their dying eyes.

All wait alike on Him whose power
 Upholds the life He gave ;
 The sage within his star-lit tower,
 The savage in his cave.

God meets the throngs that pay their vows
 In courts their hands have made ;
 And hears the worshipper who bows
 Beneath the plantain shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,
 And speaks of high and low,
 And worships those and tramples these,
 While the same path they go.

Oh, let man hasten to restore
 To all their rights of love ;
 In power and wealth exult no more ;
 In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great ! renounce your earth-born pride ;
 Ye low, your shame and fear :
 Live as ye worship side by side ;
 Your brotherhood revere.

ISAAC WILLIAMS, son of a Chancery barrister, was born at the house of his grandfather, Cwmeyn-felin, Cardiganshire, on the 12th of December, 1802. He was educated privately and at Harrow School and Trinity College, Oxford, where he won the prize for Latin verse in 1823 with a poem entitled "Ars Geologica," a circumstance which gained for him the friendship of Keble. After holding a curacy at Windrush for a short time, he was elected Fellow of Trinity, and, returning to Oxford, was introduced by Hurrell Froude to John Henry Newman, whose curate he afterwards became at St. Mary's, Oxford. On the resignation of the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford by Keble, Williams

became a candidate for the office, but met with great opposition, on account of his association with the Tractarian movement, and was defeated, after which he retired from public life. He died on the 1st of May, 1865. He published numerous works, including the following in verse : "The Cathedral" (1838) ; "Thoughts in Past Years" (1838) ; "Hymns Translated from the Parisian Breviary" (1839) ; "Hymns on the Catechism" (1842) ; "The Bap-tistry" (1842) ; "Ancient Hymns for Children" (1842) ; "The Altar" (1849) ; and "The Christian Scholar" (1849). Some of these works are ambitious, but cannot be regarded as successes from the poetic point of view. The set purpose of the design of such a work as "The Cathedral" is incompatible with the freedom which favours inspiration, and the result is a work which is far more ecclesiastical than poetical. The following are favourable examples of his lyrics. The first is given as quoted by Lord Selborne in "The Book of Praise" ; the second is from the "Translations from the Parisian Breviary."

I.

The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest ;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed ;
By flowing stream or grassy mead
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts for ever sings,
 And feels as light as it had wings ;
 A well of peace within it springs ;
 Come good or ill,
 Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
 It is His will !

11.

AT MIDNIGHT.

" Jam desinant suspiria.

Away with sorrow's sigh,
 Our prayers are heard on high ;
 And through Heaven's crystal door,
 On this our earthly floor
 Comes meek-eyed Peace to walk with poor mortality.

In dead of night profound,
 There breaks a seraph sound
 Of never-ending morn ;
 The Lord of glory born

Within a holy grot on this our sullen ground.

Now with that shepherd crowd
 If it might be allowed,
 We fain would enter there
 With awful hastening fear,

And kiss that cradle chaste in reverend worship bowed.

O sight of strange surprise
 That fills our gazing eyes :
 A manger coldly strew'd,
 And swaddling-bands so rude,

A leaning mother poor, and child that helpless lies.

Art Thou, O wondrous sight,
 Of lights the very Light,
 Who holdest in Thy hand
 The sky and sea and land ;

Who than the glorious Heavens art more exceeding bright ?

'Tis so ;—faith darts before,
 And, through the cloud drawn o'er,
 She sees the God of all,
 Where Angels prostrate fall,

Adoring tremble still, and trembling still adore.

No thunders round Thee break,
 Yet doth Thy silence speak
 From that, Thy Teacher's seat,
 To us around Thy feet,
 To shun what flesh desires, what flesh abhors to seek.

Within us, Babe divine,
 Be born, and make us Thine ;
 Within our souls reveal
 Thy love and power to heal ;
 Be born, and make our hearts Thy cradle and Thy shrine.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY (1802-1862) was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated 1824. Taking Holy Orders, he became Curate of Lutterworth (1827-1844), and subsequently Rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone, and Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral. He died on the 8th of March, 1862. He published "A Collection of Hymns for Public Worship" (1838); "Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship" (1851); and "Church Psalmody," hints for the improvement of a collection of hymns published by the Christian Knowledge Society 1853. To these books he contributed a number of original hymns, which have since been often reprinted, of which the following is one of the most popular :—

Lord of the harvest ! Thee we hail :
 Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;
 The varying seasons haste their round,
 With goodness all our years are crowned :
 Our thanks we pay
 This holy day ;
 O let our hearts in tune be found !

If Spring doth wake the song of mirth ;
 If Summer warms the fruitful earth ;

When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
 Or Autumn yields its ripened grain ;
 Still do we sing
 To Thee, our King ;
 Through all the changes Thou dost reign.
 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
 Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
 When sounds of music fill the air,
 As homeward all their treasures bear ;
 We too will raise
 Our hymn of praise,
 For we Thy common bounties share.
 Lord of the harvest, all is Thine !
 The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
 The seed once hidden in the ground,
 The skill that makes our fruits abound !
 New, every year,
 Thy gifts appear ;
 New praises from our lips shall sound !

HENRY JAMES BUCKOLL (1803-1871) was educated at Rugby and Queen's College, Oxford. Graduating in 1826, he became Assistant Master at Rugby. In 1839 he edited "A Collection of Hymns for the Rugby Parish Church," and in 1850, with Dr. Goulburn, a new edition of the collection for the Rugby School Chapel, to which he contributed fourteen hymns. He also published "Hymns Translated from the German" (1842). This contained translations, sixty-seven in number, from Bunsen's "Versuch."

(VON CANITZ.)

Come, my soul, thou must be waking—
 Now is breaking
 O'er the earth another day :
 Come, to Him who made this splendour,
 See thou render
 All thy feeble strength can pay.

From the stars thy course be learning;
Dimly burning

'Neath the sun their light grows pale;
So let all that sense delighted,
While benighted,

From God's presence fade and fail.

Lo! how all of breath partaking,
Gladly waking,

Hail the sun's enlivening light!
Plants, whose life mere sap doth nourish,
Rise and flourish

When he breaks the shades of night.

Thou too hail the light returning;
Ready burning

Be the incense of thy powers;—
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended

With His care thy helpless hours.

Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,

When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldest pursue.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth—
He unfoldeth

Every fault that lurks within;
Every stain of shame gloss'd over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

Fetter'd to the fleeting hours
All our powers

Vain and brief, are borne away:
Time, my soul, thy ship is steering,
Onward veering,
To the gulf of death a prey.

May'st thou then on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet:

And, releas'd from death's dark sadness,
 Rise in gladness,
 That far brighter sun to greet.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
 His light refuse not,
 But still His Spirit's voice obey ;
 Soon shall joy thy brow be wreathing,
 Splendour breathing
 Fairer than the fairest day.

If aught of care this morn oppress thee,
 To Him address thee,
 Who, like the sun, is good to all :
 He gilds the mountain tops, the while
 His gracious smile
 Will on the humblest valley fall.

Round the gifts His bounty showers,
 Walls and towers
 Girt with flames thy God shall rear :
 Angel legions to defend thee
 Shall attend thee,
 Hosts whom Satan's self shall fear.

The foregoing text is taken from "The Christian Life: its Course, Hindrances, and its Helps" (1841), a volume of sermons preached in Rugby School Chapel by Dr. Arnold.

SAMUEL GREG (1804-1877) was born at Manchester, and was educated under Dr. Lant Carpenter at Bristol and at Edinburgh University. He was a mill-owner at Bollington, Macclesfield, where he held services for his work-people. He published "Scenes from the Life of Jesus" (1854), a prose work, and wrote a few hymns, of which the following are the best. After his death a volume of his addresses was published (1877), for which Dean Stanley wrote a preface.

I.

DEATH.

Slowly, slowly darkening
The evening hours roll on;
And soon behind the cloud-land
Will sink my setting sun.

Around my path life's mysteries
Their deepening shadows throw;
And as I gaze and ponder,
They dark and darker grow.

But there's a voice above me
Which says, "Wait, trust, and pray;
The night will soon be over,
And light will come with day."

Father! the light and darkness
Are both alike to Thee;
Then to Thy waiting servant,
Alike they both shall be.

The great unending future,
I cannot pierce its shroud;
Yet nothing doubt, nor tremble,
God's bow is on the cloud.

To Him I yield my spirit;
On Him I lay my load:
Fear ends with death; beyond it
I nothing see but GOD.

Thus moving towards the darkness
I calmly wait His call,
Now seeing,—fearing nothing;
But hoping, trusting—all!

II.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Stay, Master, stay upon this heavenly hill:
A little longer, let us linger still;

With these two mighty ones of old beside,
 Near to the Awful Presence still abide ;
 Before the throne of light we trembling stand,
 And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.

Stay, Master, stay ! we breathe a purer air ;
 This life is not the life that waits us there :
 Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses come and go ;
 We cannot speak them—nay, we do not know ;
 Wrapt in this cloud of light we seem to be
 The thing we fain would grow—eternally.

“No !” saith the Lord, “the hour is past,—we go ;
 Our home, our life, our duties lie below.
 While here we kneel upon the mount of prayer,
 The plough lies waiting in the furrow there ;
 Here we sought God that we might know His will ;
 There we must do it,—serve Him,—seek Him still.”

If man aspires to reach the throne of God,
 O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road.
 He who best does his lowly duty here,
 Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere :
 At God's own feet our spirits seek their rest,
 And he is nearest Him who serves Him best.

JAMES MARTINEAU was born at Norwich on the 21st of April, 1805 ; and after passing through the Norwich Grammar School, spent two years under Dr. Lant Carpenter at Bristol, after which he entered Manchester College, York, as a divinity student. From 1828 to 1832 he was minister of Eustace Street Chapel, Dublin ; from 1832 to 1857 of Paradise Street (afterwards Hope Street) Church, Liverpool. In 1840 he became Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy and Political Economy at Manchester New College, removing with the college to London, and becoming President in 1869. In London he ministered to the congregation of

Little Portland Street Chapel until 1873. He was made D.C.L. of Oxford 1888. He edited "A Collection of Hymns for Christian Worship" (1831); "Hymns for the Christian Church and Home" (1840); and "Hymns of Praise and Prayer" (1873). He has written several hymns, which appeared anonymously at first, but which are now acknowledged. The following are the most noteworthy :—

I.

"THY WAY IS IN THE DEEP."

1840.

Thy way is in the deep, O Lord !
E'en there we'll go with Thee :
We'll meet the tempest at Thy word,
And walk upon the sea !

Poor tremblers at His rougher wind,
Why do we doubt Him so ?
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet shall go.

A moment may His hand be lost,—
Drear moment of delay !—
We cry, "Lord ! keep the tempest-tost,"—
And safe we're borne away.

The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care ;
But comes Himself, where'er He hears
The voice of loving prayer.

O happy soul of faith divine !
Thy victory how sure !
The love that kindles joy is thine,—
The patience to endure.

Come, Lord of peace ! our griefs dispel,
And wipe our tears away :
'Tis Thine, to order all things well,
And ours to bless the sway.

11.

THE INWARD WITNESS OF GOD.

1873.

"Where is your God?" they say;—
 Answer them, Lord most Holy!
 Reveal Thy secret way
 Of visiting the lowly:
 Not wrapped in moving cloud,
 Or nightly-resting fire;
 But veiled within the shroud
 Of silent high desire.

Come not in flashing storm,
 Or bursting frown of thunder:
 Come in the viewless form
 Of wakening love and wonder;—
 Of duty grown divine,
 The restless spirit, still;
 Of sorrows taught to shine
 As shadows of Thy will.

O God! the pure alone,—
 E'en in their deep confessing,—
 Can see Thee as their own,
 And find the perfect blessing:
 Yet to each waiting soul
 Speak in Thy still small voice,
 Till broken love's made whole,
 And saddened hearts rejoice.

JOHN F. CHANDLER (1806-1876), Vicar of Witley (1837), was one of the earliest as well as one of the most successful of the translators from the Latin who have done so much to enrich modern hymnody. He was first led to undertake this work by seeing some translations from the Parisian Breviary by Isaac

Williams in the *British Magazine*. He published "The Hymns of the Primitive Church, now first collected, translated, and arranged" (1837), and "The Hymns of the Church, mostly Primitive, collected, translated, and arranged for Public Use" (1841); from which, according to Julian, some thirty or forty hymns have come into general use. The following are examples:—

I.

VICTIS SIBI COGNOMINA.

PARIS BREVIARY.

'Tis for conquering kings to gain
Glory o'er their myriads slain ;
Jesu, Thy more glorious strife
Hath restored a world to life.

So no other Name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead to rise,
And exalt them to the skies.

That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will you madly cast away ?

Rather gladly for that Name,
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death, but victory.

Dost Thou, Jesu, condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend ?
Ours then it shall always be
Thus to make our boast of Thee.

11.

SPLENDOR PATERNÆ GLORIAE.

AMBROSE.

O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace,
 Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face ;
 Thou Fountain of eternal light,
 Whose beams disperse the shades of night ;

Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
 Shower down Thy radiance from above ;
 And to our inward hearts convey
 The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

And we the Father's help will claim,
 And sing the Father's glorious Name ;
 His powerful succour we implore,
 That we may stand, to fall no more.

May He our actions deign to bless,
 And loose the bonds of wickedness ;
 From sudden falls our feet defend,
 And bring us to a prosperous end.

May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
 Subdue our flesh, our minds control ;
 May guile depart, and discord cease,
 And all within be joy and peace.

And Christ shall be our daily food,
 Our daily drink His precious blood ;
 And thus the Spirit's calm excess
 Shall fill our souls with holiness.

Oh, hallowed be the approaching day !
 Let meekness be our morning ray,
 And faithful love our noonday light,
 And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

O Christ, with each returning morn
 Thine image to our hearts is borne ;
 Oh ! may we ever clearly see
 Our Saviour and our God in Thee !

GEORGE RAWSON (1807-1889) was a solicitor, practising at Leeds, in which town he was born on the 5th of June, 1807. He took part in the compilation of several hymn-books, to which he contributed many original hymns. He published "Hymns, Verses, and Chants" in 1876, and "Songs of Spiritual Thought" in 1885. He died on the 25th of March, 1889. According to Julian, about fifty of his hymns are in general use in England and America. Among the more popular of these are "By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored," "Come to our poor nature's night," and "Father, in high heaven dwelling." The two examples given represent the writer in contrast of prayer and praise.

I.

TRUST.

My Father, it is good for me
To trust and not to trace;
And wait with deep humility
For Thy revealing grace.

Lord, when Thy way is in the sea,
And strange to mortal sense,
I love Thee in the mystery,
I trust Thy providence.

I cannot see the secret things
In this my dark abode;
I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.

So, faith and patience, wait awhile!—
Not doubting, not in fear;
For soon in heaven my Father's smile
Shall render all things clear.

Then Thou shalt end time's short eclipse,
 Its dim, uncertain night ;
 Bring in the grand apocalypse,
 Reveal the perfect Light.

II.

PSALM cxlviii.

Praise ye the Lord, immortal quire,
 In heavenly heights above,
 With harp and voice and souls of fire,
 Burning with perfect love.

Shine to His glory, worlds of light !
 Ye million suns of space,
 Fair moons and glittering stars of night,
 Running your mystic race !

Ye gorgeous clouds, that deck the sky
 With crystal, crimson, gold,
 And rainbow arches raised on high,
 The Light of Light unfold !

List to Jehovah, wintry main,
 Your grand white hands in prayer !
 Still summer seas, in dulcet strain
 Murmur hosannas there !

Do homage, breezy ocean floor,
 With many-twinkling sign ;
 Majestic calms, be hushed before
 The Holiness Divine !

Storm, lightning, thunder, hail and snow,
 Wild winds that keep His word,
 With the old mountains far below
 Unite to bless the Lord.

His name, ye forests, wave along !
 Whisper it, every flower !
 Birds, beasts, and insects, swell the song
 That tells His love and power !

And round the wide world let it roll,
 Whilst man shall lead it on;
 Join every ransomed human soul,
 In glorious unison!

Come, aged man! Come, little child!
 Youth, maiden, peasant, king,—
 To God, in Jesus reconciled,
 Your hallelujahs bring!

The all-creating Deity!
 Maker of earth and heaven!
 The great redeeming Majesty,
 To Him the praise be given!

The following hymn, used on many State occasions, was written by EDWARD ARTHUR DAYMAN, B.D., who was born at Padstow, Cornwall, on the 11th of July, 1807, and educated at Tiverton and Exeter College, Oxford. A Fellow and Tutor of his College, he became Proctor in 1835, and, taking Holy Orders, successively Examiner for University Scholarships for Latin 1838, and in Lit. Hum. 1838-9. In 1840 he became Senior Proctor of the University; in 1842, Rector of Shilling-Okeford, Dorset; in 1849, Rural Dean; in 1852, Proctor in Convocation; and in 1862, Honorary Canon of Bitton in Sarum Cathedral. He died on the 30th of October, 1890. He was co-editor, with Canon Woodford and Lord Nelson, of the "Sarum Hymnal" (1868), to which he contributed translations from the Latin, as well as original hymns, including "Sleep thy last sleep," which bears date 1868.

Sleep thy last sleep,
 Free from care and sorrow,
 Rest, where none weep,
 Till the eternal morrow;

Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness,
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness ;
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest !
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

In 1836 a small volume, containing fifty-two hymns, was printed for private circulation at Bridgewater, bearing the following title: "Hymns by the late Joseph Anstice, M.A., formerly Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and Professor of Classical Literature at King's College, London." This little sheaf of Christian verse was the harvest of a period of pain and suffering which ended in early death. As the hymns were dictated to his wife during intervals of teaching, which he continued until the very day of his death, they did not have the advantage of final revision for the press, and for this reason were withheld on their first publication from the general public. Many of them, however, were included in Mrs. Young's "Child's Christian Year," published in 1841, and from this source have found their way

into general use. Perhaps the most popular of these hymns is the five-stanza hymn (reduced to four stanzas in some collections) beginning,—

O Lord ! how happy should we be
 If we could cast our care on Thee ;
 If we from self could rest ;
 And feel at heart that One above,
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best.

Others of these hymns show greater finish, of which the evening hymn "Father, by Thy love and power," too long for quotation, and the two examples which follow, may be mentioned. JOSEPH ANSTICE was born at Madcley, Shropshire, in 1808, and was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, where he had a distinguished career, gaining two English prizes and graduating a double first. He published "Richard Cœur de Lion," his prize poem, 1828; "The Influence of the Roman Conquest upon Literature and the Arts in Rome," his prize essay; and "Selections from the Choice Poetry of the Greek Dramatic Writers, translated into English Verse" (1832). He died at Torquay on the 29th of February, 1836, at the early age of twenty-eight years.

I.

" Come to a desert place apart,
 And rest a little while ;"
 So spake the Christ, when limbs and heart
 Wax'd faint and sick through toil.

High communings with God He sought :
 But, where He sought them, found
 The restless crowd together brought,
 And labour's weary round.

Then not a thought to self was given,
 Nor breath'd a word of blame ;
 He fed their souls with bread from Heaven,
 Then stay'd their sinking frame.
 Turn'd He, when that long task is done,
 To sleep fatigue away ?
 When on the desert sank the sun,
 The Saviour waked to pray.
 O perfect Pattern from above,
 So strengthen us, that ne'er
 Prayer keep us back from works of love,
 Nor works of love from prayer.

II.

Lord of the harvest ! once again
 We thank Thee for the ripen'd grain ;
 For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
 Thy servants through another year ;
 For all sweet holy thoughts, supplied
 By seed-time and by harvest-tide.
 The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
 Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
 Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
 Fresh garnish'd by the King of Kings ;
 So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
 Shall new and glorious bodies be.
 Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
 A lesson from the reaper's task ;
 So shall Thine angels issue forth ;—
 The tares be burnt ;—the just of earth,
 Playthings of sun and storm no more,
 Be gather'd to their Father's store.
 Daily, O Lord, our prayer is said
 As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;
 But not alone our bodies feed ;
 Supply our fainting spirits' need ;
 O Bread of Life ! from day to day,
 Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay !

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL (1811-1875) was born at Londonderry, and was educated at Trinity

College, Dublin, and became Chaplain to Bishop Mant; Rector of Ramoan; Vicar of Egham, Surrey; and Rector of St. Nicholas', Guildford. He published a number of books, including "Hymns and Miscellaneous Poems" (1837); "His Presence, not His Memory" (1855); "Spiritual Songs" (1857); "Hymns of Love and Praise for the Church's Year" (1863); "The Passing Bell"; "Ode to the Nightingale and other Poems" (1867); "Litany Hymns" (1869); "The Parish Hymnal" (1873); "Watches by the Cross" (1874); also "Simon the Cyrenian and other Poems," "Nursery Carols," etc., etc. To these or other volumes he contributed some three hundred hymns, many of which are widely used. He died on the 9th of April, 1875. The following examples are given as finally revised by the author during his last illness:—

I.

Birds have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
All creatures have their rest,
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest ;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

I who once made Him grieve,
I who once bid His gentle spirit mourn ;
Whose hand essay'd to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn :—

O why should I have peace ?
Why—but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above ?

Yes, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
 The brightness of that face,
Which once was pale and agonized for me !

Let the birds seek their nest,
~~Foxes~~ their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
 Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head !

Come ! give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth Thou lov'st,—within
 A heart, that for Thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

II.

God is Love, by Him upholden
 Hang the glorious orbs of light,
In their language, glad and golden,
 Speaking to us day and night
 Their great story,
God is Love, and God is Might.

And the teeming earth rejoices
 In that message from above,
With ten thousand thousand voices
 Telling back, from hill and grove,
 Her glad story,
God is Might, and God is Love.

With these anthems of creation,
 Mingling in harmonious strife,
Christian songs of Christ's salvation,
 To the world with blessings rife,
 Tell their story,
God is Love, and God is Life.

Through that precious Love He sought us,
 Wand'ring from His holy ways,
With that precious Life He bought us ;
 Then let all our future days
 Tell this story :
Love is Life—our lives be Praise.

Gladsome is the theme, and glorious,
Praise to Christ our gracious Head,
Christ, the risen Christ, victorious
Death and hell hath captive led.
Welcome story!
Love lives on, and Death is dead.

Up to Him let each affection
Daily rise, and round Him move
Our whole lives, one Resurrection
To the Life of life above;
Their glad story,
God is Life, and God is Love.

NORMAN MACLEOD was born at Campbeltown, Argyllshire, on the 3rd of June, 1812. He studied at the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and became parish minister at Loudoun, in Ayrshire, in 1838, and at Dalbeattie in 1843. In 1846 he visited Canada on a mission for the General Assembly of the Church, and in 1851 was inducted into the Barony parish, Glasgow. He was made a D.D. of Glasgow in 1858, and became Editor of *Good Words* on its foundation in 1860. In 1867 he visited the mission field of India on behalf of the General Assembly, and in 1869 was elected Moderator. He died at Glasgow on the 16th of June, 1872.

Norman Macleod wrote little verse, and except for one stirring song would have had no title to recognition here. This song, "Trust in God," first appeared in the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* for January 1857 (a magazine edited by its author), and has since found its way into countless collections of verse. The justification of the use of verse as a means of expression must be that it is able to express the thought of the writer more effectively than it

could be expressed within the same limits in prose. This, if its only justification, must be taken as sufficient, and it justifies the existence of much more or less didactic verse, which, if not poetry, fulfils at least some of the offices of poetry in elevating thought, stimulating action, and quickening love.

TRUST IN GOD.

Courage, brother ! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night ;
There's a star to guide the humble :
“ Trust in God, and do the right.”

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight :
Foot it bravely, strong or weary ;
“ Trust in God, and do the right.”

Perish “ policy ” and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light !
Whether losing, whether winning,
“ Trust in God, and do the right.”

Trust no forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright ;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
“ Trust in God, and do the right.”

Trust no party, Church, or faction ;
Trust no leaders in the fight ;
But, in every word and action,
“ Trust in God, and do the right.”

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight ;
Cease from man, and look above thee ;
“ Trust in God, and do the right.”

Simple rule, and safest guiding :
Inward peace, and inward light ;
Star upon our path abiding :
“ Trust in God, and do the right.”

These verses are full of moral stimulus, much of which would evaporate in the process of reducing them to prose. Hence the justification of their poetic form.

"Hymns from the Land of Luther" (first series, 1854; second series, 1855; third series, 1858; fourth series, 1862), by JANE BORTHWICK (1813) and her sister Sarah (Mrs. FINDLATER, 1823-1886), was one of the earliest systematic attempts to enrich English hymnody from German sources, and was made, singularly enough, practically simultaneously with the efforts of Catherine Winkworth in the same direction. The first series of "Hymns from the Land of Luther" was published by the Borthwicks in 1854; the first edition of "Lyra Germanica" by Catherine Winkworth in 1855. Miss Borthwick contributed a number of translations and original poems to the *Family Treasury*, which were afterwards collected and published under the title "Thoughts for Thoughtful Hours" in 1857. Her most popular original hymn is "Come, labour on," her best-known translation "Jesus, still lead on."

I.

Come, labour on !
 Who dares stand idle on the harvest-plain,
 While all around him waves the golden grain ?
 And to each servant does the Master say,
 " Go work to-day."

Come, labour on !
 Claim the high calling angels cannot share,
 To young and old the Gospel-gladness bear ;
 Redeem the time ; its hours too swiftly fly,
 The night draws nigh.

Come, labour on !
 The enemy is watching night and day,
 To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away ;
 While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
 He slumbered not.

Come, labour on !
 Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear !
 No arm so weak but may do service here ;
 By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
 His righteous will.

Come, labour on !
 No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
 While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
 And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—
 "Servants, well done!"

Come, labour on !
 The toil is pleasant, and the harvest sure,
 Blessèd are those who to the end endure ;—
 How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
 O Lord, with Thee !

II.

(ZINZENDORF.)

Jesus, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won !
 And although the way be cheerless,
 We will follow, calm and fearless :
 Guide us by Thy hand
 To our Fatherland

If the way be drear,
 If the foe be near,
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
 Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
 For, through many a foe,
 To our home we go.

When we seek relief
 From a long-felt grief ;
 When oppressed by new temptations,
 Lord, increase and perfect patience ;
 Show us that bright shore
 Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on
 Till our rest be won ;
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us,
 Till we safely stand
 In our Fatherland.

EDWARD CASWELL (1814-1878) was born at Yateley, in Hampshire, on the 15th of July, 1814, and was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he graduated with honours in 1836. In 1838 he took Holy Orders, and in 1840 became Incumbent of Stratford-sub-Castle, near Salisbury, where he remained until 1847, when he resigned his incumbency, and three years later entered the Church of Rome, joining Dr. Newman at the Oratory, Edgbaston, Birmingham, where he died on the 2nd of January, 1878. Caswell's publications include "Lyra Catholica" (1849), a work containing one hundred and ninety-seven translations from the Roman Breviary, Missal, and other sources; "The Masque of Mary and other Poems" (1858), a book containing numerous translations and original hymns; "A May Pageant and other Poems" (1865), including a few more original hymns; and "Hymns and Poems" (1873), a work embodying the three earlier publications, many of the poems of which were revised for republication.

Caswell's original hymns have not been largely used outside the Roman communion, but some of

his translations have attained a popularity second only to that of Dr. Neale's translations of hymns from Eastern sources. The best known of his original hymns is the following, from "The Masque of Mary" volume :—

I.

SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

Days and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead ;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.

Soon our souls, to God who gave them,
Will have sped their rapid flight ;—
Able now by grace to save them,
O, that while we can we might !

Jesu, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame !
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came ;

Whence we came, and whither wending,
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

Among the more popular of Caswell's translations are the hymns, "Jesu, the very thought of Thee," "O Jesu, King most wonderful," "When morning gilds the skies," and "The sun is sinking fast," all of which are variously modified from the originals given in "The Masque of Mary and other Poems."

II.

ST. BERNARD'S HYMN; OR, THE LOVING SOUL'S JUBILATION.

Jesu dulcis memoria.

I.

Jesu, the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills my breast ;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find,
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind !

O hope of every contrite heart !
 O joy of all the meek !
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art !
 How good to those who seek !

But what to those who find ? ah, this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show :
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but His loved ones know.

O Jesu, light of all below !
 Thou Fount of life and fire !
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 And all we can desire ;—

Thee will I seek, at home, abroad,
 Who everywhere art nigh ;
 Thee in my bosom's cell, O Lord,
 As on my bed I lie.

With Mary to Thy tomb I'll haste,
 Before the dawning skies,
 And all around with longing cast
 My soul's enquiring eyes.

Beside Thy grave will make my moan,
 And sob my heart away ;
 Then at Thy feet sink trembling down,
 And there adoring stay ;

Nor from my tears and sighs refrain,
 Nor Thy dear knees release,
 My Jesu, till from Thee I gain
 Some blessed word of peace !

II.

O Jesu, King most wonderful !
 Thou Conqueror renown'd ;
 Thou sweetness most ineffable !
 In whom all joys are found !

Stay with us, Lord ; and with Thy light
 Illume the soul's abyss ;
 Scatter the darkness of our night,
 And fill the world with bliss !

When once Thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine ;
 Then earthly vanities depart ;
 Then kindles love divine.

Jesu ! Thy mercies are untold,
 Through each returning day ;
 Thy love exceeds a thousandfold
 Whatever we can say ;

That love which in Thy Passion drain'd
 For us Thy precious Blood ;
 Whence with Redemption we have gain'd
 The Vision of our God !

May every heart confess Thy name,
 And ever Thee adore ;
 And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.

Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be ;
 Jesu, be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

III.

AN EVENING HYMN.

The sun is sinking fast ;
 The daylight dies ;
 Let love awake and pay
 Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the Cross
 In death reclin'd,
 Into His Father's hands
 His parting soul resign'd ;

So now herself my soul
 Would wholly give,
 Into His sacred charge,
 In whom all spirits live ;

So now beneath His eye
 Would calmly rest,
 Without a wish or thought
 Abiding in the breast,

Save that His will be done,
 Whate'er betide ;
 Dead to herself ; and dead,
 In Him, to all beside.

Thus would I live ;—yet now
 Not I, but He ;
 In all His power and love
 Henceforth alive in me !

One sacred Trinity !
 One Lord divine !
 Myself for ever His,
 And He for ever mine !

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY (1815-1881) was born at Alderley, Cheshire, on the 13th of December, 1815. He was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, and at Oxford, where he had a brilliant career,—gaining the Newdigate prize for English verse with a poem on "The Gypsies"; the Ireland scholarship; a first class in Classical honours, 1837; the prize for the Latin essay, 1839; and the English and the Theological essays, 1840. He was a Fellow of University College, and a Tutor for twelve years; Select Preacher, 1845-46; Canon of Canterbury, 1851-55; Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Oxford, 1855; Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London, 1858; Dean of Westminster, 1863; Lord Rector of St. Andrews, 1875. He died on the 18th of July, 1881. He published "Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold" (1844); "Memoirs of Richard Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, and Catherine Stanley" (1850); "Historical Memorials of Canterbury" (1854); "Sinai and Palestine" (1856); "Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church" (1861); "Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church" (1863-65); "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey" (1867); and various other works.

Dean Stanley wrote very little verse, and that little does not display high poetic merit. Prose was clearly his natural form of expression, and in the freedom of prose he was much more poetic than when hampered by the fetters of rhyme. Dr. Overton, writing in Julian's "Dictionary of Hymnology," says: "That exquisite taste and felicity of diction which distinguish more or less all his prose writings, seem to desert him when he is writing verse. Like

another great writer, Jeremy Taylor, his prose is poetical, but his poetry is prosaic. The divine afflatus is wanting." The following examples are at once the best and most popular of his poems:—

I.

HYMN ON THE TRANSFIGURATION.

"Master, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with Thee :"
Here, in an ampler, purer air,
Above the stir of toil and care,
Of hearts distraught with doubt and grief,
Believing in their unbelief,
Calling Thy servants, all in vain,
To ease them of their bitter pain.

"Master, it is good to be
Where rest the souls that talk with Thee :"
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
The great old saints of other days ;
Who once received on Horeb's height,
The eternal laws of truth and right ;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

"Master, it is good to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful Three :"
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock ;
Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
"The thought that breathes, the word that burns ;"
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With Him Whose last, best creed is Love.

"Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enrapt, alone with Thee ;"
Watching the glistening raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light Divine ;
Still we, too, change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured Face.

"Master, it is good to be
 In life's worst anguish close to Thee :"
 Within the overshadowing cloud
 Which wraps us in its awful shroud,
 We wist not what to think or say,
 Our spirits sink in sore dismay ;
 They tell us of the dread "Decease" :
 But yet to linger here is peace.

"Master, it is good to be
 Here on the Holy Mount with Thee ;"
 When darkling in the depths of night,
 When dazzled with excess of light,
 We bow before the heavenly Voice
 That bids bewildered souls rejoice :
 Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
 "This is My Son ; O hear ye Him !"

II.

HE IS GONE—BEYOND THE SKIES.

He is gone—beyond the skies,
 A cloud receives Him from our eyes;
 Gone beyond the highest height
 Of mortal gaze or angel's flight ;
 Through the veils of Time and Space,
 Pass'd into the Holiest Place ;
 All the toil, the sorrow done,
 All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—and we return,
 And our hearts within us burn ;
 Olivet no more shall greet
 With welcome shout His coming feet ;
 Never shall we track Him more
 On Gennesareth's glistening shore ;
 Never in that look or voice
 Shall Zion's hill again rejoice.

He is gone—and we remain
 In this world of sin and pain ;
 In the void which He has left,
 On this earth of Him bereft,
 We have still His work to do,
 We can still His path pursue ;
 Seek Him both in friend and foe,
 In ourselves His image show.

He is gone—we heard Him say,
 “Good that I should go away.”
 Gone is that dear Form and Face,
 But not gone His present grace ;
 Though Himself no more we see,
 Comfortless we cannot be :
 No, His Spirit still is ours,
 Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone—towards their goal,
 World and Church must onwards roll :
 Far behind we leave the past ;
 Forwards are our glances cast :
 Still His words before us range
 Through the ages as they change :
 Wheresoe'er the Truth shall lead,
 He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more
 Shall behold Him as before ;
 In the Heaven of Heavens the same,
 As on earth He went and came.
 In the many mansions there,
 Place for us will He prepare :
 In that world, unseen, unknown,
 He and we may yet be one.

He is gone,—but not in vain ;
 Wait, until He comes again ;
 He is risen, He is not here,
 Far above this earthly sphere,
 Evermore in heart and mind,
 Where our peace in Him we find :
 To our own Eternal Friend,
 Thitherward let us ascend.

JANE MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL (1817-1878) contributed translations from the German to "The Garland of Song; or, an English Liederkranz" (Rev. C. S. Brere, 1862), as well as to "The Children's Choral Book" (same editor, 1869). She also published "A Handbook for Singers." The following, which is a portion of "Im Anfang war's auf Erden," is the most popular of her hymns:—

(M. CLAUDIUS.)

We plough the fields, and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 But it is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand ;
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes, and the sunshine,
 And soft refreshing rain.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above,
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all His love !

He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far ;
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star ;
 The winds and waves obey Him,
 By Him the birds are fed ;
 Much more to us, His children,
 He gives our daily bread.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above,
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all His love !

We thank Thee then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food.

No gifts have we to offer
 For all Thy love imparts,
 But that which Thou desirest,
 Our humble, thankful hearts.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above,
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all His love !

ANNE BRONTË (1819-1849) was born at Thornton, West Bradford, and was joint author, with her sisters EMILY BRONTË (1818-1848) and CHARLOTTE BRONTË (1816-1849), of a small volume of verse published in 1846. Under the *nom de plume* Acton Bell she published "Agnes Grey" (1847) and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall" (1847). In 1851 an edition of "Wuthering Heights" by Ellis Bell (Emily Brontë) and "Agnes Grey" by Acton Bell (Anne Brontë), with selections from the verse of both sisters, was published by Charlotte Brontë, whose *nom de plume* was Currer Bell. All these gifted sisters wrote verse, that of Emily being the most successful. Selections from the poetry of Emily Brontë are given in the volume devoted to the Women Poets of the Century, where they are prefaced by an article from the pen of Dr. Garnett; but, even at the cost of repetition, we cannot omit her noble "Last Lines" from this connection.

LAST LINES.

No coward soul is mine,
 No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere :
 I see Heaven's glories shine,
 And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
 Almighty, ever-present Deity!
 Life—that in me has rest,
 As I—undying Life—have power in Thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
 That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ;
 Worthless as withered weeds,
 Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
 Holding so fast by Thine infinity ;
 So surely anchored on
 The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
 Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
 Pervades and broods above,
 Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
 And suns and universes ceased to be,
 And Thou were left alone,
 Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
 Nor atom that his might could render void :
 THOU—THOU art Being and Breath,
 And what THOU art may never be destroyed.

The distinctive features of the work of the three sisters are sufficiently indicated by Dr. Garnett in the article referred to above, and it will suffice to say here that the verse of Charlotte Brontë does not lend itself to quotation in this connection, while that of Anne will be sufficiently represented by the verses which follow. The last lines of Anne Brontë cannot compare with those of her sister for strength and finish, but they have a pathetic interest of their own.

LAST LINES.

I hoped that with the brave and strong,
 My portioned task might lie ;
 To toil amid the busy throng,
 With purpose pure and high ;

But God has fixed another part,
 And He has fixed it well ;
 I said so with my bleeding heart,
 When first the anguish fell.

Thou, God, hast taken our delight,
 Our treasured hope away :
 Thou bidst us now weep through the night
 And sorrow through the day.

These weary hours will not be lost,
 These days of misery,
 These nights of darkness, anguish-tossed,—
 Can I but turn to Thee :

With secret labour to sustain
 In humble patience every blow,
 To gather fortitude from pain,
 And hope and holiness from woe.

Thus let me serve Thee from my heart,
 Whate'er may be my written fate :
 Whether thus early to depart,
 Or yet a while to wait.

If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,
 More humbled I should be,
 More wise,—more strengthened for the strife,—
 More apt to lean on Thee :

Should death be standing at the gate,
 Thus should I keep my vow :
 But, Lord ! whatever be my fate,
 O let me serve Thee now !

" These lines written," says Charlotte Brontë,
 the desk was closed, the pen laid aside—for ever."

Sir HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER (1821-1877) was the son of Admiral Sir Henry Lorine Baker, and succeeded to the baronetcy in 1851. He was born in London, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. 1844, and M.A. 1847. From 1851 until his death in 1877 he was Vicar of Monkland, Herefordshire, during which time he rendered the Church great service by editing "Hymns Ancient and Modern," the most popular of modern hymn-books, to which he contributed a number of original hymns, metrical litanies, and translations. His most widely used hymn is his version of the twenty-third Psalm, the third verse of which formed his last utterance upon the bed of death :—

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

PSALM xxiii. 1.

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight ;
 Thy unction grace bestoweth ;
 And, oh, what transport of delight
 From Thy pure Chalice floweth !

And so through all the length of days
 Thy goodness faileth never ;
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
 Within Thy house for ever.

FRANCES POWER COBBE, author of numerous original works, including "An Essay on Intuitive Morals," and editor of the works of Theodore Parker in twelve volumes, was the author of several poems, of which the hymn "God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn," given below, is the best known. Miss Cobbe was born at Dublin on the 4th of December, 1822. The following verses were written in 1859 :—

"REST IN THE LORD, AND WAIT PATIENTLY
 FOR HIM."

PSALM XXXVII. 7.

God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn,—
 Wouldst thou ask why?
 It is because all noblest things are born
 In agony.

Only upon *some* cross of pain or woe
 God's Son may lie :
 Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
 Its Calvary.

Yet we must crave neither for joy nor grief;
 God chooses best :
 He only knows our sick souls' best relief,
 And gives us rest.

More than our feeble hearts can ever pine
 For holiness,
 That Father in His tenderness divine,
 Yearneth to bless.

He never sends a joy not meant in love,
Still less a pain :
Our gratitude the sunlight falls to prove ;
Our faith, the rain.

In His hands we are safe. We falter on
Through storm and mire :
Above, beside, around us, there is One
Will never tire.

What though we *fall*,—and bruised and wounded lie,
Our lips in dust !
God's arm shall lift us up to victory !
In Him we trust.

For neither life nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Can ever sever us, that we should go
From His great love.

Among the most popular hymns of recent years, several of those written by the Rev. GODFREY THRING must be numbered. Mr. Thring was born at Alford, Somerset, on the 25th of March, 1823, and was educated at Shrewsbury School and Balliol College, Oxford. After holding several curacies, he became Rector of Alford in 1867, and Prebendary of East Harptree in Wells Cathedral 1876. He published "Hymns Congregational and Others" (1866), "Hymns and Verses" (1866), "Hymns and Sacred Lyrics" (1874), and "A Church of England Hymn-Book" (1880). Many of his hymns are in common use, some of them being great favourites for congregational purposes; they show an eye for the picturesque, a dramatic instinct, a sympathetic spirit, and a joyous disposition. The hymn commencing "Saviour, blessed Saviour," which in its complete form, as given in "Hymns and Sacred

Lyrics," comprises ten stanzas of eight lines each, is too long for selection. The same may be said of the fine hymn beginning "I heard a sound of voices." The following hymns are of general acceptance among the Churches:—

AFTERNOON HYMN.

The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;—
Lead us, O Christ, Thou Living Way,
Safe Home at last.

Oh! by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on High;
Help us to look to that Bright Place
Beyond the sky;—

Where Light, and Life, and Joy, and Peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;—

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

II.

THE GREAT CALM.

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapt in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

"Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry :
 "O save us in our agony!"
 Thy word above the storm rose high,—
 "Peace, be still!"

The wild winds hushed ; the angry deep
 Sank, like a little child, to sleep,
 The sullen billows ceased to leap,
 At Thy will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
 And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
 Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
 "Peace, be still!"

III.

(MARTIN LUTHER.)

A Fortress sure is God our King,
 A Shield that ne'er shall fail us,
 His sword alone shall succour bring,
 When evil doth assail us ;
 With craft and cruel hate
 Doth Satan lie in wait,
 And, armed with deadly power,
 Seeks whom he may devour ;
 On earth where is his equal ?

O who shall then our champion be,
 Lest we be lost for ever ?
 One sent by God,—from sin 'tis He
 The sinner shall deliver ;
 And dost thou ask His Name ?
 'Tis Jesus Christ,—the Same
 Of Sabaoth the Lord,
 The Everlasting Word,—
 'Tis He must win the battle.

God's word remaineth ever sure,
 (To us no merit owing,)
 The Spirit's gifts—of sin the cure—
 Each day He is bestowing ;
 Though naught we love be left,
 Of all, e'en life, bereft ;
 Yet what shall Satan gain ?
 God's kingdom doth remain,
 And shall be ours for ever.

One of the most popular as well as one of the most beautiful of modern hymns is that of the Rev. HENRY TWELLS which follows. Mr. Twells was born in 1823, and educated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge. He was curate of Great Berkhamstead, 1849-51; Sub-Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, 1851-54; Rector of Baldock, Herts, 1870, and of Waltham-on-the-Wolds, 1871; Select Preacher at Cambridge, 1873-74; and Canon of Peterborough, 1884. From 1854 to 1870 he was engaged in education. He has written several hymns, but his evening hymn is the one by which he is best known. In some collections the first line is altered and the fourth verse omitted. The word "when" is sometimes substituted for "ere" and the word "did" for "was" in the former. The following is the original form, though it was first published in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," Appendix, 1868, without the fourth verse.

At even, ere the sun was set,
 The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
 O in what divers pains they met !
 O with what joy they went away !

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
 Oppressed with various ills, draw near ,
 What if Thy form we cannot see ?
 We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel ;
 For some are sick, and some are sad ;
 And some have never loved Thee well,
 And some have lost the love they had ;
 And some are pressed with worldly care ;
 And some are tried with sinful doubt ;
 And some such grievous passions tear
 That only Thou canst cast them out ;
 And some have found the world is vain,
 Yet from the world they break not free ;
 And some have friends who give them pain,
 Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
 For none are wholly free from sin ;
 And they, who fain would serve Thee best,
 Are conscious most of wrong within.
 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan
 The very wounds that shame would hide ;
 Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall :
 Hear in this solemn evening hour,
 And in Thy mercy heal us all.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (1825-1864) was born in Bedford Square, London, on the 30th of October, 1825. Her father, Bryan Waller Procter, better known to many by his *nom de plume* Barry Cornwall, himself a writer of classic verse, was for many years the centre of a choice literary circle, which included many of the leading writers of his time ; his daughter's literary aspirations therefore may be said to have been set from the first in congenial surroundings. Her love for poetry early manifested itself first in fondness for that of others, and afterwards in the composition of original verse, though it was not until the year 1853 that she offered some of her

poems for publication. These were sent under the assumed name Mary Berwick to Charles Dickens, who inserted them in *Household Words*. Dickens was a friend of Barry Cornwall's, and had known Adelaide Procter all her life; and it is a proof of the modest sincerity of her character that she did not take advantage of her personal knowledge of Charles Dickens, but sent her verses incognito to be judged on their merits by the Editor of *Household Words*. Adelaide Procter's general verse is represented in the volume of THE POETS AND THE POETRY OF THE CENTURY which is devoted to the Women Poets, and there examples of her lyrical and narrative poetry are given with a critical introduction from the pen of Mr. H. J. Gibbs. Here it is her devotional verse which calls for representation, and of this one example will suffice. Though all of Adelaide Procter's poems are characterised by an earnestness of purpose which gives them a religious tone, her actual output of definitely religious verse is very small. The poem "Thankfulness," quoted below, has, however, given voice to the religious feelings of so many that it certainly deserves a place in any collection of the religious poetry of the time. Much of Adelaide Procter's poetry was "made perfect through suffering," and in these lines she shows herself to have attained to a rare standard of Christian faith and culture. She died on the 2nd of February, 1864.

My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
 Joy to abound;
 So many gentle thoughts and deeds
 Circling us round;
 That in the darkest spot of earth
 Some love is found.

I thank Thee *more* that all our joy
 Is touched with pain;
 That shadows fall on brightest hours,
 That thorns remain;
 So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
 And not our chain.

For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon
 Our weak heart clings,
 Hast given us joys, tender and true,
 Yet all with wings,
 So that we see, gleaming on high,
 Diviner things.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
 The best in store;
 I have enough, yet not too much,
 To long for more;
 A yearning for a deeper peace
 Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
 Though amply blest,
 Can never find, although they seek,
 A perfect rest,—
 Nor ever shall, until they lean
 On Jesus' breast!

Modern hymnody is rich in hymns for special purposes and occasions, among which the hymn of WILLIAM WHITING (1825-1878) "For Those at Sea" is a great favourite. Mr. Whiting was for some years master of Winchester College Choristers' School. He published "Rural Thoughts and other Poems" (1851), and contributed about a

dozen hymns to various hymnals, the most popular of which is the one given here :—

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep :
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
Thus evermore may rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

LAURENCE TUTTIETT, son of John Tuttiett, surgeon R.N., was born at Cloyton in Devonshire in 1825, and was educated at Christ's Hospital and King's College, London. In 1854 he became perpetual Curate of Lea Marston, Warwickshire; in 1870 Incumbent of the Episcopal Church of St. Andrews, Scotland; and in 1880 Prebendary of St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth. He published "Hymns for Churchmen" (1854), "Counsels of a

Godfather" (1861), "Hymns for the Children of the Church" (1862), "Germs of Thought on the Sunday Services" (1864), and "Through the Clouds, Thoughts in Plain Verse" (1866), all of which contain original verse. The most popular of his hymns are "Father, let me dedicate all this year to Thee," "Go forward, Christian soldiers," "O Jesu, ever present," and "O quickly come, dread Judge of all."

O quickly come, dread Judge of all ;
 For, awful though Thine advent be,
 All shadows from the truth will fall,
 And falsehood die, in sight of Thee :
 O quickly come ; for doubt and fear
 Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

O quickly come, great King of all ;
 Reign all around us, and within ;
 Let sin no more our souls enthral,
 Let pain and sorrow die with sin :
 O quickly come ; for Thou alone
 Canst make Thy scattered people one.

O quickly come, true Life of all ;
 For death is mighty all around ;
 On every home his shadows fall,
 On every heart his mark is found :
 O quickly come ; for grief and pain
 Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

O quickly come, true Light of all ;
 For gloomy night broods o'er our way ;
 And weakly souls begin to fall
 With weary watching for the day :
 O quickly come ; for round Thy throne
 No eye is blind, no night is known.

ELIZABETH CHARLES, daughter of John Rundle, M.P., was born at Tavistock, Devonshire, in 1827. She was

the author of several widely popular works for the young, including "The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" and "The Diary of Kitty Trevlyan." She wrote and translated a number of hymns, and published, in addition to the works mentioned above, "The Voice of Christian Life in Song ; or, Hymns and Hymn-Writers of Many Lands and Ages" (1858), "The Three Wakings and other Poems" (1859), "Poems" (New York, 1867), "The Women of the Gospels," etc. (1868), and "Songs Old and New" (1894). Among her most widely accepted hymns are "Age after age shall call thee blessed" and "Never further than Thy cross." She died at Hampstead on the 28th of March, 1896.

I.

Never further than Thy Cross !
Never higher than Thy feet !
Here earth's precious things grow dross ;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

Gazing thus, our sin we see ;
Learn Thy love while gazing thus !
Sin which laid the Cross on Thee,
Love which bore the Cross for us.

Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny ;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite ;
Captives, by Thy Cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy Cross, we fight.

Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts shall tend ;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end ;

Till amid the hosts of light,
We, in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy Cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

II.

The strongest light casts deepest shades,
The dearest love makes dreariest loss ;
And she His birth so blest had made
Stood by Him dying on the cross.

Yet since not grief but joy shall last,
The day and not the night abide,
And all time's shadows earthward cast
Are lights upon the "other side ;"

Through what long bliss that shall not fail
That darkest hour shall brighten on !
Better than any angel's "*Hail !*"
The memory of "*Behold thy Son !*"

Blest in thy lowly heart to store
The homage paid at Bethlehem ;
But far more blessed evermore
Thus to have shared the taunts and shame—

Thus with thy pierc'd heart to have stood
'Mid mocking crowds, and owned Him thine,
True through a world's ingratitude,
And owned in death by lips Divine.

III.

Around a Table, not a Tomb,
He willed our gathering-place to be ;
When going to prepare our home,
Our Saviour said—"Remember Me."

We kneel around no sculptured stone,
Marking the place where Jesus lay ;—
Empty the tomb, the angels gone,
The stone for ever rolled away.

Nay ! sculptured stones are for the dead !
Thy three dark days of death are o'er ;
Thou art the Life, our living Head,
Our living Light for evermore !

Of no fond relics, sadly dear,
O Master ! are Thine own possest ;
The crown of thorns, the cross, the spear,
The purple robe, the seamless vest.

Nay, relics are for those who mourn
The memory of an absent friend ;
Not absent Thou, nor we forlorn !
"With you each day until the end !"

Thus round Thy Table, not Thy Tomb,
We keep Thy sacred Feast with Thee ;
Until within the Father's Home
Our endless gathering-place shall be.

"Sacred Hymns from the German" (London, 1841; second edition, revised, and with additions, 1864), by FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, was another attempt to introduce hymns from German sources for English use. Originally these were printed with the German text and biographical notes of the authors. Two at

least of these fifty-six translations have become widely popular—the translation from Schenck which commences “Who are these like stars appearing,” and the following Easter hymn from the German of C. F. Gellert. The latter has been variously modified in successive editions and different collections. The text here given is from the edition of “Hymns from the German,” published in 1890.

Jesus lives! no longer now
 Can thy terrors, Death, appal me :
 Jesus lives! by this we know
 From the grave He will recall me.
 Brighter scenes at death commence ;
 This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! to Him the Throne
 High o'er all the world is given :
 I may go where He is gone,
 Live and reign with Him in Heaven.
 God, through Christ, forgives offence ;
 This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! who now despairs
 Spurns the word which God hath spoken ;
 Grace to all that word declares,
 Grace whereby sin's yoke is broken :
 Christ rejects not penitence ;
 This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! for me He died :
 Then will I, to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart and act abide,
 Praise to Him and glory giving :
 Freely God doth aid dispense ;
 This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! my heart knows well
 Naught shall me from Jesu sever
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
 Part me now from Him for ever :
 God will be my sure defence ;
 This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
 But the gate of life immortal;
 This shall calm my trembling breath,
 When I pass its gloomy portal.
 Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,
 Lord, Thou art my Confidence.

The following popular hymn first appeared in “Hymns for Missions” (1854), and was written by the editor of that book, the Rev. HENRY COLLINS, M.A. Mr. Collins was educated at Oxford, and entered the ministry of the Church of England; but in 1857 he seceded to the Church of Rome, joining the Cistercian order in 1860. Another popular hymn from this source is that commencing “Jesu, meek and lowly, Saviour, pure and holy.”

Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all!
 Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
 Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
 Pour down the riches of Thy grace:
 Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu! alas! too coldly sought,
 How can I love Thee as I ought?
 And how extol Thy matchless fame,
 The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
 Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu! what didst Thou find in me,
 That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
 How great the joy that Thou hast brought!
 So far exceeding hope or thought!
 Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu! of Thee shall be my song;
 To Thee my heart and soul belong;
 All that I am or have is Thine,
 And Thou, my Saviour! Thou art mine.
 Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.

The Moultries, father, son, and daughter, were all writers of verse which became more or less popular. The Rev. JOHN MOULTRIE (1799-1874) was for nearly fifty years Rector of Rugby, where his son, Gerard Moultrie, and his daughter, Mary Dunlop Moultrie, were born. While at Eton, where he was contemporary with Praed and the other brilliant boys who started the *Etonian*, he wrote a poem, "My Brother's Grave," in commemoration of a brother who had died at Eton, and was buried in the chapel — a noteworthy poem for one so young, and one which gave the title to a volume of poems published by him in 1837, "My Brother's Grave and other Poems." This volume contained two other poems, which have been many times reprinted, "The Three Sons," and a song "Here's to thee, my Scottish Lassie." He also published "Dream of Life, Lays of the English Church" (1843); "Memoir and Poetical Remains of W. S. Walker" (1852), etc., etc. He also wrote a number of hymns which were included in "Psalms and Hymns as Sung at the Parish Church, Rugby" (1851).

His son GERARD MOULTRIE (1829-1885) was educated at Rugby and Exeter College, Oxford. After taking Holy Orders, he became third master and chaplain in Shrewsbury School; Curate of Brightwaltham, 1859; of Brinfield, Berks, 1860; Chaplain of the Donative of Barrow Gurney, Bristol, 1864; Vicar of Southleigh, 1869; and Warden of St. James's College, Southleigh, 1873. He published "The Primer set forth at large for the Use of the Faithfu' in Family and Private Prayer," edited from the post-Reformation editions (1864); "Hymns and Lyrics for the Seasons and Saints' Days of

the Church" (1867); "The Espousals of St. Dorothea and other Verses" (1870); "Cantica Sanctorum; or, Hymns for the Black-Letter Saints' Days in the English and Scottish Calendars, to which are added a few Hymns for Special Occasions" (1880). Gerard Moultrie's hymns include translations from the Greek, Latin, and German. The following is a favourable example:—

MIDNIGHT HYMN OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.

(FROM THE GREEK.)

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright;
But woe to that dull servant, whom his Master shall surprise
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes.

Do thou, my soul, beware, beware, lest thou in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;
But see that thou be sober, with a watchful eye, and thus
Cry—Holy, Holy, Holy God, have mercy upon us.

That Day, the Day of Fear, shall come; my soul, slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at even-tide,
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes. Arise! Go forth to meet the Bride."

Beware, my soul, beware, beware, lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock, and vainly cry ;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright Wedding Robe of Light—the Glory of the Son.

MARY DUNLOP MOULTRIE (1837-1866) contributed a number of hymns to her brother's "Hymns and Lyrics" (1867), where they are distinguished by her initials.

By the publication of "Lyra Germanica" (first series, 1855; second series, 1858) and "The Chorale Book for England" (1863) CATHERINE WINKWORTH (1829-1878) enriched English hymnody from German sources, as Neale, Caswell, Chandler, Gerard Moultrie, and others enriched it from the hymns of the Eastern Church. Born at Alderley Edge, Cheshire, on the 13th of September, 1829, she lived successively in the neighbourhoods of Manchester and Bristol, and died at Monnetier, Savoy, in July 1878. In addition to her translations of German hymns, she translated, also from the German, "The Life of Pastor Fliedner" (1861) and "The Life of Amelia Sieveking" (1863), and published a biographical work, "The Christian Singers of Germany" (1869). Dr. Martineau says her translations "are invariably faithful, and for the most part both terse and delicate, and an admirable art is applied to the management of complex and difficult versification. They have not quite the fire of John Wesley's versions of莫avian hymns, or the wonderful fusion and reproduction of thought which may be found in

Coleridge. But if less flowing, they are more conscientious than either, and attain a result as poetical as severe exactitude admits, being only a little short of ‘Native Music.’ One of the best known of her translations is the hymn commencing “Now thank we all our God.” Others, which are very fine, are too long for quotation; the following must suffice, but all are worthy of attention:—

I.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

I know a Flower so sweet and fair,
There is no earthly blossom
With Sharon’s Rose that may compare;
Fain would I wear
Its Fragrance in my bosom.

It is the True and Living Word,
Whom God Himself hath given
To be our Guide, our Light, our Lord,
In Whom is stored
All hope for earth and Heaven.

Hark! how He saith—Come unto Me,
Ye burdened and sad-hearted;
Granted your heart’s desire shall be,
And pardon free
To mourning Souls imparted.

This is My Body that I give,
For you in Mercy broken;
Whate’er is Mine with it receive,
If ye believe
And keep what I have spoken.

This is My Blood once shed for you,
Ye hearts, now faint and sinking;
Drink of My Cup and find anew
Fresh Strength to do
My Bidding without shrinking.

Ah, Lord, by Thy most bitter Woes
 We pray Thee ne'er forsake us ;
 Since Thou couldst even die for those
 Who were Thy foes,
 Thy Children deign to make us.

And keep us ever close to Thee ;
 Give courage to confess Thee
 However dark the time may be,
 Till safe and free
 In Heaven at last we bless Thee.

II.

(ANGELUS, 1657.)

O Love, who formedst me to wear
 The image of Thy Godhead here ;
 Who soughtest me with tender care
 Through all my wanderings wild and drear ;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
 Thy choice on me hast gently laid ;
 O Love, who here as man wast born,
 And wholly like to us wast made ;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once in Time wast slain,
 Pierced through and through with bitter woe ;
 O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
 That we eternal joy might know ;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, of whom is truth and light,
 The Word and Spirit, life and power,
 Whose heart was bared to them that smite,
 To shield us in our trial hour ;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who thus hast bound me fast,
 Beneath that gentle yoke of Thine ;
 Love, who hast conquered me at last,
 And rapt away this heart of mine ;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who lovest me for aye,
 Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
 O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
 Whose power sufficeth in my stead,
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
 From out this dying life of ours ;
 O Love, who once o'er yonder skies
 Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

III.

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

(W. MEINHOLD.)

Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
 Now Thy little lamb's long weeping ;
 Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
 In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
 And no sigh of anguish sore
 Heaves that little bosom more.

In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, Thou would'st no longer leave it ;
 To the sunny heavenly plain
 Dost Thou now with joy receive it ;
 Clothed in robes of spotless white
 Now it dwells with Thee in light.

Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That its heavenly food are giving ;
 Then the gain of death we prove,
 Though Thou take what most we love.

PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY (1831-1866), whose early death closed a career of exceptional beauty and promise, though known best by his admirable translations of the "Odyssey" (1861) and the "Iliad" (1865), published also "The Temple of Janus," a Newdigate prize poem in 1857, and a volume of "Poems and Translations" in 1863, of which a second and enlarged edition was issued posthumously in 1875. His original poems differ widely in merit, but those on classical subjects reach a very high level indeed. "Phaethon," the opening poem of the "Poems and Translations" volume, is a splendid work, and but for its length would have been included in the body of this work, though it may be added that its length is in itself hardly sufficient excuse for its omission. It displays fine imagination, and a capacity for the large handling of a great theme. Philip Stanhope Worsley had a rare personality and an impressive presence, and a beauty of character which shone out with the light of transfiguration in a face worn by acute and long-continued physical suffering. He was referred to in an obituary notice in the *Athenaeum* as "the most perfect model of a Christian gentleman." Both of the following appear in Orby Shipley's "Lyra Eucharistica," and the latter is from "Poems and Translations":—

I.

OUT OF THE DEEPS.

Out of the deeps how often hath my cry
 Gone up to God on the wild wings of prayer!
 Even so often hath He deigned to hear;
 So often hath He said—Thou shalt not die;
 So often—Stand upon thy feet once more;
 So often—Serve Me better than before.

But I, the river of my pain being past,
 Slighted His Succour Who had borne me through,
 Daily deferring the sweet service due,
 Till seem'd that Mercy's self might scarce refrain
 Her patient hands from vengeance at the last.
 But Thee, still seeking Thy reluctant Sheep
 'Mid thorny-tangled brakes that pierce Thee deep,
 Iron ingratitude repels in vain.

II.

THE TWO WILLS.

Oft as I act, or think, or speak,
 Comes battle of two Wills within,
 This like an infant poor and weak,
 That like a Demon strong for sin.

This labours, flutteringly alive,
 As if a cold spark went and came
 That other doth against it drive
 Red torrents of devouring flame.

Yet, mark th' exceeding Power of God,
 How like a rock His Promise stands—
 That Demon to the dust is trod,
 Slain by the feeble Infant hands.

That fluttering life so faint and cold,
 That one pale spark of pure desire
 Sun-like arises, and behold !
 God's Rainbow in the falls of fire.

O Mystery far beyond my thought !
 I trembled on the brink of Hell :
 Into what Paradise am I caught !
 What Heavenly anthems round me swell !

RICHARD FREDERICK LITTLEDALE (1833-1890) was born at Dublin, and was educated at Bective House Seminary and Trinity College, Dublin,

where he had a distinguished career. He was first class and gold medallist in Classics 1854, and won the Berkeley gold medal for Greek in 1856. He graduated B.A. 1855, M.A. 1858, LL.D. 1862, and was made D.C.L. of Oxford in 1862. After holding curacies at St. Matthew's, Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich, and St. Mary the Virgin, Soho, London, he gave up parochial work in 1861 on account of his health, and devoted himself to literature. He has published works theological, historical, liturgical, and hymnological, too numerous to mention, including "The Priest's Prayer Book" (1864) and "The People's Hymnal" (1867). His translations comprise hymns from the Greek, Latin, Danish, Swedish, Syriac, German, and Italian, many of which are included in the "People's Hymnal." One of the best known of his poems is the one commencing "From hidden source arising," given below; another, the hymn for use during a vacancy of a see or parish, beginning,—

Eternal Shepherd, God Most High,
In mercy hearken as we cry,
And send us, in our time of need,
A pastor wise, Thy flock to lead.

Many of his hymns, like this one, which has been frequently reprinted, were written for special occasions, for which, as Julian says, there were at the time of their writing but few hymns provided. Dr. Littledale has used a great variety of measures with equal success. Many of his hymns are didactic in their aim, and therefore less poetical than others. Some are limited in their use by the doctrines they teach, but many are worthy of much wider use than they have yet attained.

I.

From hidden source arising,
A mighty river ran,
Through Eden's pleasant garden,
Where God created man.

Thence, parted into branches,
In four great streams it rolled,
To water fields and vineyards,
To wash down sands of gold.

And so, from highest heaven,
The Lord, the Holy Dove,
In fourfold manner sends us
The tale of Jesu's love.

The tale whose words are golden,
The tale whose flood divine
Makes glad the Lord's own garden
With plenteous corn and wine.

Four are the sacred voices,
The story is but one;
In fourfold wise they praise Him,
The Sole-Begotten Son.

A Man is Matthew's emblem,
And Mark's the Lion's might,
The Ox is Luke's fit token,
And John's the Eagle's flight.

True Man St. Matthew speaks Him,
Mark gives the Victor laud,
Luke tells of His oblation,
And John proclaims Him God.

To Him, the King and Victim,
The God, whom Mary bore,
With Father and with Spirit
Be praise for evermore.

II.

In Paradise reposing
 By Life's eternal well,
 The tender lambs of Jesus
 In greenest pastures dwell.

Their palms and tiny crownlets,
 Aglow with brightest gem,
 Bedeck the baby Martyrs
 Who died in Bethlehem.

With them the rose-wreathed army
 Of children undefiled,
 Who passed through mortal torments
 For love of Christ the Child.

With them in peace unending,
 With them in joyous mirth,
 Are all the stainless infants
 Which since have gone from earth.

The Angels, once their guardians,
 Their fellows now in grace,
 With them, in love adoring,
 See God the Father's Face.

The lullaby to hush them
 In that eternal rest,
 Is sweet angelic singing,
 Their nurse God's Mother blest :

For she who rocked the cradle
 In Nazareth of old,
 Now bendeth o'er the younglings
 Within that happy fold.

O Jesu, loving Shepherd,
 Who tenderly dost bear
 The lambs in Thine own Bosom,
 Bring us to join them there.

SABINE BARING-GOULD, historian, antiquarian, novelist, and poet, was born at Exeter on the 28th

of January, 1834. He was educated at Clare College, Cambridge, and, taking Holy Orders, became successively Curate of Horbury, near Wakefield; Incumbent of Dalton, Yorks; Rector of East Mersea, Essex; and Rector of Lew Trenchard, Devon (1881). His works are very numerous and varied, the most important being "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages" (2 series, 1866-68), "The Origin and Development of Religious Belief" (2 vols., 1869-70), and "Lives of the Saints" (15 vols., 1872-77). His hymns appeared in the *Church Times*, "Hymns Ancient and Modern," "The People's Hymnal," and other collections. Perhaps the most perfect of these is the Easter hymn "On the Resurrection morning." The most popular are "Onward, Christian soldiers" and "Now the day is over."

On the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
no more pain !

Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
wrapt in sleep.

For a while the tirèd body
Lies with feet toward the morn ;
Till the last and brightest Easter
day be born.

But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Bursting at the Resurrection
into song.

Soul and body reunited
 Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
 Waking up in CHRIST's own likeness,
 satisfied.

Oh ! the beauty, oh ! the gladness
 Of that Resurrection day,
 Which shall not through endless ages
 pass away !

On that happy Easter morning
 All the graves their dead restore ;
 Father, sister, child, and mother,
 meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
 Bring us, JESU CHRIST, at last ;
 To Thy Cross, through death and judgment,
 holding fast.

FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPOINT, the author of the well-known hymn commencing "For the beauty of the earth," was born at Spa Villa, Bath, on the 7th of October, 1835. He was educated at Queens' College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1871. He published "The Chalice of Nature and other Poems" at Bath, republishing it in 1878 as "Songs of Love, the Chalice of Nature, and Lyra Jesu," besides which he contributed hymns to the "Churchman's Companion" and to Orby Shipley's "Lyra Eucharistica. The hymn by which he is best known was contributed to the second edition of that work, from which it has been many times reprinted in various modified forms. The following is the original form :—

THE SACRIFICE OF PRAISE.

For the beauty of the earth,
 For the beauty of the skies,
 For the Love which from our birth
 Over and around us lies ;
 Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
 This, our Sacrifice of Praise.

For the beauty of each hour
 Of the day and of the night,
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
 Sun and moon, and stars of light ;
 Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
 This, our Sacrifice of Praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,
 For the heart and brain's delight,
 For the mystic harmony
 Linking sense to sound and sight ;
 Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
 This, our Sacrifice of Praise.

For the joy of human love,
 Brother, sister, parent, child,
 Friends on earth, and friends above,
 For all gentle thoughts and mild ;
 Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
 This, our Sacrifice of Praise.

For each perfect gift of Thine
 To our race so freely given,
 Graces human and Divine,
 Flowers of earth, and buds of Heaven ;
 Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
 This, our Sacrifice of Praise.

For Thy Bride that evermore
 Lifteth holy hands above,
 Offering up on every shore
 Its Pure Sacrifice of Love ;
 Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
 This, our Sacrifice of Praise.

For Thy Martyrs' crown of light,
 For Thy Prophets' eagle eye,
 For Thy bold Confessors' might,
 For the lips of Infancy :
 Christ, our God, to Thee we raise,
 This, our Sacrifice of Praise.

For Thy Virgin's robes of snow,
 For Thy Maiden Mother mild,
 For Thyself, with hearts aglow,
 Jesu, Victim undefiled,
 Offer we, at Thine own Shrine,
 Thyself, sweet Sacrament Divine.

MATILDA BARBARA BETHAM-EDWARDS, sister of Amelia B. Edwards, the Egyptologist, was born at Westerfield, near Ipswich, on the 4th of March, 1836. She published "Poems" (1885), besides several works of fiction. As a writer of hymns for children she was eminently successful. The following examples first appeared in *Good Words* for 1873 :—

1.

God make my life a little light
 Within the world to glow ;
 A little flame that burneth bright,
 Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
 That giveth joy to all,
 Content to bloom in native bower
 Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song
 That comforteth the sad ;
 That helpeth others to be strong,
 And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
 Whereon the weak may rest,
 That so what health and strength I have
 May serve my neighbours best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

II.

The little birds now seek their nest ;
The baby sleeps on mother's breast ;
Thou givest all Thy children rest,
God of the weary.

The sailor prayeth on the sea ;
The little ones at mother's knee ;
Now comes the penitent to Thee,
God of the weary.

The orphan puts away his fears ;
The troubled hopes for happier years ;
Thou driest all the mourner's tears,
God of the weary.

Thou sendest rest to tired feet,
To little toilers slumber sweet,
To aching hearts repose complete,
God of the weary.

In grief, perplexity, or pain,
None ever come to Thee in vain ;
Thou makest life a joy again,
God of the weary.

We sleep that we may wake renewed,
To serve Thee as Thy children should
With love, and zeal, and gratitude,
God of the weary.

A characteristic feature of the modern hymnal is the "Metrical Litany," examples of which have been contributed by Sir H. W. Baker, Rev. W. J. Irons,

Dr. Littledale, Dr. Monsell, and the Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock. Among the most successful of these are those by Mr. POLLOCK, published in his "Metrical Litanies for Special Services and General Use" (1870), his "Litany Appendix" (1871), etc., etc. Mr. Pollock was born in 1836, and graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1859, where he gained the Vice-Chancellor's prize for English verse in 1855. Taking Holy Orders in 1861, he was successively Curate of St. Luke's, Leek, Staffordshire; St. Thomas's, Stamford Hill, London; and St. Alban's, Birmingham. Litanies are naturally too lengthy to quote entire. The following is the first part of Mr. Pollock's "Children's Litany":—

Jesu, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Little children need not fear
When they know that Thou art near,
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Little lambs may come to Thee ;
Thou wilt fold us tenderly,
And our careful Shepherd be,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell ;
Little hymns Thy praises swell,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, once an infant small,
 Cradled in the oxen's stall,
 Though the God and Lord of all,
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Once a child so good and fair,
 Feeling want and toil and care,
 All that we may have to bear,
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Thou dost love us still,
 And it is Thy holy will
 That we should be safe from ill :
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Fold us to Thy loving breast,
 There may we, in happy rest,
 Feel that we indeed are blest :
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Among the most popular of modern hymns must be numbered the fine Epiphany hymn of WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX which follows :—

I.

EPIPHANY HYMN.

As with gladness men of old
 Did the guiding star behold,
 As with joy they hail'd its light,
 Leading onward, beaming bright ;
 So, most gracious LORD, may we
 Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
 Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
 There to bend the knee before
 Thee Whom Heav'n and earth adore ;
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offer'd gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
CHRIST, to Thee our heavenly King.

Holy JESUS, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransom'd souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the Heav'ly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down ;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

Mr. Dix is a son of Mr. John Dix, author of a "Life of Chatterton," "Local Legends," etc., and was born at Bristol on the 14th of June, 1837, and educated at the Bristol Grammar School. He published "Hymns of Love and Joy" (1861), "Altar Songs, Verses on the Holy Eucharist" (1867), "A Vision of All Saints and other Poems" (1871), and "Seekers of a City" (1878), and contributed hymns to "Hymns Ancient and Modern" and other collections of hymns for Church use and anthologies of sacred song. He has also cast in metrical form some of Dr. Littledale's translations of the Greek in his "Offices . . . of the Holy Eastern Church" (1863) and the Rev. J. M. Rodwell's translations of hymns of the Abyssinian Church, besides which he has written carols for Christmas and

Easter which have become widely popular. His other works are "Light" (1883), "The Risen Life" (1883), both devotional works, and "The Pattern Life" (1885), a book of instruction for children, which contains a number of original hymns. The following is from "A Vision of All Saints and other Poems":—

11.

PATIENCE.

"If Thou hadst come, our brother had not died."
Thus one who loved, to One who came so late,
Yet not too late, had she but known the fate
Which soon should fill the mourners' hearts with tide
Of holy joy. Now she would almost chide
Her awful Guest, as though His brief delay
Had quenched her love and driven faith away.
"If Thou hadst come," oh could we only hide
Our heart's impatience and with meekness stay
To hear the Voice of Wisdom ere we speak.
We mourn the past, the tomb, the buried dead,
And think of many a bitter thing to say,
While all the time True Love stands by so meek,
Waiting to lift anew the drooping head.

GEORGE MATHESON was born at Glasgow on the 27th of March, 1842, and, notwithstanding the loss of his eyesight in early life, pursued a brilliant university career at Edinburgh, graduating in 1862, and becoming successively parish minister at Innellan and St. Bernard's, Edinburgh. Besides several prose works, he published "Sacred Songs" (1890). The first of the following is his most widely accepted hymn. It was written at a time of great mental prostration:—

I.

O Love that wilt not let me go,
 I rest my weary soul on Thee ;
 I give Thee back the life I owe,
 That in Thine ocean depths its flow
 May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
 I yield my flickering torch to Thee,
 My heart restores its borrowed ray,
 That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
 May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
 I cannot close my heart to Thee ;
 I trace the rainbow through the rain,
 And feel the promise is not vain
 That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
 I dare not ask to fly from Thee ;
 I lay in dust life's glory dead,
 And from the ground there blossoms red
 Life that shall endless be.

II.

Gather us in, Thou Love that fillest all,
 Gather our rival faiths within Thy fold,
 Rend each man's temple's veil and bid it fall,
 That we may know that Thou hast been of old ;
 Gather us in.

Gather us in : we worship only Thee ;
 In varied names we stretch a common hand ;
 In diverse forms a common soul we see ;
 In many ships we seek one spirit-land ;
 Gather us in.

Each sees one colour of Thy rainbow-light,
 Each looks upon one tint and calls it heaven ;
 Thou art the fulness of our partial sight ;
 We are not perfect till we find the seven ;
 Gather us in.

Thine is the mystic light great India craves,
 Thine is the Parsee's sin-destroying beam,
 Thine is the Buddhist's rest from tossing waves,
 Thine is the empire of vast China's dream ;
 Gather us in.

Thine is the Roman's strength without his pride,
 Thine is the Greek's glad world without its graves,
 Thine is Judæa's law with love beside,
 The truth that censures and the grace that saves ;
 Gather us in.

Some seek a Father in the heavens above,
 Some ask a human image to adore,
 Some crave a spirit vast as life and love :
 Within Thy mansions we have all and more ;
 Gather us in.

ADA CROSS, better known to many by her maiden name ADA CAMBRIDGE, was born at St. Germans, Norfolk, on the 21st of November, 1844. She married the Rev. G. F. Cross, who, after holding several curacies in England and Australia, became Incumbent of Coleraine, Ballarat, in 1877. Mrs. Cross published "Hymns on the Litany" (1865), "Hymns on the Holy Communion" (1866), "The Manor House and other Poems" (1875), besides which she contributed to "Lays of the Pious Minstrels" (1862) and "English Lyrics," and has written several works of fiction. Mrs. Cross's poems have all the grace and charm of her hymns, and display upon a larger scale her command of calm, smooth versification, and

quiet, restful thought. "The Farewell" and "The Baptistry" are among the best of them. Several of her hymns are in constant use, the following, in a modified form, being perhaps the most widely accepted :—

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

The dawn of God's dear Sabbath

Breaks o'er the earth again

As some sweet summer morning

After a night of pain :

It comes as cooling showers

To some exhausted land ;

As shade of clustered palm-trees

'Mid weary wastes of sand ;

As bursts of glorious sunshine

Across a stormy sea,

Revealing to the sailors

That Port where they would be,—

The calm and peaceful Haven,

The dazzling, golden shore,

The home of saints and angels,

Where sin is known no more.

O day when earthly sorrow

Is merged in heavenly joy,

And trial changed to blessing

That foes may not destroy,—

When want is turned to fulness,

And weariness to rest ;

And pain to wondrous rapture,

Upon the Saviour's breast !

O we would bring for offering,

Though marred with earthly soil,

A week of earnest labour,

Of steady, faithful toil ;

Fair fruits of self-denial,
 Of strong, deep love to Thee,
 Fostered by Thine own Spirit
 In our humility.

And we would bring our burden
 Of sinful thought and deed,
 At His dear Altar kneeling,
 From bondage to be freed ;
 Our heart's most bitter sorrow
 For all Thy work undone—
 So many talents wasted !
 So few bright laurels won !

And with that sorrow mingling,
 A steadfast faith, and sure,
 And love so deep and fervent,
 That tries to make it pure,—
 In His dear Presence finding
 The pardon that we need ;
 And then the peace so lasting—
 Celestial peace indeed !

So be it, Lord, for ever :
 O may we evermore,
 In Jesu's holy Presence,
 His blessed Name adore !
 Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
 Within His temple-walls,—
 Type of the stainless worship
 In Zion's golden halls ;

So that, in joy and gladness,
 We reach that Home at last ;
 When life's short week of sorrow
 And sin and strife is past :
 When Angel-hands have gathered
 The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
 O Father, Lord, Redeemer,
 Most Holy Trinity !

Most widely known as a writer of fiction—especially for girls—Miss SARAH DOUDNEY has composed much tender and sympathetic verse, which, buried in back numbers of magazines, escapes the attention it deserves. Her hymns are to be found in many collections, English and American, and one of her songs, "The Lesson of the Water Mill," which has for its refrain the lines

The Mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.

is said to have become nationalised in America. Miss Doudney has published "Psalms of Life," (1871), and later "Drifting Leaves" and "Thistle-down," two dainty booklets of dainty verse. Space will not admit of adequate representation. The following poem has been frequently used as a funeral hymn :—

THE CHRISTIAN'S "GOOD-NIGHT."

The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends "Good-night," so sure were they of their awaking at the Resurrection Morning.

Sleep on, beloved, sleep on and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast ;—
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best ;—
Good-night !

Until the shadow from this earth is cast,
U-til He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the Lenten gloom is overpast ;—
Good-night !

Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
 Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
 And He shall come—but not in lowly guise;—
 Good-night!

Until, made beautiful by love divine,
 Thou, in the likeness of Thy Lord, shalt shine,
 And He shall bring that golden crown of thine;—
 Good-night!

Only “Good-night,” beloved, not “Farewell”!
 A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
 In hallowed union, indivisible;—
 Good-night!

Until we meet again before His throne,
 Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own;
 Until we know, even as we are known;—
 Good-night!

It is, of course, impossible to include all the worthy hymns and sacred verses of the century in this selection; it must therefore be taken as merely an attempt to represent the more important writers who are not otherwise represented in this work.

ALFRED H. MILES.

APPENDIX

TO THE POETS AND THE POETRY OF THE CENTURY.

BEYOND the minor poets represented in the body of this work there are a number who, for a variety of reasons, are entitled to mention. Of these some owe their right to the influence they exercised upon the greater writers with whom they were associated ; others to the production of occasional poems of a high standard of excellence ; and others to the authorship of songs and ballads which have had wide popularity, and poems in dialect which are still remembered in the localities to which they belong ; besides whom there have been descriptive writers who, though eclipsed by the more brilliant and imaginative poets who have succeeded them, should at least be named in a retrospective review ; and there are many novelists and other prose writers who with more or less success have at times thrown their thoughts into the form of verse.

Of the former WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES (1762-1850) is an example. Born at King's Sutton, and educated at Winchester, and Trinity College, Oxford, he first published "Fourteen Sonnets" (1789), and afterwards reprinted them with additions from time to time, until 1805, when he published a ninth edition. On leaving college he took Holy Orders, and held livings in various places, finally becoming canon residentiary at Salisbury, where he died, on the 7th of April, 1850, aged eighty-eight years. The

principal interest attaching to his work is that associated with his influence upon Coleridge, and his controversy with Byron, Campbell, Roscoe, Gilchrist, and the *Quarterly Review* on the merits of the School of Pope. The former it is difficult to understand. His sonnets are simple, graceful, but withal tame productions, about which no enthusiasm is possible now; and yet Coleridge could say of them that they had done his heart more good than all the other books he ever read, excepting his Bible. The following is an example:—

OSTEND.

ON HEARING THE BELLS AT SEA.

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal !
As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
Breathes on the trembling sense of pale disease,
So piercing to my heart their force I feel !
And hark ! with lessening cadence now they fall !
 And now, along the white and level tide
 They fling their melancholy music wide ;
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer-days, and those delightful years
 When from an ancient tower, in life's fair prime,
 The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wondering childhood into tears !
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy once heard and heard no more.

The controversy was an unequal war, though it was claimed for Bowles that he proved his main points, which were "that Pope was only at the head of the second rank of poets," and "that the objects of artificial life are, *per se*, less fitted for the purposes of poetry than those of nature and than the passions of the human heart." Byron, who met him at the house of Samuel Rogers, spoke of him as a "pleasant, gentlemanly man—a good fellow for a parson"; and Moore refers with delight in his diary to his "mixture

of talent and simplicity." Some other sonneteers may be mentioned in this connection : SIR S. EGERTON BRYDGES (1762-1837), who, like Bowles, wrote sonnets which attracted the attention of greater poets, and whose sonnet "Echo and Silence," quoted in many anthologies, is generally regarded as his best ; LORD THURLOW (1781-1829), whose sonnets were admired by Charles Lamb and other discerning critics of his time ; THOMAS DOUBLEDAY (1790-1870), who published "Sixty-five Sonnets, with Prefatory Remarks on the Sonnet" (1818), and who edited the "Coquet Dale Fishing Songs" (1852), to which, with Robert Roxby (1770-1846), he contributed. SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON (1805-1865), for many years Astronomer Royal of Ireland, also deserves mention for sonnets which rise to a high level. Wordsworth, speaking to Aubrey de Vere, once said that he had known many men of high talent and several of real genius, but that Coleridge and Sir W. R. Hamilton were the only men he had met to whom he would apply the term *wonderful*. His sonnets are not numerous, but they display high thought and spiritual tone. LORD HANMER'S sonnets, published early in the Forties, also maintain a high standard ; and those of the Hon. Julian Fane (1827-1870), addressed to his mother, show grace of form and tenderness of feeling. Examples of the sonnets of all the foregoing writers will be found in Mr. Sharp's "Sonnets of the Century," together with sonnets by the following writers, to whom no more extended reference can be given here : William Michael Rossetti (1829), editor and critic ; John Charles Earle, author of "One Hundred Sonnets" and other volumes of verse ; Edmund G. A. Holmes, author of "Poems" (first series, 1876 ; second series, 1879) ; E. H. Brodie, author of "Sonnets" (1885) and "Lyrics of the Sea" (1887) ; James Chapman Woods, author of "A Child of the People and other Poems" ; and Mark André Raffalovich (1864), author of "Cyril and Lionel"

(1884), "Tuberose and Meadowsweet" (1885), "In Fancy Dress" (1886), etc., etc., etc.

Many of the finer occasional poems of the century have been produced by writers who occupy a place in the body of this work, and such poems are included in the selections already given. Besides these, however, there are others which almost rise to the height of great occasions, one at least of which demands admission here, and that the ode on "The Burial of Sir John Moore." The REV. CHARLES WOLFE, the author of this famous ode, was born at Dublin on the 14th of December, 1791. He was educated at Dublin University, and, taking Holy Orders, became Curate of Ballyclog, in Tyrone, and afterwards of Donoughmore, in Downshire. He died of decline at the Cove of Cork on the 21st of February, 1823. The ode was first printed in the *Newry Telegraph* in 1817, whence it was copied into other papers, and soon became widely popular. The critical verdict, no less than popular opinion, places it among the most successful of occasional poems. Shelley, to whom it was shown by Byron, who greatly admired it, said, "I should have taken the whole for a rough sketch of Campbell's," and the justness of the criticism is obvious.

ODE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
 And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the bellow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
 But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our weary task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory :
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone--
 But we left him alone with his glory.

This ode with some dozen other poems, of which the song commencing "If I had thought thou couldst have died" is perhaps the best known, form the sum-total of Wolfe's poetic work.

Of English song-writers and balladists who have sung of rustic lovers' hopes, fears, and jealousies, and chronicled local events in dialect verse, there have been as many perhaps as there are counties in the kingdom, though few indeed have any claims to wide recognition or perennial popularity. ROBERT ANDERSON (1770-1833), the Cumberland poet, whose works Southey edited, and some of whose "Cumberland Ballads" are still remembered in his own county if not often quoted beyond its borders, is an example. "Kitt Craffet" is a rustic character sketch of an interesting personality, and "The Impatient Lassie" a fair specimen

of dialect love song. Robert Roxby (1770-1846), author of "The Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel" (1809), also wrote "The Fisher's Garland," and others of the "Coquet Dale Fishing Songs" (1821-1846). These songs were collected and published in book form anonymously in 1852 by Thomas Doubleday (see p. III), together with many interesting particulars concerning the circumstances of their composition. They were full of charm for the fishers of Coquet Dale, and have an interest outside that circle for their breezy heartiness and the personality which, in conjunction with the notes in Doubleday's volume, they reveal. Among modern dialect poets EDWIN WAUGH (1818-1892), the Lancashire poet, has been the most popular. "Come whoam to thi childer an' me" has been a great favourite. He published "Poems and Lancashire Songs" (1859), "Lancashire Songs" (1863), "Rambles and Reveries" (1872), "Poems and Songs" (1889), besides many prose letters and sketches. Of successful ballad-writers we may name JEREMIAH HOLMES WIFFEN (1792-1836), the Quaker poet, who with his brother, Benjamin Barron Wiffen (1794-1867), author of "The Quaker Squire and other Poems," is fittingly memorialised in "The Brothers Wiffen: Memoirs and Miscellanies" (1880), by Samuel Rowles Pattison. As early as 1812 Jeremiah Wiffen united with James Baldwin Brown, then of the Inner Temple, and the Rev. Thomas Raffles of Liverpool, in the publication of a volume of poems entitled "Poems by Three Friends," and in 1820 he published a volume of poems which reached a second edition. In 1821 he was appointed librarian at Woburn Abbey by the Duke of Bedford, and subsequently he translated the works of Garcilasso de la Vega (1823) and Tasso (1825), and wrote "The Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell," his chief prose work (1833). Jeremiah Wiffen's ballad "The Luck of Edenhall" is a very good ballad, and would

have been included here but for its length. The rest of his poems, together with those of his brother, deserve much more than the mere passing mention alone possible here. "The Luck of Edenhall" first appeared in the "Literary Souvenir," edited by Alaric A. Watts, who married a sister of the brothers Wiffen, Priscilla Maden Wiffen (1799-1873), herself a contributor of verses to the pages of her husband's popular annuals.

The mention of "The Annuals" recalls a class of publications which has entirely passed away with the fashion of the times in which it flourished. This fashion was not confined to the form in which these annuals took shape, but characterised the spirit and style of much of the matter they contained. Descriptive writers who followed weakly in the wake of Sir Walter Scott, and sentimental versifiers who imitated Mrs. Hemans, found in the pages of some of these annuals opportunities that otherwise they might not have had. ALARIC A. WATTS (1797-1864), whose annuals were at least better than their imitations, was certainly very successful in securing contributions from the greater writers of his time, though it cannot be said that much that is worth preserving resulted therefrom. A few exceptions can of course be quoted which, like Sir Walter Scott's "Eve of St. John," written for the "Tales of Wonder" of Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775-1818), author of such melodramatic productions as "Alonzo the Brave," "The Maniac," "The Felon," etc., have survived the environment in which they were born, some of Coleridge's shorter pieces being among the number; but for the most part these annuals and occasional volumes were made up of the failures of great writers and the supreme efforts of small ones. Alaric Watts, who commenced the "Literary Souvenir" in 1824, published "Lyrics of the Heart" (1850). If he was not a distinguished poet, he was a practical editor, and as such left an editorial, if not a poetical,

mark on the generations that followed him. Some of his verses, notably "The Death of the Firstborn," have often been reprinted. He was the first to organise the plan of supplying sheets of general news printed in London to supplement the local news for country papers. He also originated the *United Service Gazette* and numerous other papers, some of which have long survived him. "Alaric Watts : a Narrative of His Life," by his son (1884), contains some interesting information about the minor verse-writers of his time.

Among writers once well known, but now almost forgotten, William Sotheby, Noel Thomas Carrington, and George Croly may be mentioned and described as writers of descriptive verse. WILLIAM SOTHEBY (1757-1833) was a retired officer of the 10th Dragoons. He translated the "Oberon" of Wieland, the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" of Homer, as well as the works of some of the minor Greek and Latin poets. He also wrote a long sacred poem in blank verse entitled "Saul" (1807); a metrical romance in the style of Scott's "Constance de Castile" (1810), and a volume of tragedies (1815). His success as a translator was greater than as an original poet. Wieland is said to have highly appreciated his translatable powers. His dramas fail in construction, and his "original" poems lack originality. Byron said of him that he imitated everybody, and occasionally surpassed his models. His lines entitled "Staffa," written after an excursion to the spot, while on a visit to Sir Walter Scott, may represent him here.

STAFFA.

Staffa, I scaled thy summit hoar,
I passed beneath thy arch gigantic,
Whose pillared cavern swells the roar,
When thunders on thy rocky shore
The roll of the Atlantic.

That hour the wind forgot to rave,
 The surge forgot its motion,
 And every pillar in thy cave
 Slept in its shadow on the wave,
 Unrippled by the ocean.

Then the past age before me came,
 When, 'mid the lightning's sweep,
 Thy isle, with its basaltic frame,
 And every column wreathed with flame,
 Burst from the boiling deep.

When 'mid Iona's wrecks meanwhile
 O'er sculptured graves I trod,
 Where Time had strewn each mouldering aisle
 O'er saints and kings that reared the pile,
 I hailed the eternal God :
 Yet, Staffa, more I felt His presence in thy cave
 Than where Iona's cross rose o'er the western wave.

NOEL THOMAS CARRINGTON (1777-1830) was a Devonshire schoolmaster. He was born at Plymouth, was apprenticed in the dockyard, ran away to sea, was present at the defeat of the Spanish fleet by Sir John Jervis off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th of February, 1797, after which he returned to Plymouth and commenced school-keeping. He wrote a long poem entitled "Dartmoor" in competition for a prize, which was won by Mrs. Hemans, his own poem not being finished by the prescribed time. He celebrated nature in storm and calm in a quiet, unostentatious manner, in which his descriptive work is a contrast to that of William Sotheby, who loved pomp and circumstance, glitter, noise, and colour. GEORGE CROLY (1780-1860) was for many years Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London. He was born in Ireland, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He published several works in prose and verse: "Paris," a poem (1815), "The Angel of the World" (1820), "Catiline," a tragedy (1822), etc., etc. He was an eloquent speaker and writer, and some passages from

his poems have served the schoolmaster and the elocutionist well ; but as a whole his poems lack interest.

Interesting reference might be made, if space permitted, to the literary partners of some successful poets : CHARLES LLOYD (1775-1839), who was associated with Coleridge and Charles Lamb in two separate publications ; THOMAS BURBRIDGE (1816), the poetic partner in Arthur Hugh Clough's "Ambarvalia" (1849) ; and others. Lloyd published several volumes of verse, but his only interest for a later generation is his association with others whose names preserve his own, and for a remarkable personality which his poems to some extent reveal. Besides his contributions to "Ambarvalia" (1849), Burbridge published "Poems Longer and Shorter" (1838) and "Hours and Days" (1851). These volumes contain many quotable pieces and some of real merit. From the "Ambarvalia" volume we may name "Goodman Tobacco Farmer," "In the Boboli Gardens," "Aspiration," and "The Question"; and from "Hours and Days" "A Spray of Mignonette" and "The Wood-Doves." There are also several good sonnets. Another writer who may be mentioned in this connection is JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS (1796-1852), whose sister married Thomas Hood, and who united with Hood in the production of the "Odes and Addresses to Great People" (1825). He wrote for the *London Magazine* under the pseudonym of Edward Herbert, and published a volume of verse, "The Garden of Florence and other Poems" (1821), under the name of John Hamilton. His other poetical works are "Safie," an Eastern tale dedicated to Byron (1814), "The Eden of Imagination" (1814), and "The Naiad and other Poems" (1816). The following sonnet ought not to miss preservation in some sonnet anthology :—

Sweet poets of the gentle antique line,
That made the hue of beauty all eterne,

And gave earth's melodies a silver turn,—
 Where did you steal your art so right divine?—
 Sweetly ye memoried every golden twine
 Of your ladies' tresses: teach me how to spurn
 Death's lone decaying and oblivion stern
 From the sweet forehead of a lady mine.

The golden clusters of enamouring hair
 Glow'd in poetic pictures sweetly well;—
 Why should not tresses dusk, that are so fair
 On the live brow, have an eternal spell
 In poesy?—dark eyes are dearer far
 Than orbs that mock the hyacinthine-bell.

Of novelists and miscellaneous writers there are many who have occasionally written verse, and not a few who have ventured upon the publication of a volume. From Mrs. Radcliffe (1764-1823), whose poems were published after her death (1834), to Miss Braddon (1831), who commenced her career with the publication of "Garibaldi and other Poems" in 1861, there have been many who have had considerable vogue as novelists, but whose attentions to the Muses have not secured wide recognition. Of these we may name Amelia Opie (1769-1853), who published three volumes of verse, "Poems" (1802), "The Warrior's Return and other Poems" (1808), and "Songs for the Dead" (1834); Cyrus Redding (1785-1870), co-editor with Thomas Campbell of the *New Monthly Magazine*, who wrote fugitive verses which appeared in the magazines and annuals; Mary Russell Mitford (1786-1855), whose tragedies, notwithstanding the claims of superiority made on behalf of those of Joanna Baillie, are probably the best plays in verse written in the language up to that time by a woman; John Payne Collier (1789-1883), the Shakespearian editor, who published "The Poetical Decameron" (1820) and "The Poet's Pilgrimage, an Allegorical Poem" (1822); G. P. R. James (1801-1860), who published "The Rescued City" (1828); William Harrison Ainsworth (1805-1880), author of

"The Custom of Dunmore," who published "Ballads Romantic, Fantastical, and Humorous" (1855); and Mrs. Linnæus Banks (1821), who published "Ivy Leaves" (1843) and "Ripples and Breakers" (1878). Among later novelists who have written verse are R. D. Blackmore (1825), author of "Lorna Doone" (1869); William Black (1841), author of "Rhymes of a Deerstalker," published in "The Wise Women of Inverness," a tale, and other miscellanies (1885); R. E. Francillon (1841), whose charming verses unobtrusively adorn his novels; and Hall Caine (1853), who has written several sonnets, and at least one notable ballad.

Among minor writers we may mention WILLIAM SYDNEY WALKER (1795-1846), one of the group of Eton boys of whom Praed became the most famous. Like Macaulay, he had a marvellous memory, and on one occasion repeated two hundred lines of Homer, which had been given him for an imposition, without reference. On another occasion, in response to a challenge from Sir James Mackintosh, he translated a page of the *Court Guide* into Greek verse. His extreme nervousness, which seemed to increase as he grew older, and which resulted in irresolution and vacillation, and finally in monomania, prevented the fulfilment of his early promise. His "Poetical Remains" were published in 1852, with a memoir by his old schoolfellow, the Rev. John Moultrie of Rugby. His "Lines to a Girl in her Thirteenth Year" have been often quoted. Two other writers of this period who published several volumes of verse were John Abraham Heraud (1799-1887), author of "The Judgment of the Flood," etc., and Chauncy Hare Townsend (1800-1868), author of "The Three Gates and other Poems," etc.

Three writers, all identified with Lancashire, follow in the order of time: Charles Swain (1803-1874), known in his time as the "Manchester Poet," who published "Metrical Essays" (1827), "The Mind and

other Poems" (1831), "Dryburgh Abbey," a poem on the death of Sir Walter Scott (1832), which, but for its length, would have been included here, and several other volumes of verse; John Critchley Prince (1808-1881), who published "Hours with the Muses" (1841), and other volumes of verse, and whose principal poem is entitled "The Poet's Sabbath"; and George Linnaeus Banks (1821-1881), miscellaneous writer, who published "Blossoms of Poesy" (1841), "Staves for the Human Ladder" (1850), "Peals from the Belfry" (1853), and "Daisies in the Grass" (in conjunction with his wife, 1865). Here we may make passing reference to Martin Farquhar Tupper (1810-1889), author of "Proverbial Philosophy" (1st series, 1838; 2nd series, 1842; 3rd series, 1867), a work which attained enormous popularity in its time, of "Three Hundred Sonnets" (1860), and numerous other works. William Charles Mark Kent (1823), the friend of Charles Dickens, to whom the novelist wrote his last letter, published several volumes of verse: "Aletheia" (1850), "Dreamland" (1862), and "Poems" (1870). Perhaps the best known of these poems is "The Dying Bridegroom," a poem full of tender human feeling. James Hain Friswell (1827-1878), author of "The Gentle Life," "The Better Self," "Other People's Windows," and other prose works, also published "Francis Spira and other Poems" (1865), from which "The Last Boat" has been occasionally reprinted. Another writer of this date, William Kingston Sawyer (1828-1882), author of "Ten Miles from Town" (1867) and "The Legend of Phyllis" (1872), deserves larger representation than can be given here. A journalist who lived and died in harness, the greater part of his work was of but ephemeral interest; but the two small volumes named above contain many sweet poems which are worth preserving.

Of abour poets, Bloomfield, the shoemaker poet; Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd; Clare, the Northamptonshire

farm labourer ; Thom, the Aberdeen weaver ; Skipsey, the Northumbrian pitman, and others have already been dealt with. Beyond these, however, the following may be mentioned : Thomas Ragg (1808-1872), the Notts mechanic, who became a clergyman, and who published "The Incarnation and other Poems" (1833), "The Deity," a poem in twelve books (1834), "The Martyr of Verulam" (1834), "Sketches from Life" and "Lyrics from the Pentateuch" (1837), "Heber," "Records of the Poor," and "Lays from the Prophets" (1840), and other works ; Thomas Miller (1808-1874), the basket-maker poet, who published "Songs of the Sea Nymphs" (1832), "A Day in the Woods" (1836), "Poems" (1841), and numerous other works in prose and verse ; the author of the prose work "The Bridge of History over the Gulf of Time" (1871), Thomas Cooper, the Chartist (1808-1892), who published "The Purgatory of Suicides," a prison rhyme (1845), "The Paradise of Martyrs," a faith rhyme (1873), and "Poetical Works" (1877); Edward Capern (1819), the Bideford postman, who published "Poems" (1856), "Ballads and Songs" (1858), "Wayside Warbles" (1865), and "Sungleams and Shadows" (1881); and later, James Dryden Hosken, the author of "Phaon and Sappho," a play in five acts in prose and verse (1891), and "Nimrod," a drama in five acts in prose and verse (1892).

Of the minor singers and balladists of the period under review Ireland has produced her share. Moore, Mangan, Sir Samuel Ferguson, the De Veres, Allingham, and others take their place elsewhere in this work ; and for the rest the following are the more important : GERALD GRIFFIN (1803-1840), author of "The Collegians," a novel, and certainly one of Ireland's most successful novelists, whose tragedy "Gisippus" was successfully produced in London after his death, was also the writer of numerous songs and ballads stil

cherished by his countrymen, of which "Orange and Green," "The Bridal of Malahide," "A place in thy memory, dearest," and "I love my love in the morning," will not soon be forgotten in Ireland. FRANCIS MAHONY (1805-1866), who wrote under the *nom de plume* of Father Prout, so well known to the readers of *Fraser* and *Bentley*, whose final Reliques were edited and published by Blanchard Jerrold in 1875, is also one of the singers Ireland will not readily forget, "The Bells of Shandon" being probably the best as well as the most popular of his songs. JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D. (1809), barrister, is the author of a number of songs, of which examples will be found in Lover's "Poems of Ireland" and other collections of Irish verse, of which a favourable specimen is the one entitled "Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love." THOMAS OSBORN DAVIS (1814-1845), worthy of a much longer notice than can be given here, was an Irish gentleman, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and called to the Irish bar. He wrote much for the *Nation*, and took an active part in the political agitations of his time. "The Sack of Baltimore," a ballad founded on an historical incident which occurred on the 20th of June, 1651, when the crews of two Algerine galleys, guided by a Dungarvan fisherman, landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, and bore off to slavery the best of its population, the last ballad written by its author, is one of his best. There are many other Irish names which may be mentioned here. Those of Andrew Cherry (1762-1812), the author of three widely popular songs, "Tom Moody," "The Shamrock," and "The Bay of Biscay O"; Edward Lysaght (1763-1810), his contemporary, who wrote "Our Island" and "The Sprig of Shillelah"; James Joseph Callanan (1795-1829), who wrote "Gougaune Barra" and other poems permeated with Irish sentiment and feeling; William Maginn (1796-1842), one of the most brilliant of Irishmen associated with *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, and *Bentley* in their palmiest

days ; John Banim (1798-1842), who with his brother Michael was the author of the "Tales of the O'Hara Family," and who wrote "Soggart Aroon," "Ailleen," "The Reconciliation," and other songs and ballads; Denis Florence McCarthy (1820), author of "A Dream of the Future" and "Waiting for the May"; Timothy Daniel Sullivan (1827), author of "God save Ireland," and editor and proprietor of the *Nation* newspaper; John Kells Ingram, LL.D., author of "The Memory of the Dead," sometimes called "Ninety-eight"; John Sheehan, "the Irish whiskey-drinker" of *Bentley's Miscellany*; and the other writers who hailed from the old-fashioned gabled cottage on the Finchley Road, known as "Tipperary Hall," and who enlivened the pages of *Bentley* with their contributions. In this connection, although otherwise out of place, we may give our only possible reference to Charles Hartley Langhorn (1818-1845), a native of Berwick-upon-Tweed, whose classical poems were not the least meritorious of the contributions to *Bentley*; also John Francis O'Donnell (1837-1874), who published the "Emerald Wreath," a Christmas annual in prose and verse (1865), and "Memoirs of the Irish Franciscans," a volume of verse (1871). His poems were published posthumously in 1891, with an introduction by Richard Dowling.

Scotland has been particularly prolific of minor and local poets. Burns set the whole country singing by his demonstration of plebeian possibilities, and the magic of a gift which inspired enthusiasm in natures as hearty it endowed with voices less musical than his own. The more successful of Scotland's song-singers—Hogg, Tannahill, Thom, Joanna Baillie, and Lady Nairne—are treated in the body of this work ; but beyond these there are many whose names are cherished for the sake of one or more sweet song which Scotland will not willingly see die. One writer, who in one song at least

seems to have attained to more than ephemeral popularity, is Allan Cunningham (1784-1842). "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," if open to criticism nautically, has not been prevented thereby from being popular. Besides her song-writers Scotland has had a number of distinguished men of letters who have, with more or less success, directed some attention to verse, and who demand passing mention. Of these we may name John Wilson (1785-1854), Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh University, better known in his own time, if not remembered now, as Christopher North, of *Blackwood*, whose poetical works were published in two volumes in 1825: David Macbeth Moir (1798-1851), the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, who published several volumes of verse, and whose "Casa Wappy," a poem on the death of his infant son, had many admirers: John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854), the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, and the popular translator of the Spanish Ballads: Thomas Kibble Hervey (1799-1859), during its earlier years the editor of the *Athenæum*, who published "Australia" (1824) and "The Poetical Sketch-Book" (1829), and one of whose poems, "The Convict Ship," has been often quoted: Thomas Aird (1802-1876), a friend of Thomas Carlyle, and a contributor to *Blackwood*; author of "The Capture of Fez," a romance in five cantos (1830); "Othuriel," a poem on the fall of Jerusalem, in seven cantos, published with other poems in 1840; a descriptive poet of some power, one of whose best imaginative efforts is "The Devil's Dream": Henry Glassford Bell (1805-1874), author of "Summer and Winter Hours" (1831), "My Old Portfolio" (1832), "Romances and other Minor Poems" (1865); for many years sheriff substitute, and afterwards sheriff, of Lanarkshire; the "Tallboys" of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of his friend Christopher North, a versatile writer, some of whose ballads and dramatic

poems are well known—"Mary Queen of Scots," committed to memory by thousands of schoolboys and girls, "The Uncle," delivered with powerful effect from almost as many platforms by leading elocutionists: James Ballantine (1808), who first appeared in print in Whistlebankie (1832-1847), and whose first work, "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet," appeared in 1843; whose "Pattie the Packman" and "Our Braw Uncle Willie" are good examples of humour, and whose favourite song is "Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew." Other writers who may be named are William Nicholson (1782-1849), author of "The Brownie of Blednoch": Robert Nicholl (1814-1837), who published "Poems and Lyrics" in 1833, when only nineteen years old, and who died at the early age of twenty-three; who, though reared in poverty, showed a fine spirit, and gave promise which years were not permitted him to fulfil; among his most popular poems are "The Ha Bible," "We are Brothers a'," "The Puir Folk," and in a lighter vein, "A Maiden's Meditations": John Campbell Shairp (1819-1885), sometime Professor of Poetry at Oxford: The Earl of Southesk (1827), who has published several volumes of poetry which have far larger claims upon public attention than is usual with volumes of verse produced so late in life—"Jonas Fisher, a Poem in Brown and White" (1875), "Greenwood's Farewell and other Poems" (1876), "The Meda Maiden and other Poems" (1877): Alexander Anderson (1845), the Glasgow surface-man, who published in 1873 his "Song of Labour and other Poems," and later "Songs of the Rail": and the Marquis of Lorne (1845), whose "Guido and Lita," a tale of the Riviera, a poem written mainly in heroic couplets, and extending to over two thousand lines, founded upon an incident in one of the Saracen raids upon the Riviera in the tenth century, came as a surprise upon the reading world in 1875.

ALFRED H. MILES,

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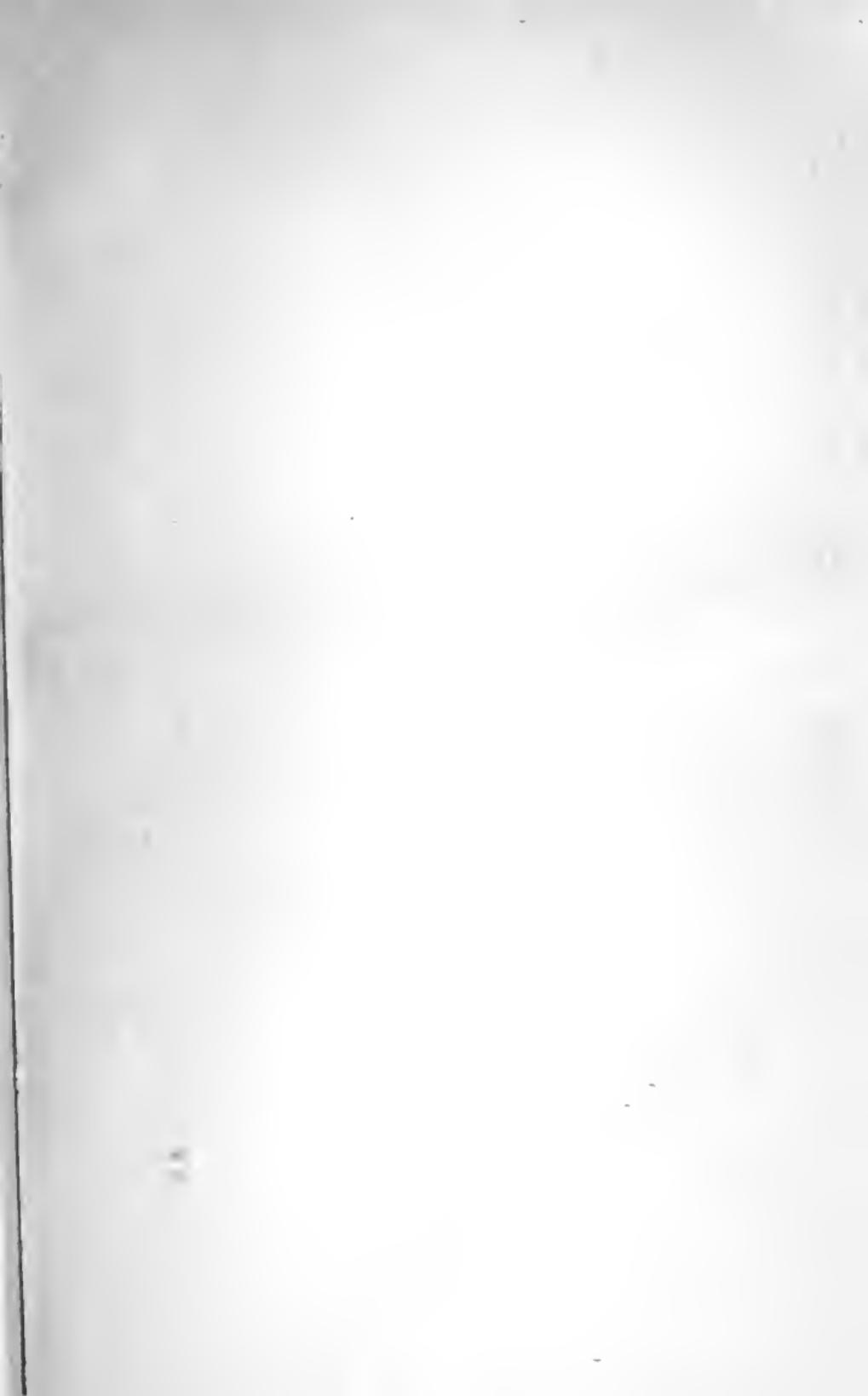
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